

PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER

The Truth Behind the MARIO LANZA Blow-up

IN COLOR:

CHOOSE YOUR STAR
WINNERS

HOLLYWOOD
CHANGES
PEOPLE!

BY HEDDA HOPPER

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DAY

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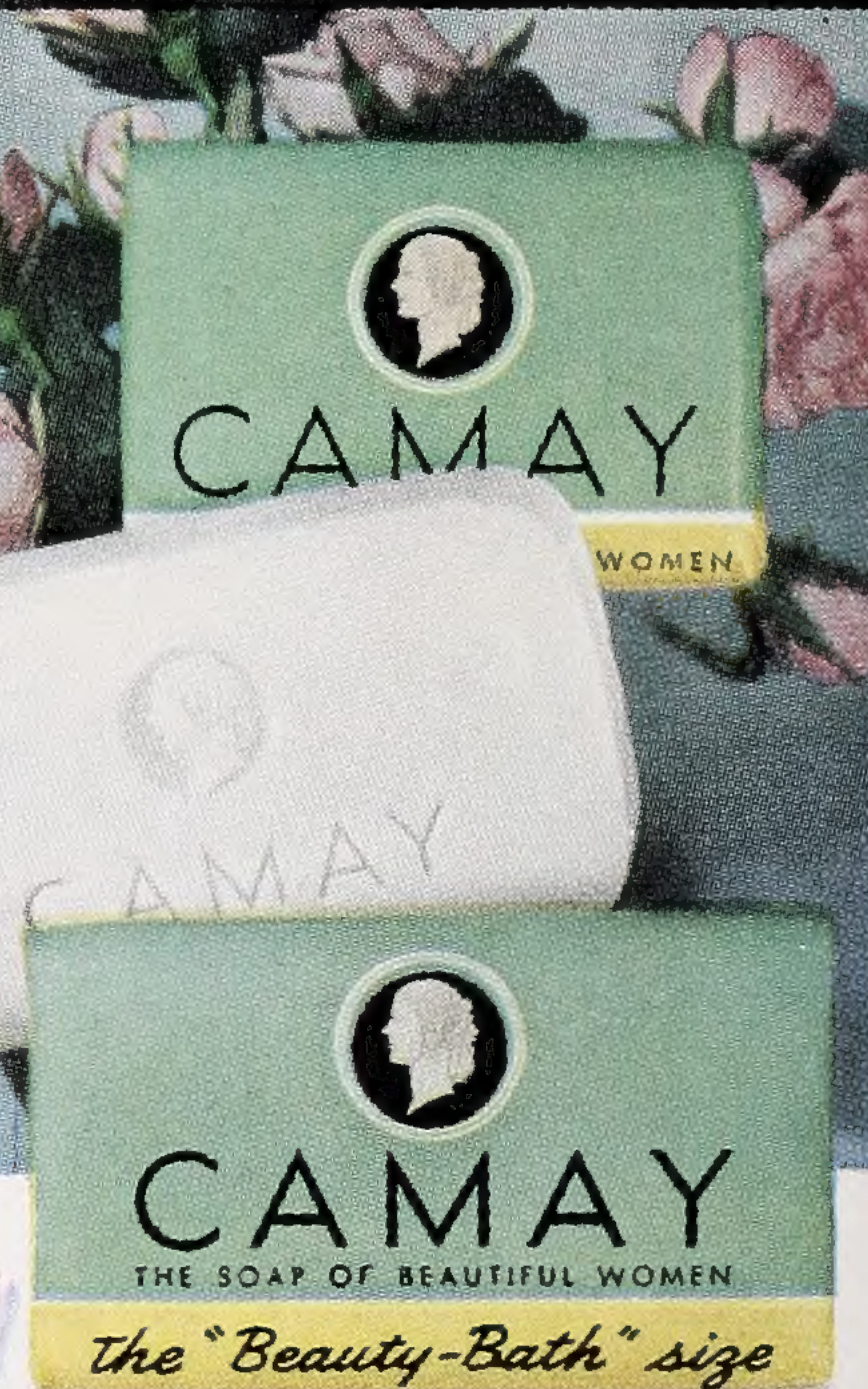
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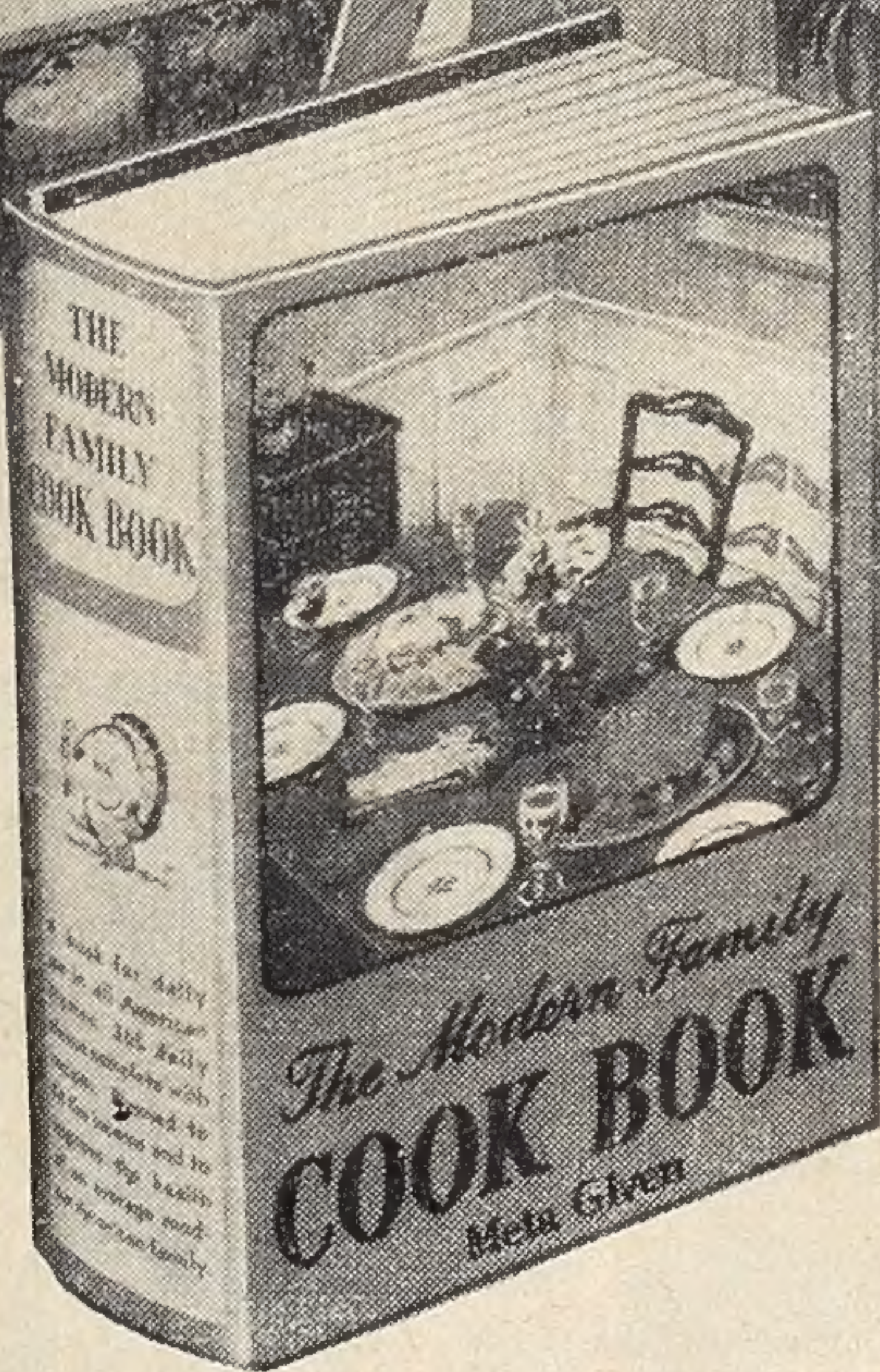
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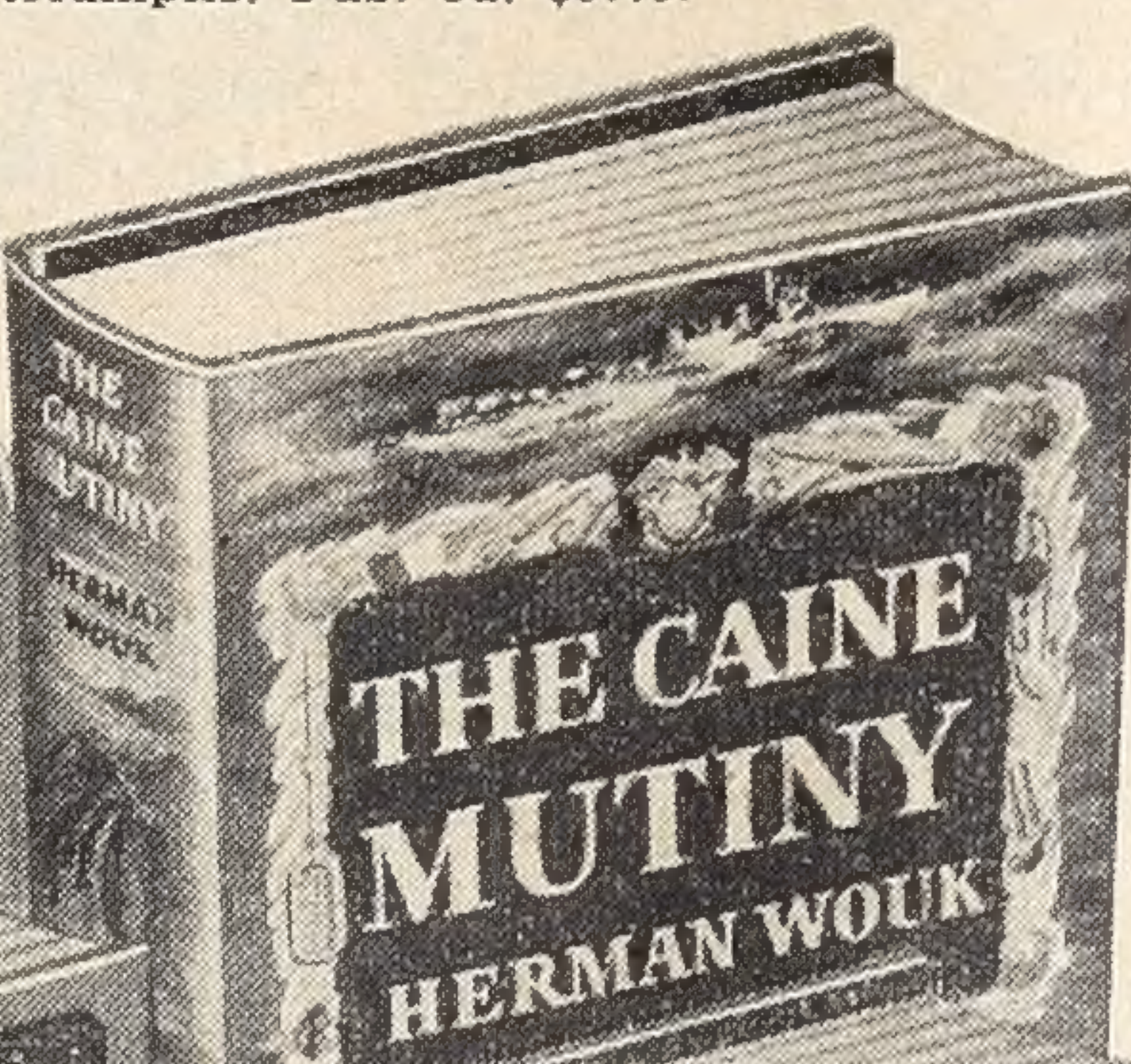


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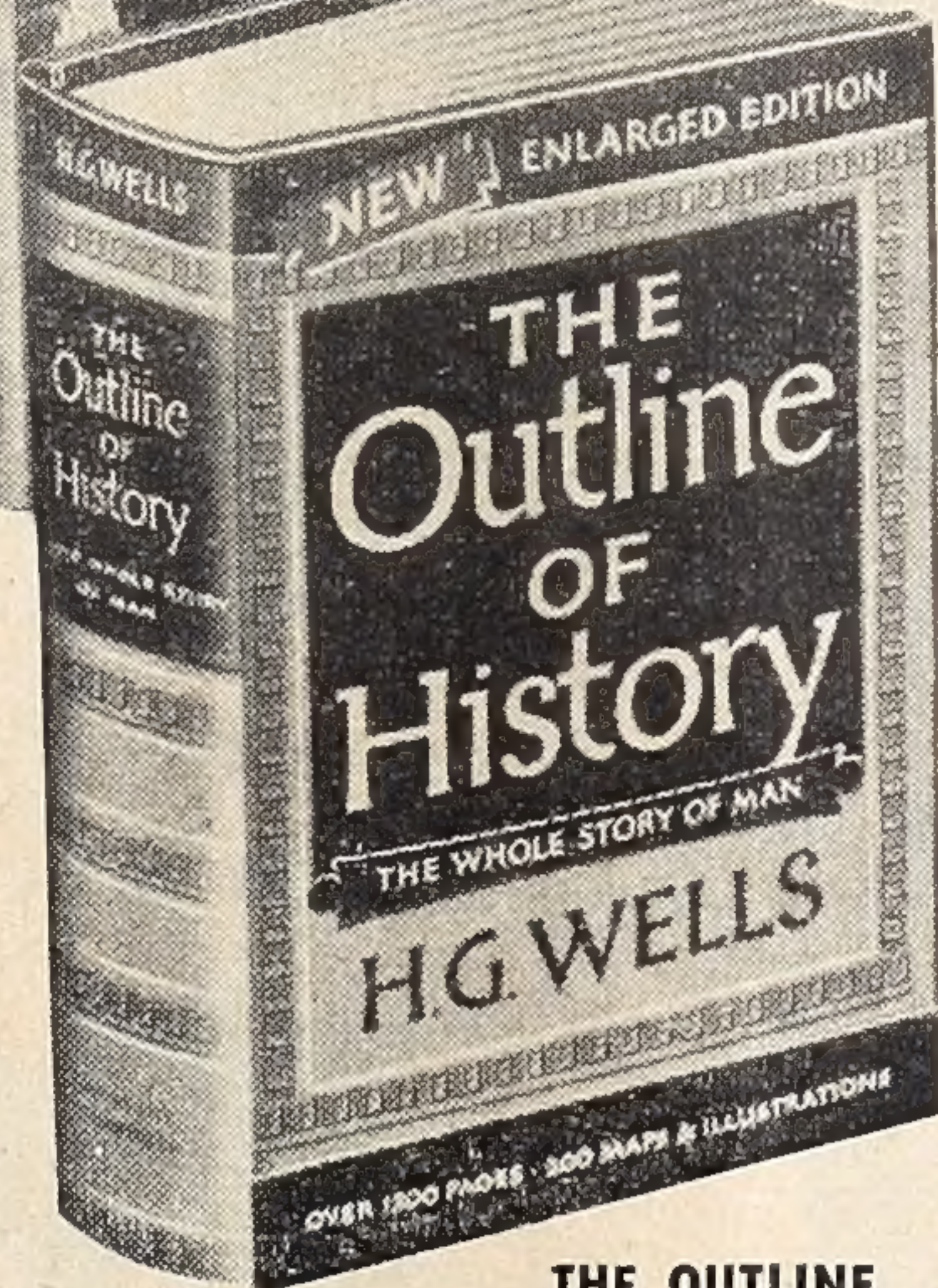


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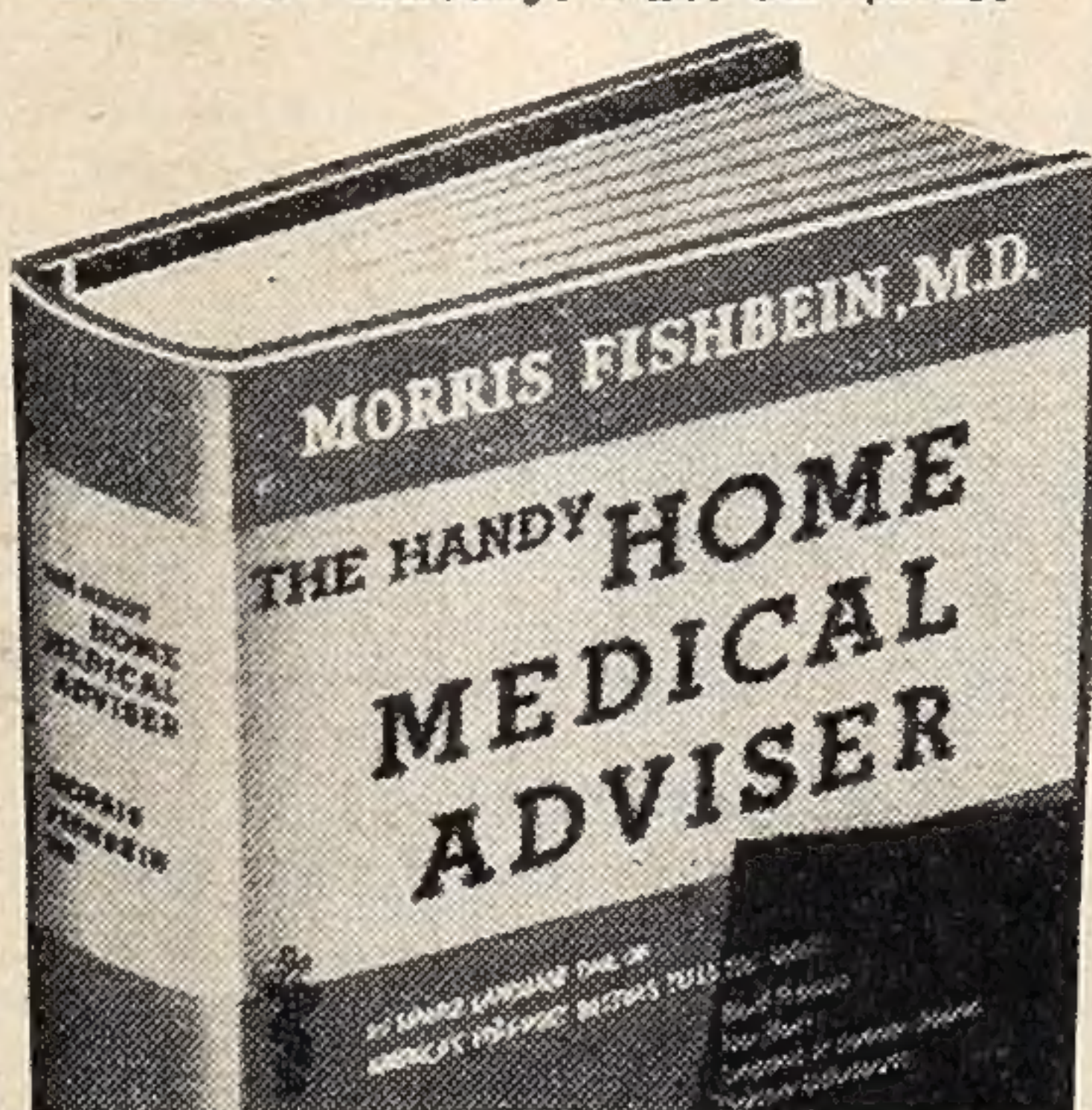
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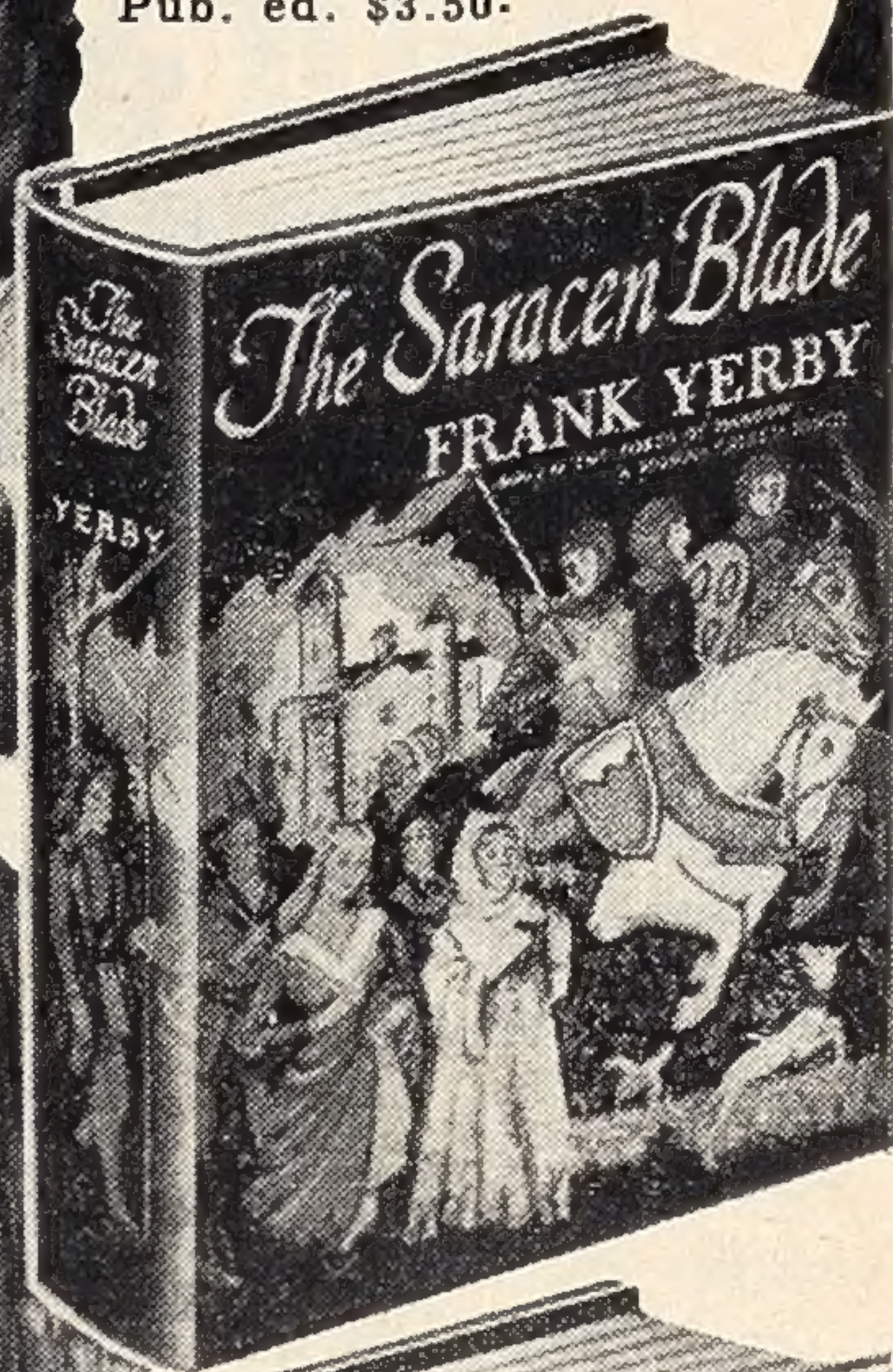
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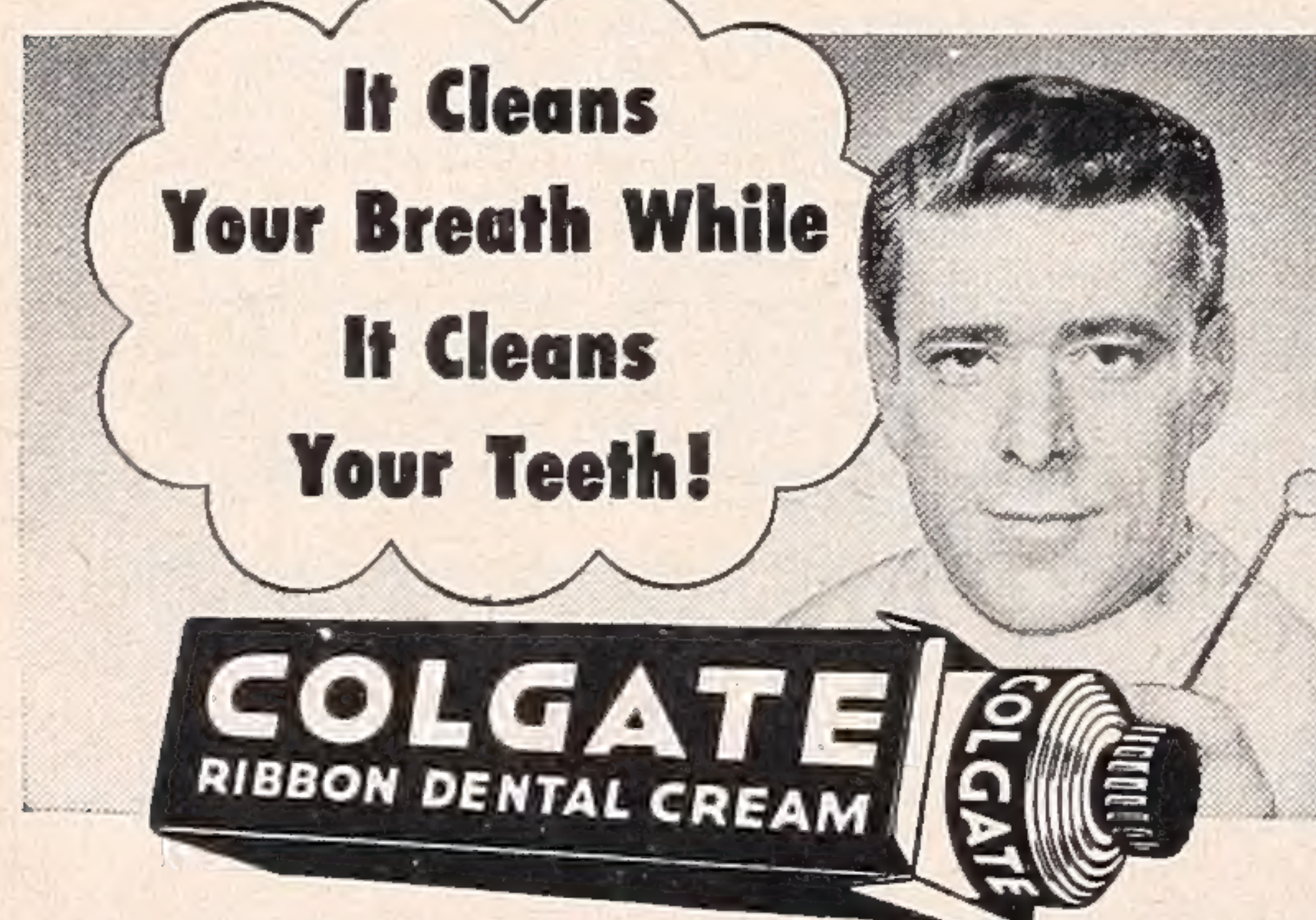
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PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 40 YEARS

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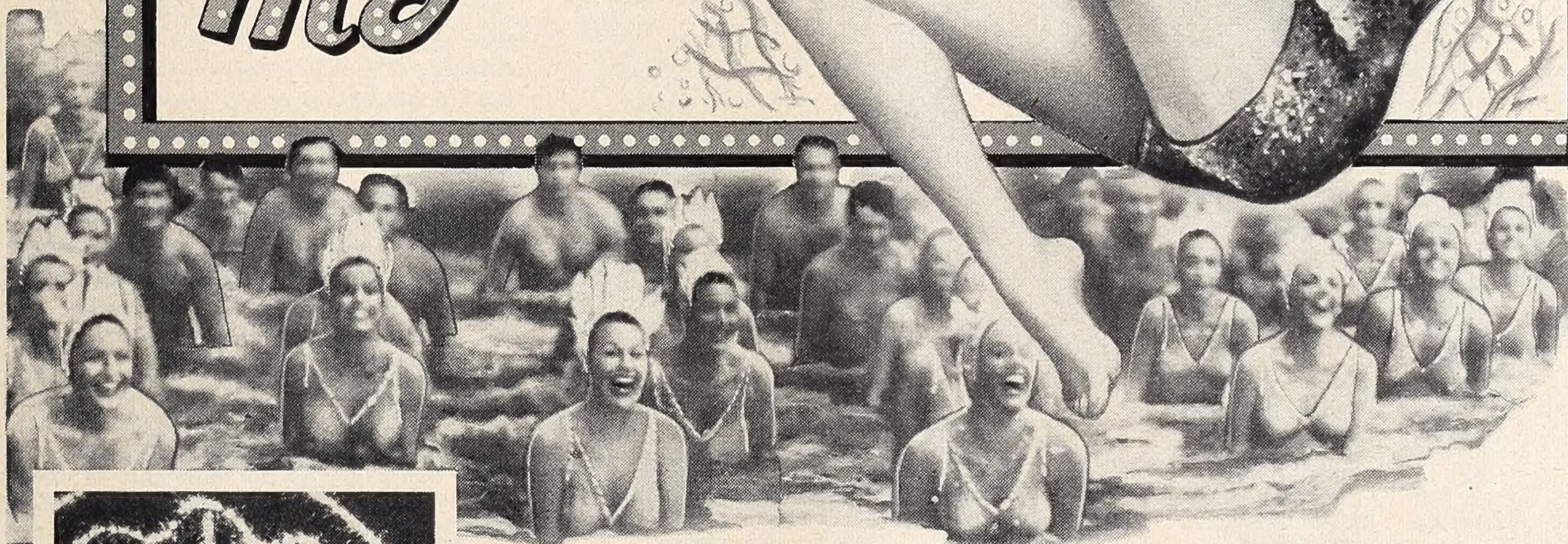
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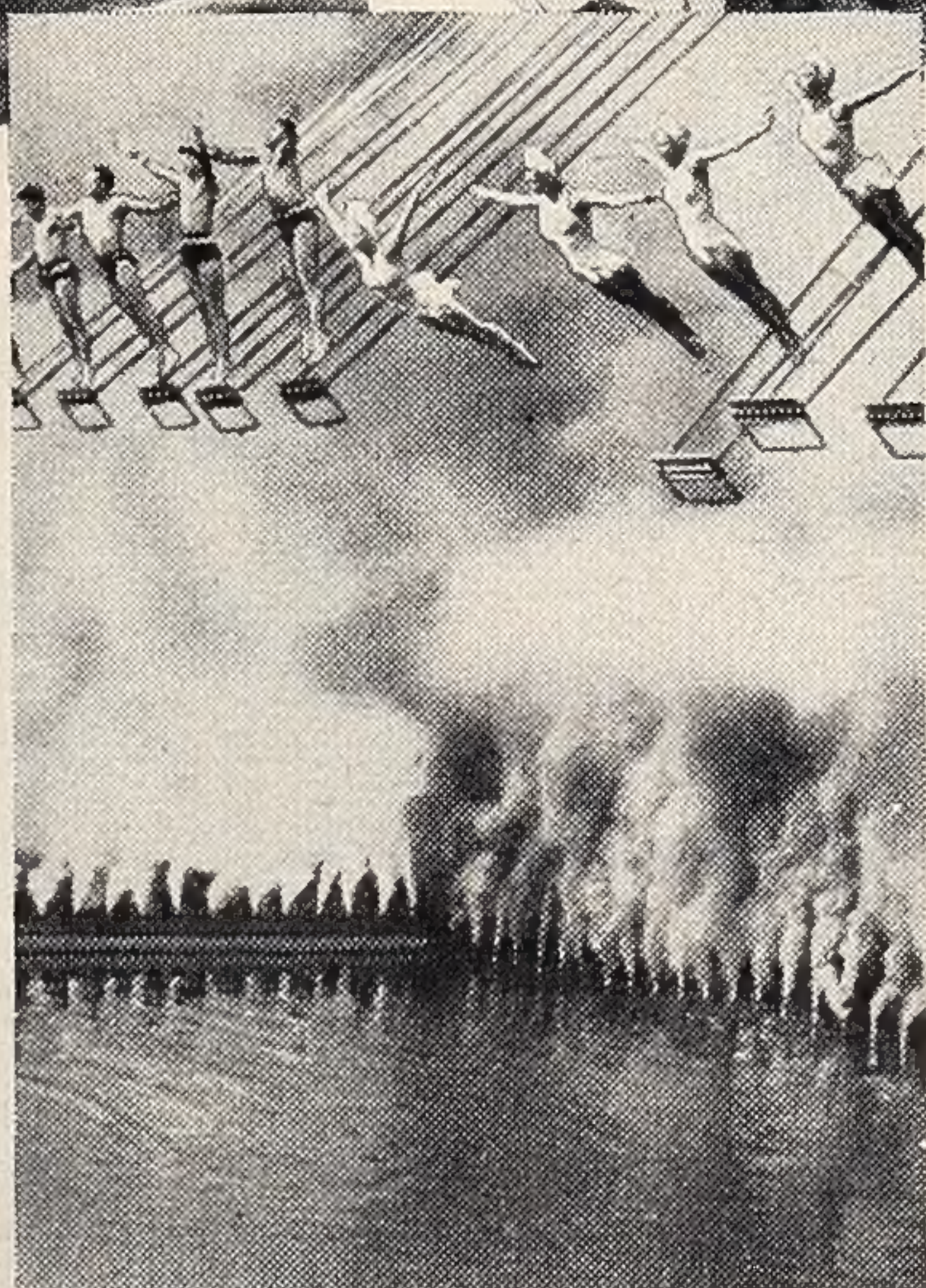
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that's
hollywood
for you

by Sidney Skolsky

I GUESS Mario Lanza would be satisfied if they made "The Mario Lanza Story" . . . Have you ever seen a photo of Marilyn Monroe with her mouth closed? Understand the Monroe practices puckering her upper lip . . . Whenever I meet Lauren Bacall at a party, I start wishing she'd make another movie in which she tells a guy to whistle for her . . . Gray hair doesn't make Spencer Tracy look older; just dignified . . . I always get a kick out of seeing a shot of Broadway at night in a movie . . . Joan Crawford looks best in a red or a white evening gown. No matter what Lana Turner wears, I prefer to see her in a sweater . . . I've never heard an actress with real ability complain that she couldn't get anywhere unless she became real friendly with the director . . . Comedians who depend upon a pie in the face or a pratt fall aren't funny to me.

Audiences in movies always wear evening clothes and applaud harder and longer than any audience I've ever been a part of . . . Linda Christian is not clothes-conscious in bed . . . Shelley Winters' pet name for Vittorio Gassman is "Boopsy." Marlon Brando does not wear a torn toga in "Julius Caesar" . . . So why isn't Marlene Dietrich making a picture? . . . I'd say that the test of a good TV show is whether you would have resented paying to see it . . . Jane Powell is stubborn, but no one would guess it from her soft way of talking . . . On a radio program, Bill Leonard introduced, "The two and only Jane Russell." . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, told off one of your favorite heroes with: "For years I've been saying you're a liar, and now I believe it!" I prefer Stewart Granger to Farley Granger because Stewart has Jean Simmons . . . It's Terry Moore's turn to be given the build-up, and she has the build for it.

I'd like to see either Dan Dailey or Gene Kelly do the movie "Pal Joey" . . . José Ferrer acts at being charming, always, everywhere . . . Esther Williams hates those stories that hint that she isn't as she appears to be. She told me: "I don't use water wings or any other kind of inflation." . . . I'm surprised that James Mason has no scratches on him—from the cats, of course . . . Kathryn Grayson is a giggler . . . I'd like to see a movie in which the heroine is taller than the hero . . . Shell Winters said to me recently:

"Until I met Vittorio my love life was just as cold as my name."

No matter how many times I visit M-G-M, I always look for the fig tree near the old dressing-room building. And I think of Garbo plucking a fig on the way to her dressing-room . . . Eleanor Parker is often told that she isn't a bit like a movie star, and sometimes she doesn't know whether to consider it a compliment or not . . . Danny Kaye can do a scathing take-off on himself. He explains: "I know him so well." . . . I wonder how it would be if Robert Mitchum played through an entire picture with his eyes open . . . I'm for teaming Crosby and Clooney in a movie.

Tom Jenks can't understand why actors want their footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. After seeing some of their pictures, he thinks these actors should try to cover their tracks . . . Betty Grable can be all dressed up and walk around barefooted . . . I've never heard anyone say an unkind word about Jimmy Durante . . . Marie Windsor's s.a. eludes me . . . Better than some shows at Ciro's is the cigarette girl, Maggie Barstow, because with her hair up she looks like Barbara Payton; and with her hair down she looks like Jean Wallace . . . I've often tried to list the ten best movies I've ever seen, but have yet to compile a list which completely satisfied me. Can you do it? . . . I'm glad to see that Robert Taylor is going with Ursula Thiess. It's nice to see Taylor with a girl who is better looking than he is . . . They're saying Cleo Moore is another Marilyn Monroe.



Shell and her "Boopsy"

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Hi, fans! Here I am again and I'm high as a kite about a picture I've just seen—"Road to Bali" with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. These three aren't exactly strangers to each other, having traveled a few previous "Roads" together. Maybe you saw one (or more) of them. If you did, you'll agree that when Bing, Bob and Dotty team up to hit the road, it's a laugh marathon for sure! In "Road to Bali" I want to tell you, they're but colossal.

* * *

What happens to them could only happen to *them*! They have all kinds of impossible adventures—with music—including diving for sunken treasure (a little situation Bing maneuvers Bob into); tangling with savage head hunters and beautiful native women; wrestling with ferocious animals; and running into some of your favorite Hollywood personalities (surprises galore!) in the middle of the jungle. It's all for laughs and, believe me, laughs for all. In a "Road" show anything goes, and in this one not only anything—but *everything*!

* * *

Dotty has a wardrobe of whistle-bait Balinese sarongs (she plays an island princess) and, of course, the two B.s buzz around her like crazy, each outdoing the other, pulling all kinds of wild wires to be the lucky one who wins her.

* * *

Story? Well, now, between you and me, anything sensible couldn't stand up under Bing's and Bob's gaff, although Dotty does her feminine best to provide motivation and maintain a semblance of sanity. There's a villain, though, who cooks up enough trouble to keep "our heroes" hopping. He's played by Murvyn Vye and I seem to remember that he connives to cheat the princess of her fortune, but who really gives a care about a story when Bing, Bob and Dotty are in action in glamorous Bali?

* * *

"Road to Bali" is the first of the "Road" films in color by Technicolor. And wait'll you see the Balinese dancers in their lush and lavish, colorful costumes. It's an eyeful you won't soon forget. There are six new songs, among them a couple of Crosby-Hope comedy routines that are worth the price of admission alone. Take it from me, fans, this "Road" rates traveling to, no matter how far you are from the theatre that plays it.

* * *

There's another Technicolor movie coming out soon, too, that I think you'll enjoy—a thriller called "The Blazing Forest," that is tops in action adventure. That gorgeous guy all the gals are gone on—John Payne—has the number one starring role as the tough boss of a logging camp in the tall timber country. Other stars in it are William Demarest, Agnes Moorehead, Richard Arlen and lovely newcomer Susan Morrow (remember I told you about her last month in connection with "The Savage"?). "The Blazing Forest" has all the action excitement its title implies, set against magnificent mountain scenery—wonderful background for the romance between Payne and Susan.

* * *

And pretty soon you'll be hearing about "Come Back, Little Sheba," the movie version of the Broadway stage hit, co-starring Burt Lancaster and Shirley Booth. Miss Booth starred in the stage play, too . . . but more about that simply immense picture next month. Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!



Paramount Presents
BING CROSBY · BOB HOPE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
 in
ROAD TO BALI

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Produced by Harry Tugend • Directed by Hal Walker
 Screenplay by Frank Butler, Hal Kanter and William Morrow • New Songs — Lyrics by Johnny Burke
 Music by James Van Heusen



Paramount Presents
THE BLAZING FOREST

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

starring

JOHN PAYNE

WILLIAM DEMAREST · AGNES MOOREHEAD
RICHARD ARLEN · SUSAN MORROW

Directed by Edward Ludwig • Written for the Screen by Lewis R. Foster and Winston Miller • Produced by William H. Pine and William C. Thomas



Paramount Presents
BURT LANCASTER
SHIRLEY BOOTH

in **HAL WALLIS' Production**

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA

co-starring

TERRY MOORE with Richard Jaeckel

Directed by Daniel Mann • Screenplay by Ketti Frings • Based on the original play by William Inge
 Produced on the stage by the Theatre Guild



*I dreamed I was given
the key to the city
in my maidenform bra*

All eyes are on me!

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molds me so surely, holds me so securely!

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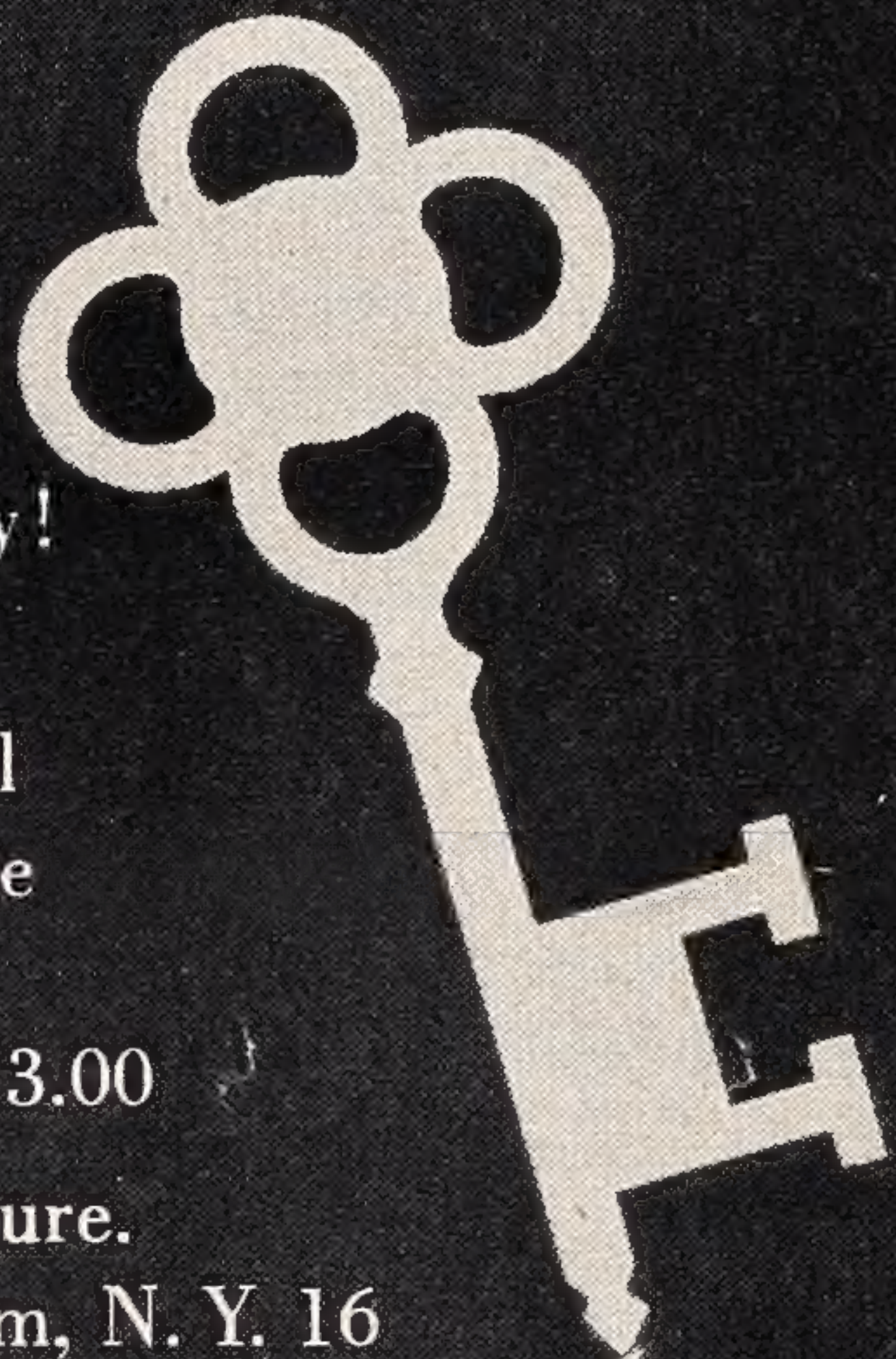
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HAT BY MR. JOHN. COSTUME BY MIGUEL FERRARAS



impertinent

interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

ROSEMARY CLOONEY will take all the advice you want to give her about what songs to record. But don't try giving her any romantic counsel. Paramount's bright new star follows her own conscience in affairs of the heart. And, if sometimes her conscience seems to lead her astray, that, says Rosemary, is her very own funeral and nobody else's problem.

Things are looking more than just a little bit rosy these days for the small-town gal who's now up there in the very, very big-time. She has made herself completely—and happily—at home on the Paramount lot in the dressing room that, for many years, had Betty Hutton's name on the door.

She has been digging herself in—good and solid—and she hasn't forgotten for a single minute that her being ensconced in that dressing room means that the studio big guns think that our little Rosemary is just exactly what the doctor ordered to take over where La Hutton left off. Which is a large-size order in anybody's book.

But Rosemary, as everybody knows, has not had her pretty little head focussed entirely on her career. By no means! After she finished her stint in "The Stars Are Singing" (she's sensational in it, is the good word!) Rosemary had both the time—and the inclination—to get herself thoroughly involved in some extra-curricular, and sensational, headline making. And she doesn't care who knows it!

She is as straightforward a gal as there ever was, both about putting a song across and giving you the facts straight on the line. She doesn't mince words when you come to her with a direct question. Even when it might be an embarrassing one to answer. This I learned first-hand when I had a long gab-session with her recently.

I interviewed Rosemary in Reno on the touchy subject of her romance with José Ferrer. I had come over from nearby Lake Tahoe to listen to (Continued on page 8)



"Poor Miss Whip-Poor-Will"?



Her lips had to be bought with
a Southland kingdom... and he handed it to
her on the blade of his Bowie knife!



ALAN
LADD

*as Jim Bowie, the Louisiana
bayou man*

VIRGINIA
MAYO

*as Judalou, the shameless
belle of Natchez!*

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FROM A NOVEL BY PAUL I. WELLMAN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



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BY THE
CONSUMER
SERVICE BUREAU
OF
MAGAZINE

MILES LABORATORIES, INC.
Elkhart, Indiana

ALL DRUG STORES U. S. and CANADA

impertinent

interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

(Continued from page 6) Rosemary sing at Reno's Hotel Golden. I sent round a note—something to the effect that "You're great, sensational, etc."—and she sent back word to stick around and she'd come out and see me. She was as good as her word. I didn't have long to wait.

Rosemary looks and acts and sings like the proverbial "girl next door." No newcomer to Hollywood in recent years has quite the well-scrubbed look or zest for living that the "Come On-a My House" girl has. It's this well-scrubbed look, I guess, that stands out most strongly in opposition to her romance with Ferrer—Ferrer, the rugged individualist who directs, acts, produces—but always with a flair that sets him apart from every other director-actor-producer in show business. Plus which he's married, or was when we went to press! But anything can happen in this strange business called show business.

I asked Rosemary about the many printed reports of a romance with Ferrer. She answered without batting an eyelash. "They're all true," she said. "Isn't it awful? Here Paramount is building me up as the All-American type and I have to fall in love with a married man. Which means I'm casting myself as the Other-Woman type, I suppose." At this, she smiled a little self-consciously.

I remembered the report that Phyllis Ferrer, José's wife, had listened to "Poor Whip-Poor-Will," the song on the other side of Rosemary's smash hit, "Half As Much," and had dubbed Rosemary "Poor Miss Whip-Poor-Will." Which would seem to indicate that Mrs. Ferrer regards Rosemary's affection for José as little more than a passing fancy.

"It's nowhere near as wicked as it sounds," said Rosemary. "José and his wife haven't been getting along for some time now. She went to see him recently in Paris, where he is being directed by John Huston in 'Moulin Rouge,' and I understand they discussed a settlement. They will divorce soon, after which José and I will be married."

Rosemary herself told me another story, there in Reno, about how she wouldn't take the advice of Columbia Records music chief, Mitch Miller, with reference to recording "Come On-a My House." She didn't like the song. She refused to do it. Mitch insisted that she do it. And you all know what the result of that was: It made Rosemary Clooney a star.

"It was a great lesson," she said. "I never pick my own songs now. Mitch picks them."

I raised an eyebrow.

"And that's all he does pick!" said Rosemary quickly.

THE END

**ALL THE GLITTER, GRANDEUR AND
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What

should

I do?

YOUR LETTERS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Dear Miss Colbert:

What I am writing about is hardly a problem, but rather an uncomfortable situation which grows more irksome all the time.

I have nightmares practically every night. I can't find any cause for it, because my diet is normal, and my health is excellent. My family life is happy and my childhood was good. Of course I had the usual emotional ups and downs of a growing person.

My nightmares are about no one particular thing; they consist of a variety of terrifying scenes that wake me up, screaming. Sometimes I seem to be falling off high places, sometimes I am chased by a nameless sort of horror.

My husband used to be worried, but now he has concluded that this is merely a bad habit. Probably it is, but it certainly is an annoying one.

Could you please tell me whether you have heard of such a thing before, and what was done to break the habit?

(Mrs.) Roanne V.

Dear Mrs. V.:

I doubt seriously that your nightmares are a "habit."

I think a good many medical men would say that these nocturnal frights result from the attempt of your subconscious mind to deliver a message of some sort to your conscious mind.

I know very little about clinical psychology, of course, but I have heard doctors say that the eldest child in a large family is often troubled by dreams of falling from high places. This simply means (I understand) that the eldest child feels supplanted by the younger children.

Your sentence, "Of course I had the usual emotional ups and downs of a growing person," may be the clue to much that is troubling you.

I believe you should discuss this problem with a competent doctor. If you have already talked to your family doctor and he has said that you shouldn't worry, it will correct itself in time, you should ask him to recommend a good psychiatrist.

Don't be afraid of the word "psychiatrist." Such a doctor merely helps to cure sprained muscles of the spirit, just as an orthopedist helps to heal broken bones.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In our church there is an organization of girls called Flag Bearers. It's made up of girls twelve and thirteen. After that, girls go on to another group called Comrades in Court. My mother had me take the tests required to join Flag Bearers, and I passed (I'm sorry) at the top of the group. I had to join to please my mother.

I went to a few meetings, but I was awfully bored. This group is made up of girls from the north end of our town (the snooty routey), and I live on the west side.

The girls go to school together and know each other very well. They don't exactly ignore me, but no one asks me to serve on committees or to work at the toy loan center. I'm as well dressed as the other girls, and I'm not a goon, but you know how kids that age are.

I explained this to my mother and told her I wanted to drop out of Flag Bearers and go on with my Girl Scout work. I love it and I had a lot of friends in my troop.

My mother telephoned my Scout leader and told her she didn't want the Scouts asking me to come back because I was going to devote all my spare time to the church groups. Then she told me I was getting my chance to make social contacts that would stand me in good stead all my life. She says she would have given anything to get in with the north-side crowd when she was my age.

What can I possibly do to make her see it my way?

Collina S.

Dear Collina:

Your chief problem, and it may cause continued difficulty in your family, is that although you are younger in years than your mother, you are far more mature emotionally than she is, and this situation is not likely to ease.

While you are in your teens, it will be necessary for you to humor her. Obviously, she loves you very much and she wants all the things for you which were beyond her reach when she was growing up. If you will accept this attitude as an evidence of her love, it will be easier for you to do the things she wants you to do. It is a mistake for her to try to live your life; you realize that, of course; but it may be beyond her power to control—or, for that matter, even to understand.

The next thing for you to think about is this: Don't make your mother's mistake in reverse. She thinks the church group is important socially; and you think that the Scout group is preferable.

The simple truth is that no matter where you live, you will meet people you like. Geography (Continued on page 12)



Miss Colbert is now at work on "Planter's Wife"



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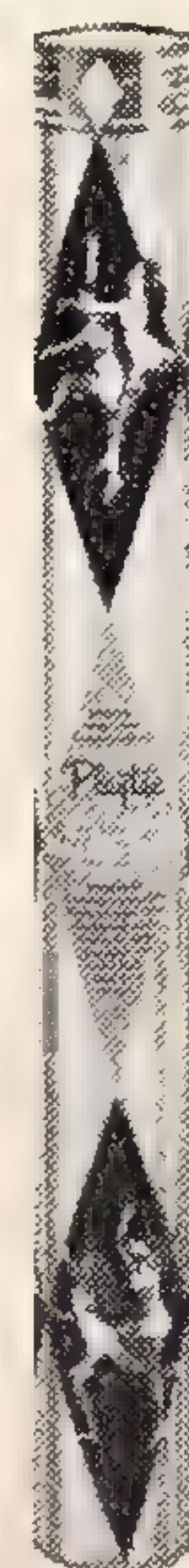
"Fashion has a festive air this season of holidays and holly nights," says MARCEL ROCHAS, famous Parisian couturier. "The simple elegance of party clothes puts slender emphasis on *you*. All the more reason why your holiday figure needs a Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!"

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At your favorite store, or write The Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. TS-12, 180 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 16

What should I do?

continued from page 10

has little to do with it. If you're patient, you will find that some of the girls in the Flag Bearers will turn out to be your best friends.

Wherever you go, if you expect to make friends, you will make them.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Four years ago, when I was eighteen, I met Gordon, who was a few months older than I. We dated quite often and although it was just friendship at first, it deepened into love, with me, at least.

We had known one another about six months when he joined the Air Force. At first he wrote frequently, but gradually I heard from him less and less often. However, I continued to write every other day.

He would come home on leave once a year and we would have the most wonderful time. He would tell me he loved me and I would be in seventh heaven. After he went back to his base, he would write steadily at first. Then there would be periods during which I would hear nothing for weeks or months.

This last time it has been eleven months. He came home on emergency leave when his mother passed away, but he didn't even telephone me. Naturally, I can understand that he was under an emotional strain.

He is scheduled to be discharged soon. Would it be a good idea for me to plan a sort of "coming out party" for him?

Melinda L.

Dear Miss L.:

No, I don't think you should plan any social function for this lad.

At twenty-two, you feel that you are ready to settle down and marry. At twenty-two, this boy undoubtedly feels that he wants to be free for a long time. He has spent four years of restriction under military rule; he is not eager to accept, at once, the restrictions of marriage.

It would be wonderful if the fact that you are in love with a boy automatically caused him to be in love with you, but the world is not so constituted. You *know* that sometimes the boy who is madly in love with you, is the boy you couldn't "see" with eight-power binoculars. It works the other way, too, unfortunately.

As for hoping that the young romance which existed four years ago can be recaptured now... think of it in this way: Could you, at midnight, turn your watch back to noon and make all the world return to that hour with you?

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT? If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. If Miss Colbert feels your problem is of general interest, she will answer it here. Names will be held confidential



"LET'S HAVE SOME LADY-TALK ABOUT LEGS"

says ESTHER WILLIAMS

"Men talk plenty about this subject," says Esther Williams, "but always from the standpoint of see-ers. We women think in terms of being seen—whether it's on the screen or in everyday life."



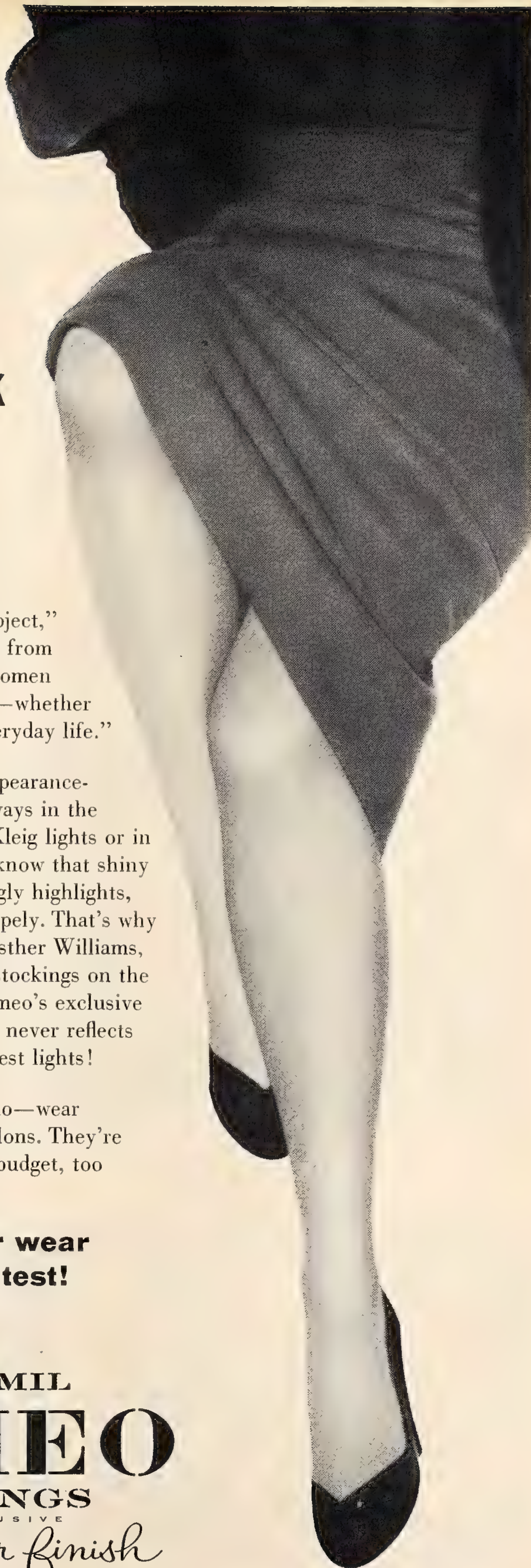
"In this scene from my new M-G-M Technicolor picture **Million Dollar Mermaid,**" says Esther Williams, "I am threatened with arrest for appearing without stockings! Modern women might prefer jail to wearing the shiny stockings made in those days—before Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish!"

Stars *have* to be appearance-conscious—they're always in the public eye. Under Kleig lights or in the blazing sun, they know that shiny stockings pick up ugly highlights, make legs look unshapely. That's why M-G-M stars, like Esther Williams, wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on the screen and off. Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish never reflects even the strongest lights!

Do as the stars do—wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons. They're kind to your budget, too

**...up to
40% longer wear
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what hollywood's whispering about

by Florabel Muir



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Professionally applied in beauty salons. Available in Canada.

Marilyn Monroe is the hottest thing in town. Theater managers are billing her over such stars as Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant on the marquees. Twentieth has upped her loanout price to over \$100,000, and when she completes "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" in which she'll be starred, they expect to up it another \$100,000. In the meantime, her take-home pay is what she has left out of \$500, which is her weekly salary.

Folks about Hollywood are comparing her to Lana Turner or Jean Harlow. They point out that only every once in a great while does a gal click like this at the box office.

Lia de Leo is threatening to file a breach of promise suit against Robert Taylor in Rome, where the Italian actress said he wooed her while he was making "Quo Vadis." Quite a wad of Taylor's dough is tied up in Italy, so if she can make her charges stick she has a pretty fair chance to collect.

Barbara Stanwyck's new love interest seems to be handsome Ralph Meeker, who co-starred with Betty Hutton in Paramount's "Somebody Loves Me." When Meeker planed in from New York recently, Barbara met him at the airport with what eye-witnesses said was a fervent greeting. She says, however, there's nothing to it but friendship. "He's a wonderful companion, full of fun and good stories, but that's as far as it goes."



"Just friends," says Babs

There was a race between John Wayne and his wife, Esperanza, to see who could get under the wire first with divorce complaints. John won by ten minutes. Both charged cruelty. Now everybody is sitting back waiting for the fireworks when

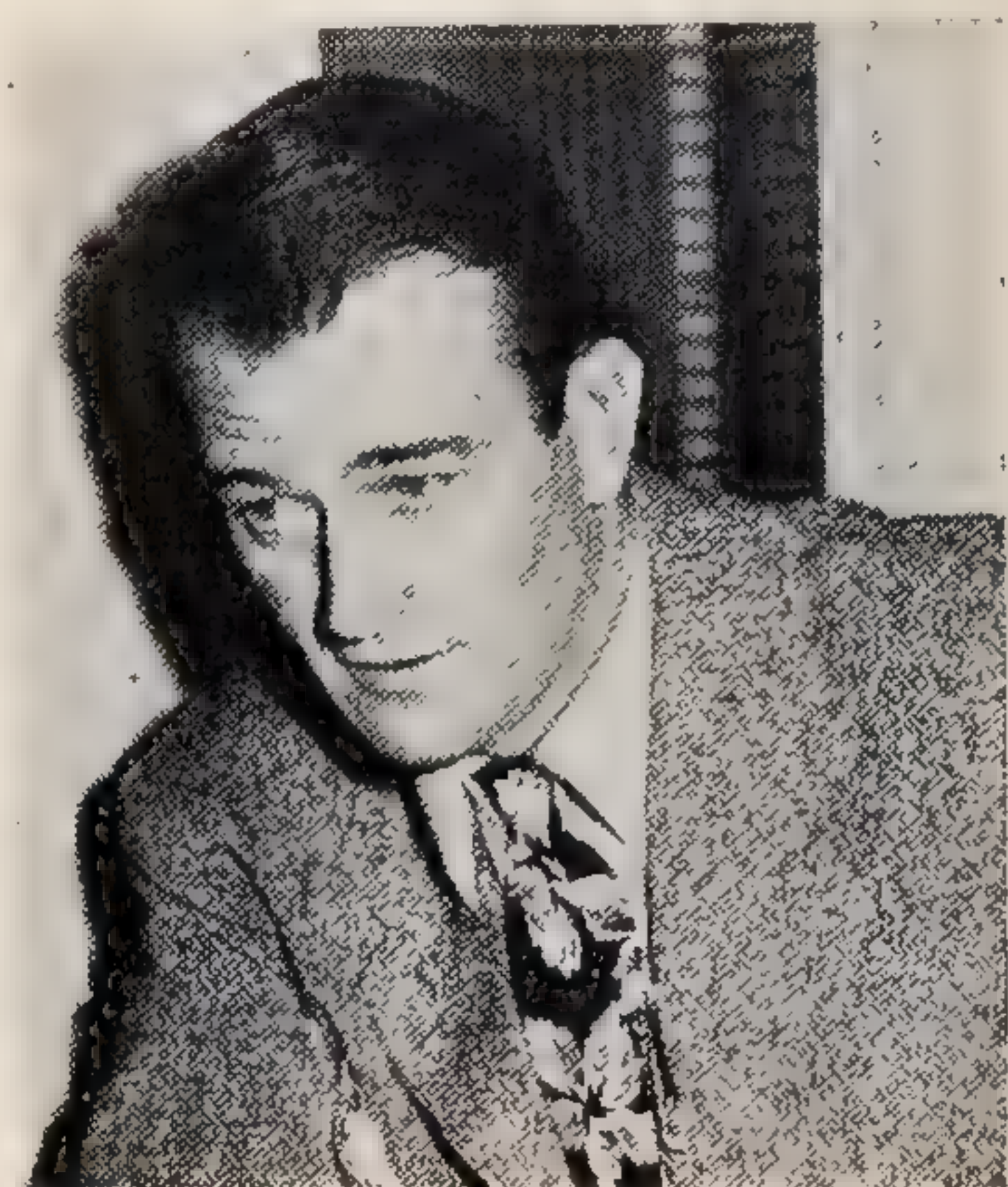
and if the contested trial gets under way. John told me he hopes their attorneys come to an agreement on a property settlement out of court, so that the divorce will be routine instead of scandalous.

"But," he said, "I'm not going to give in to all her demands. I've gone as far as I intend to."

I asked him what broke up their marriage and if it was, as reported, because of his devotion to his children by his first wife, Josephine. He said he didn't think so but then, "Who knows what motivates my second wife? I find I do not know her very well."

His pals are hoping he'll go back to Josephine if and when he sheds Esperanza, but he said he didn't think he would. "We are too far apart now to remarry," he said.

Hollywood remembers when those same friends, which includes Director John Ford, tried every way to keep him from splitting finally with Josephine when his



John is adamant!

amorous sighs were all for Esperanza. "It's only an infatuation and will not last," Ford argued. Looks like the guy knows as much about marriage counseling as about making movies.

When a disappointed gal decides she wants to meet her ex-husband at the airport, the reconciliation rumors are bound to start flying, high, wide and reckless. Which is exactly what happened after Mona Freeman went out to meet her ex-husband, Pat Nerney, when he planed in from Europe. There are some who say this is the beginning of a new beginning. And others who are guessing that it means nothing of the sort. The only ones who are qualified to talk—Pat and Mona—just aren't. At least, not yet. For the time being, Mona is going ahead with the divorce proceedings.

"My husband and I trade roles at Christmas!"

"All the rest of the year," Rosalind Russell explains, "he's Frederick Brisson, the producer. But come the holidays, *he's* the star and I'm in charge of production. It's I who actually 'deck the halls with holly.'"



ROSALIND RUSSELL,
starring in
"NEVER WAVE AT A WAC"
An RKO Radio Release

"I scramble around attending to all the preparations 'til my hands wouldn't be fit to be seen if it weren't for Jergens. Pure, white Jergens Lotion softens them in no time!



"There are packages to be wrapped, then the eggnog to be made, and after washing up, of course, I smooth on Jergens Lotion. It restores beauty to hands *quickly!* See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens . . .



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"Under the mistletoe, my hands are nice for my real life leading man, Freddie. No wonder the Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1."



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hollywood party line

by Edith Gwynn

THIS IS BUT DEFINITELY the year to unleash the "femme fatale" urge that lurks in the breast of every gal from six to sixty. With that siren look being heavily encouraged, my advice is, "Live a little!" Treat yourself to at least one outfit that has nothing to do with practicality. Go real crazy with your fur scarf or stole that's a bit tired, and have it fashioned into a huge soft muff to wear with a slim, dark clingy dress. Or go mad with a detachable apron fashioned of black curled ostrich feathers which can glamour up the simplest of black frocks. Lana Turner has one, so has Mrs. James Mason. Stunning—especially when the outfit's only other eye-catcher is a bit of glitter, preferably in an unexpected place. Pat Wymore always gets a double-take in a subtle way by wearing jewelry where one isn't used to finding it. Clips or brooches pinned to a drape at the hip, or peeping out from just *underneath* a low neckline—or worn somewhere along the ribs. Outside, this time! Things like that are good little come-hither touches

for the siren who is tiny like Mona Freeman. Small gals can't go in for the sweeping elegance type of stuff—the broad-brimmed hats, the masses of material, the elaborate drapery. But some of 'em can do just as much vamping with a tiny antique fan.

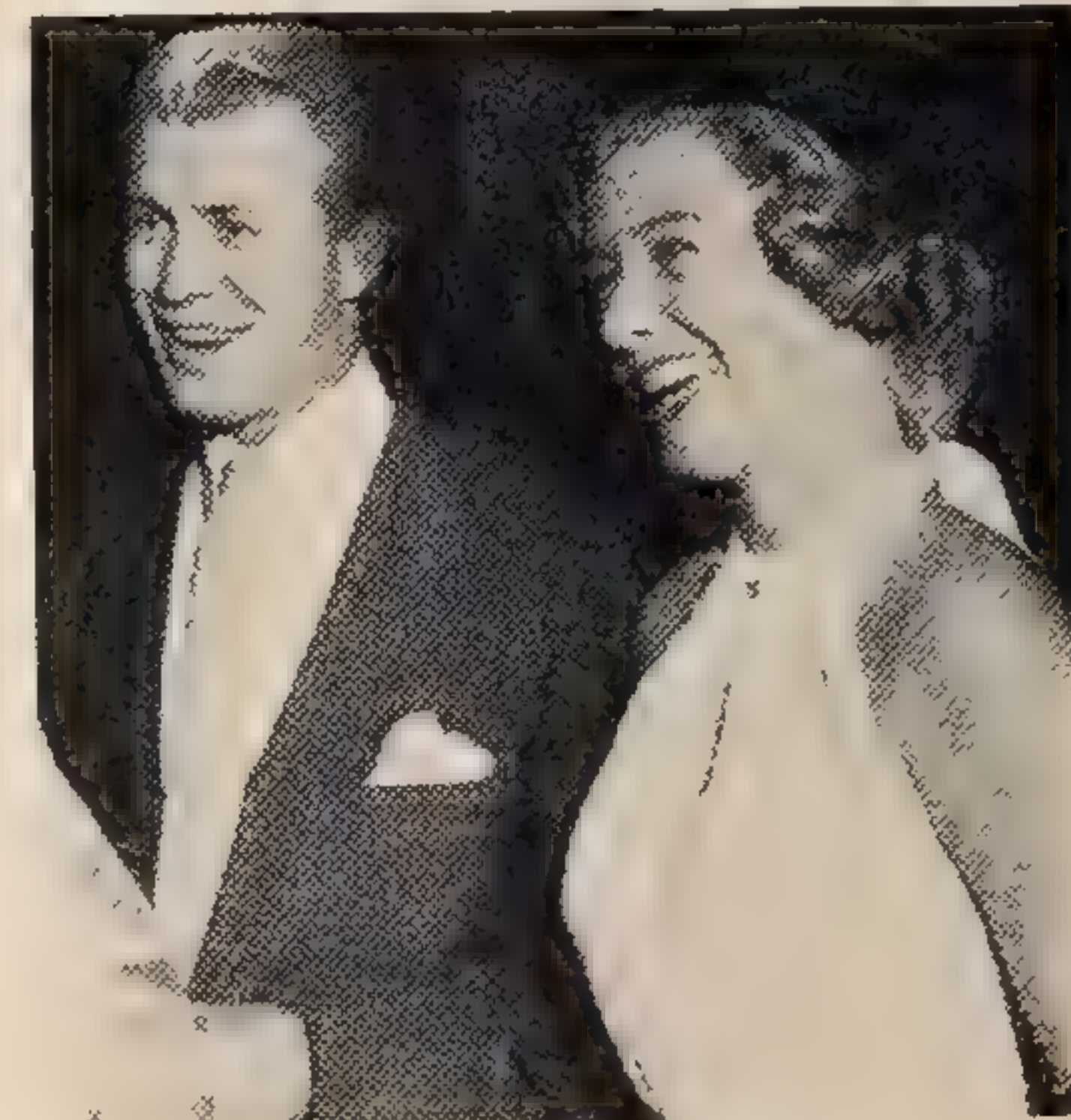


Backstage: Ann and Charles

(from Charles FitzSimons) at her waist. Marie Wilson in beaded white satin, Jeanne Crain in strapless pale yellow satin. Jimmy Stewart and his Gloria, the Gene Nelsons—some of the movie crowd meeting the ice stars *off* their skates at a party after the show.

One of Hollywood's most famed femme designers told London reporters, "Our starlets are beautifully dressed when prepared for public showing. But they look like tramps when not on parade." Well, I don't agree with her. True, there a few Raggedy Annies among both the older, more famous dolls and the young 'uns—gals who don't give a darn whether their clothes fit, or how sloppily slacked they go to market, and who permit themselves to be seen uncombed or out in "any old thing"—*unless* it's a special occasion and they're getting all done up for a date or a party. But Hollywood has grown up fashion-wise in recent years, and there are no longer only a handful who can be depended upon for glamour. Now, most of our gals look just as delish reporting for work, or walking the dog, or munching a hamburger at a drive-in, or swinging a market basket over their arms, as they do when they're all decked out and are very definitely "on parade."

Very much "on parade" were Joan Evans and Pier Angeli the night Joan Crawford and Bill Haines co-hosted a dinner dance for some visiting Texas friends. Joan (in black chiffon, trimmed with bands of black lace) and her bridegroom, Kirby Weatherly, had eyes only for each other. Pier, slim as a reed, was beautifully gowned in a very sophisticated number of pale blue taffeta, strapless, and tightly draped to her body to well below the hip-line. Pier was with Kirk Douglas. Her hair-do that night was identical with Joan Crawford's—slicked back tight from the face into a big chignon, the chignon circled with rhinestones. It was a beautiful party, with some hundred and fifty guests seated at tables for eight in Joan's play-house beyond the swimming pool. Sylvia Gable (in white lace and pulchery of diamonds) was with Richard Greene; Olivia de Havilland, in black, off-the-shoulder taffeta, was with Director Ned Marin. She danced and danced. And so did Judy Garland and Sid Luft. La Crawford (in short, strapless white chiffon), with Cesar Romero. Barbara Stanwyck, in black and white organza. And most luscious of all was Eleanor Parker—just a few weeks away from having her third—in a full coat of lilac taffeta.



The Nelsons enjoy a joke

Another soiree, this one a long-lasting cocktail party for the zillionaire South American, George Guinle and his handsome wife, was tossed by Connie Moore and Johnny Maschio. Their home was so jam-packed that when Patricia Neal (looking beauteous in champagne satin and with her hair blonde again) came in just as Gary Cooper was leaving, they didn't even see each other in the throng. Ursula Thiess, in black crepe, with a tiny black velvet hat set dramatically on her black tresses, was with Bob Taylor. The Richard Carlsons, the Dennis O'Keefes, Emmy Burlingame with Don Loper, Director Mitch Leisen, Doretta Morrow, and up-and-coming star Byron Palmer were some we spotted. Leisen was raving about the future he sees for young Palmer. Byron is really a bobby-soxers' *deelight*! Not only does he sing with the best of 'em, but, *s'helpme*, he looks like a composite photo of Cary Grant, Dean Martin and Rory Calhoun. And that, in a way, brings us to male fashions. Humphrey Bogart has been showing up at parties in a purple tuxedo . . . Steve Cochran was the only gent (?) at Ruth Roman's birthday party who had the nerve to arrive without a tie! . . . and he was wearing a red shirt! . . . On the other hand, usually dreadful-dresser Marlon Brando is around town neat as a pin these days.

There were stars galore at the big outdoor party (it's still warm enough around here to make with the poolside stuff in the daytime) that tunesmith Jimmy McHugh tossed to celebrate Louella Parsons' return to health, *and* her new shape. She's lost about thirty pounds, the better to show off all the lavish duds she's acquired lately. Lolly helped receive in a stunning cocktail-length job of teal blue silk and lace. Ginny Simms wore elegant pink chiffon, embroidered with horsehair braid. Ann Sheridan, with her hair a new shade of bright red. Jane Wyman in a short, short bob—and note: She's letting her tresses go gray! The Jack Bennys, Judy and Sid, Maureen O'Sullivan, Rosalind Russell and Irene Dunne, Dick Haymes, Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers, among the many guests.



Partying: Maureen, Louella, Annie

Stays Bright!
Stays Moist!
Stays On!



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Now your lips can be more exciting, more inviting than ever...and *stay* that way all day long! Just smooth on the new Cashmere Bouquet French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick and see how the color flows on your lips so easily, so evenly, so luscious-bright! And here's the beauty-miracle: it won't smear, it won't dry, and it *won't come off!*

New Cashmere Bouquet is the French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick you can use with *confidence* . . . for lips that call for kisses . . . for lips that stay soft and creamy-smooth . . . for lips that *won't tell secrets!*



Contains
"Lip-caressing" Lanolin!

6 Fashion-Right Shades

Just 39¢

For Caressable Hands
 Use *Cashmere Bouquet*

HAND LOTION



Absorbs like a lotion—
 Softens like a cream,
 Makes even
 "Sandpaper Hands"
 Feel Caressable
 in 10 Seconds!

Paintings by your favorite stars now on Hallmark Christmas Cards

They're all in the Hallmark Hollywood Star Box

Painting is a hobby with these stars. Groucho Marx sketches between rehearsals at the studio. Fred MacMurray likes to get up early in the morning and paint before breakfast. Jane Wyman finds paint brushes, oils and canvas the perfect companions between pictures. And Henry Fonda went to art school long before he became an actor.

Hallmark Cards asked each one of these stars to design a Christmas card they would like to receive—and the Hollywood Star Box is the result.

There are twelve Christmas cards in the Hollywood Star Box, three reproductions of each of the paintings by the four stars. Groucho paints an amusing candy-cane house; Fred, a winter landscape; Jane and Henry... well, why don't you see for *yourself* how the stars paint?

You'll find the Hollywood Star Box for \$1.00 at all the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards. It's only one of many, many exclusive Hallmark styles you can buy in boxes. And there are lots of Hallmark boxes priced as low as 59 cents. So, no matter what limits your budget may have, your Christmas cards can have Hallmark on the back... the famous Hallmark that tells your friends, "You cared enough to send the very best"!

Henry
Fonda



Jane
Wyman



Fred
MacMurray



Groucho
Marx



See these other Hallmark Christmas Cards in boxes:

DESIGNS BY:

Grandma Moses
Norman Rockwell
Currier & Ives

Herb Olsen
Earl Bailly
Andrew Szoek

Winston Churchill
Paul Gaertner
Steinberg

VERSES BY:

Edgar Guest

AND

The Kodachrome Box
The Shadow Box
The Poodle Box

Mr. and Mrs. Box
Religious Box
The Big Value Box

The Comic Box
The Thrifty Box
The Parchment Box

"The Turning Point"

WITH a less expert technical touch and a less capable and personable crew of players, this exposé of civic corruption would remind you only of a dozen other racket-busting movies. Instead, it reminds you uncomfortably of real life, with special echoes of the Kefauver investigation. A hearing with full TV coverage even finds committee head Edmond O'Brien fiddling thoughtfully with his horn-rims, crime boss Ed Begley fiddling nervously with a pencil, party girl Carolyn Jones toying languidly with her furs.

And the people chiefly concerned in Paramount's "The Turning Point" make an impression as more than newspaper headliners. You're likely to feel involved in the personal affairs of the reporter smoothly portrayed by William Holden—at first cynical and detached, later a vigorous crusader. He's a jump ahead of O'Brien in taking the lid off O'Brien's home town, where the investigator's dad (Tom Tully) is a supposedly honest cop.

Strong and harsh in the manner of a newsreel, the photography helps to sustain the illusion of reality. It's a little rough on Alexis Smith, but she is plausibly cast as O'Brien's aide and fiancée, promptly tabbed by Holden as a social-register type. The triangle built up between the three leads is discreetly underplayed, never interfering with the action; but again the stars win your sympathy.

Watch Adele Longmire in her highly emotional part. (Offscreen, she's Mrs. Arthur Franz.) This and other minor roles give the film added force.



Best Direction: William Dieterle

Out of loyalty, Alexis Smith and William Holden have hidden their real emotions till this moment



A climax arrives as Adele Longmire, key witness, evades gunmen to reach Edmond O'Brien



Newsman Holden finds that the underworld fights back ruthlessly against investigation

LET'S GO TO THE

✓✓✓✓ OUTSTANDING

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

Best Acting: Alec Guinness



A cagey character who makes his way by his wits, Alec Guinness meets his match in Glynis Johns, adept at the "helpless" pose



As far as Gower's concerned, parenthood is more unnerving than a Broadway first night. But partner-wife Marge takes it calmly



The photo of murder suspect Cornel Wilde is identified by Karl Malden, who begins relating the wartime action they both saw

THE PROMOTER

(RANK, U-I)

✓✓✓✓
(A)

Another delicious tidbit comes along for Alec Guinness fans. The British star's dry, sly style is now devoted to a comedy about a gent who manages to make a fortune with a minimum of work. Though Guinness does no fooling around with miscellaneous make-ups, he covers an imposing range during our hero's development from awkward law clerk to leading citizen of an English industrial town early in this century. Violin-voiced, cat-eyed Glynis Johns is his first love, a dancing teacher who charms her way to her inevitable niche as wealthy young widow. The wide-eyed appeal of Petula Clark makes a nice contrast, and Valerie Hobson is an aristocratic good sport as the countess whose sponsorship Alec seeks and gets. A clever musical score sharpens the story's wit.

Verdict: Rollicking farce about a rise to riches

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS

(MGM, TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓✓
(F)

Finally, the Champions have been given room to swing, instead of a meek corner in somebody else's starring picture. The couple's fresh young charm and dancing talents are shown off to fine advantage in this story of marriage and the musical stage. After a first-night hit in their Broadway debut, Marge has to bow out as Gower's partner because the stork's on the way. Once their daughter's past infancy, up come problems: Marge wants to dance again; Gower wants her to stay home in Connecticut; she's jealous of his new co-star (Monica Lewis); he's ditto of their ex-boss (Dennis O'Keefe). Light and lively for most of its length, the film has soggy stretches when it seems a long time between numbers. Best songs and stepping: "Like Monday Follows Sunday" (both stars); "Derry Down Dilly" (Marge alone).

Verdict: Easygoing musical, with likable people

OPERATION SECRET

(WARNERS)

✓✓
(F)

In a switch on the usual story of underground agents during World War II, this tense film has hit on a promising and generally unused source of dramatic material—the Communist element in the movement. Unhappily, by taking the form of a mystery, the plot gets to its point too late. At a hearing conducted by the French authorities, various people show up (with too neat timing) to testify on the wartime murder of a member of the maquis. The story unfolds in flashbacks, focusing on Cornel Wilde as an American who serves with the French, goes to London after their surrender, and returns to the Continent as a secret agent, eventually contacting the underground in France. Steve Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter and Karl Malden, also with the maquis, share in adventures by turns exciting and confusing.

Verdict: Blurred but occasionally suspenseful

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 78
For complete casts of new pictures see page 79

MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

(F) FAMILY

(A) ADULTS ONLY

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO

(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓✓ (A) Against colorfully varied backgrounds, a swirl of Technicolor emotions paints the picture of a wasted life, recalled as the man who lived it lies near death. Writer Gregory Peck, downed by a leg infection in the wilderness of Africa, regrets the trash he wrote, the masterpieces he didn't write, the lost love, the false love. By a noble acting effort, Greg manages to draw a bit of sympathy for this crying-in-the-beer type. Ava Gardner shows surprising warmth, as well as classic beauty, in the role of the gallant lady he loves most deeply. As his rich wife, Susan Hayward projects a likable blend of courage and common sense, and Hildegard Neff is suitably brassy as Peck's companion on a fling in Riviera society. Overlook the fearfully highfalutin' lines and the super-Hemingway airs; enjoy it as a romance.

Verdict: Lush and spectacular love(s) story

IT GROWS ON TREES

(U-I)

✓✓✓ (F) Of course, it doesn't grow on trees. But all of us wish it did, and this agreeable comedy makes the wish come true. The eminently sensible-looking Irene Dunne again proves her skill at playing flutter-brains, as a housewife whose vagueness about money matters is the despair of her hard-pressed husband (Dean Jagger). With three children to raise, she can't stick to the budget, yet she goes for "bargains" like a pair of small trees of unknown species to decorate the back yard. Then these trees sprout money—five-dollar bills on one, tens on the other. Like all good fantasies, this one proceeds in a logical manner from its fantastic premise, getting the federal government and the local law in on the act, making the romance of daughter Joan Evans and bank teller Richard Crenna an integral part of the plot.

Verdict: Neatly worked-out, homey sort of whimsy

THE THIEF

(UA)

✓✓ (F) To prove that most pictures talk too much, up comes a movie that relies on action, music and sound alone. Ray Milland needs no words to put across the emotions harrowing a physicist who has turned traitor to his country. When one of his micro-films of secret documents at the Atomic Energy Commission falls into the hands of the FBI, he must flee Washington—and the chase gives the fugitive no time or occasion to do any talking. Unlike old-time silent movies, this dialogueless film never shows you characters' lips moving; it simply catches them at moments when they aren't speaking. Trickery aside, the story is familiar spy stuff—and the G-men's job would be a lot easier if real red agents looked as much like spies as Martin Gabel and his sinister cohorts. Newcomer Rita Gam's a sexy dish in a brief role.

Verdict: Novel treatment of an atom-spy thriller



With love on the Left Bank a fresh new experience, Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner can't foresee the tragedy lying in wait for them



Sandy Descher's "play money" turns out to be real, amazing her family: Dean Jagger, Joan Evans, Irene Dunne and Dee Pollock



Returning to his office unexpectedly, John McKutcheon doesn't realize that Ray Milland has been filching atomic secrets there



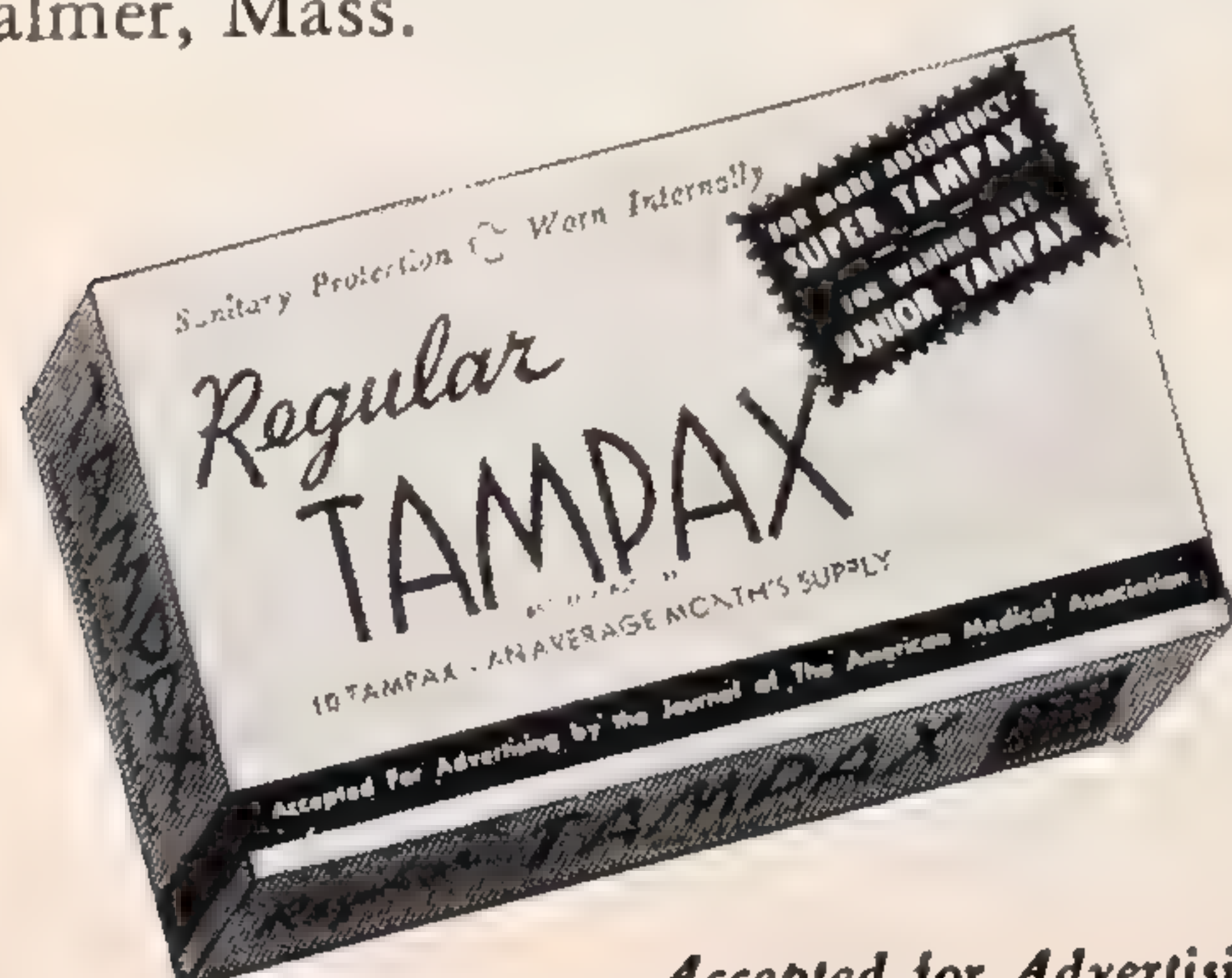
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Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

The Savage

(Paramount, Technicolor)

In the honorable line of westerns that take a realistic view of Indian-white relationships in pioneer days, a new entry gives its hero an unusual status—between races. A boy who is sole survivor of a wagon train raided by Indians is adopted by the chief of a rival tribe, and grows up considering himself a Sioux. Charlton Heston gives a decisive performance as the warrior who must eventually make a choice between his real and his foster race. Ian MacDonald and Angela Clarke make sympathetic figures of his Indian parents; Susan Morrow is the white girl whose charms influence Heston's decision. The Black Hills provide an imposing backdrop for the scenes of warfare.

Verdict: Actionful, intelligent western
✓✓✓ (F)

The Steel Trap

(20th Century-Fox)

As the hero remarks at one moment, this story of one strange weekend in the life of a junior bank executive has the feeling of a nightmare, a race against time that never lets up. Joseph Cotten, who has access to his bank's vaults, first thinks of stealing a million in cash as an amusing fantasy. Suddenly, he finds himself putting the plan into action, breaking the whole pattern of his life. Threatened by exposure at every turn, he must get to Brazil, beyond extradition, before the vaults are reopened on Monday. In another of her average-woman roles as his wife, Teresa Wright goes along on what she believes to be the start of a business trip. The film's based on a thoroughly contrived, trick idea, but its suspense holds up as you watch it, and music aids the mood.

Verdict: Nerve-racking account of theft
✓✓ (F)

The Hour of 13

(M-G-M)

We're back in London of the *Sherlock Holmes* era to watch a winningly conventional suspense tale of jewel thieves, a maniac murderer and a frustrated Scotland Yard. Aiming for the aplomb of a Colman (and he's likely to make it, the rate he's been progressing), Peter Lawford is the *Raffles*-type "hero," who winds up helping the law—for his own nefarious ends. He's adroitly lifted the famous Whatzis emerald—and the mysterious cop-killer has struck down another bobby at exactly the same time and place. Since the Yard assumes killer and thief are one man, Pete and his accomplices are afraid to "find" the jewel and collect the insurance company's reward until the maniac has been caught. Pertly pretty Dawn Addams is Pete's innocent collaborator; Derek Bond, her rather stuffy fiancé; Roland Culver, the Yard official who tries to outsmart the wily Lawford.

Verdict: Pleasant, humorous melodrama
✓✓ (F)

Something for the Birds

(20th Century-Fox)

At a time when attention is more than ever focussed on Washington, a comedy of behind-the-scenes maneuvers in the capital has an extra tang. Patricia Neal (looking too thin these days) caricatures the earnest crusader, as a bird-lover who comes to Washington to save the preserves of the California condor from being awarded by law to an oil company. In this scheme she's aided by Edmund Gwenn, typically kindly and quizzical as a gate-crasher who has met all the right people at parties. Victor Mature's unctuous manner suits his role of professional lobbyist.

Verdict: Lively spoof on lobbying
✓✓ (F)

The Lusty Men

(RKO)

Rodeo riding is a comparatively fresh field for the movie cowboy, and here we are given a vigorous, unglorified survey of this dangerous trade. Crippled by one ride too many on a Brahma bull, Robert Mitchum has retired, but returns as coach to Arthur Kennedy, who breaks into rodeos to earn money for a ranch. As Kennedy's wife, Susan Hayward expertly goes through the paces of the women-who-wait-and-worry. The traits and emotions of the lead



Kennedy and wife Susan make plans

characters sometimes change too mechanically, but Kennedy's always a persuasive actor, and Mitchum is plausibly cast. Arthur Hunnicutt and Maria Hart make credible minor figures of a punchy old cowboy and a plucky trick rider.

Verdict: Hard-hitting lowdown on rodeos
✓✓✓ (F)

Hellgate

(Lippert)

Reaching into an ignoble, little-known corner of U. S. history, this neatly put-together action picture takes place for the most part in a bygone American equivalent of Devil's Island. Just after the Civil War, the guiltless Sterling Hayden is sent to Hellgate in the New Mexican desert, where

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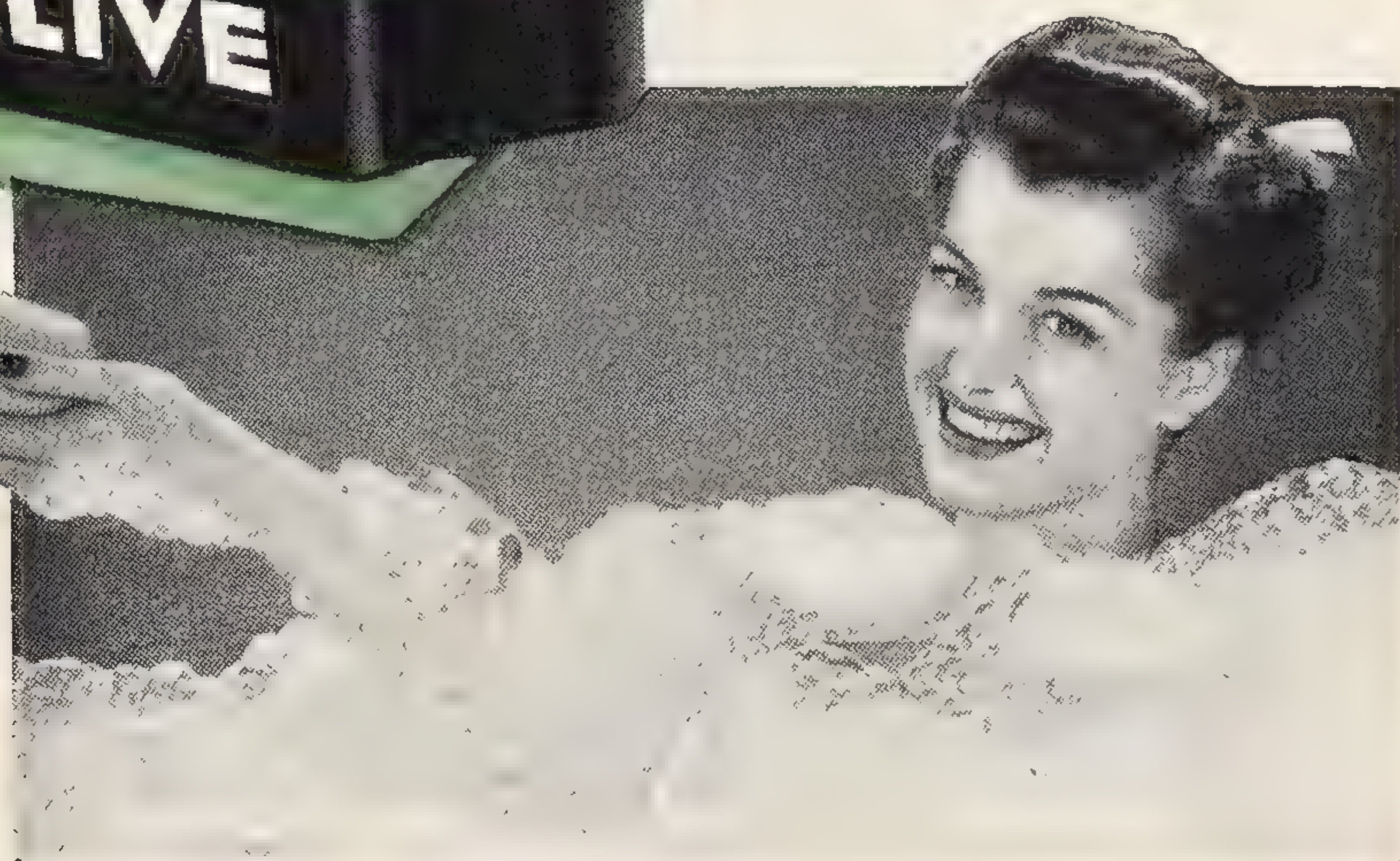
*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.



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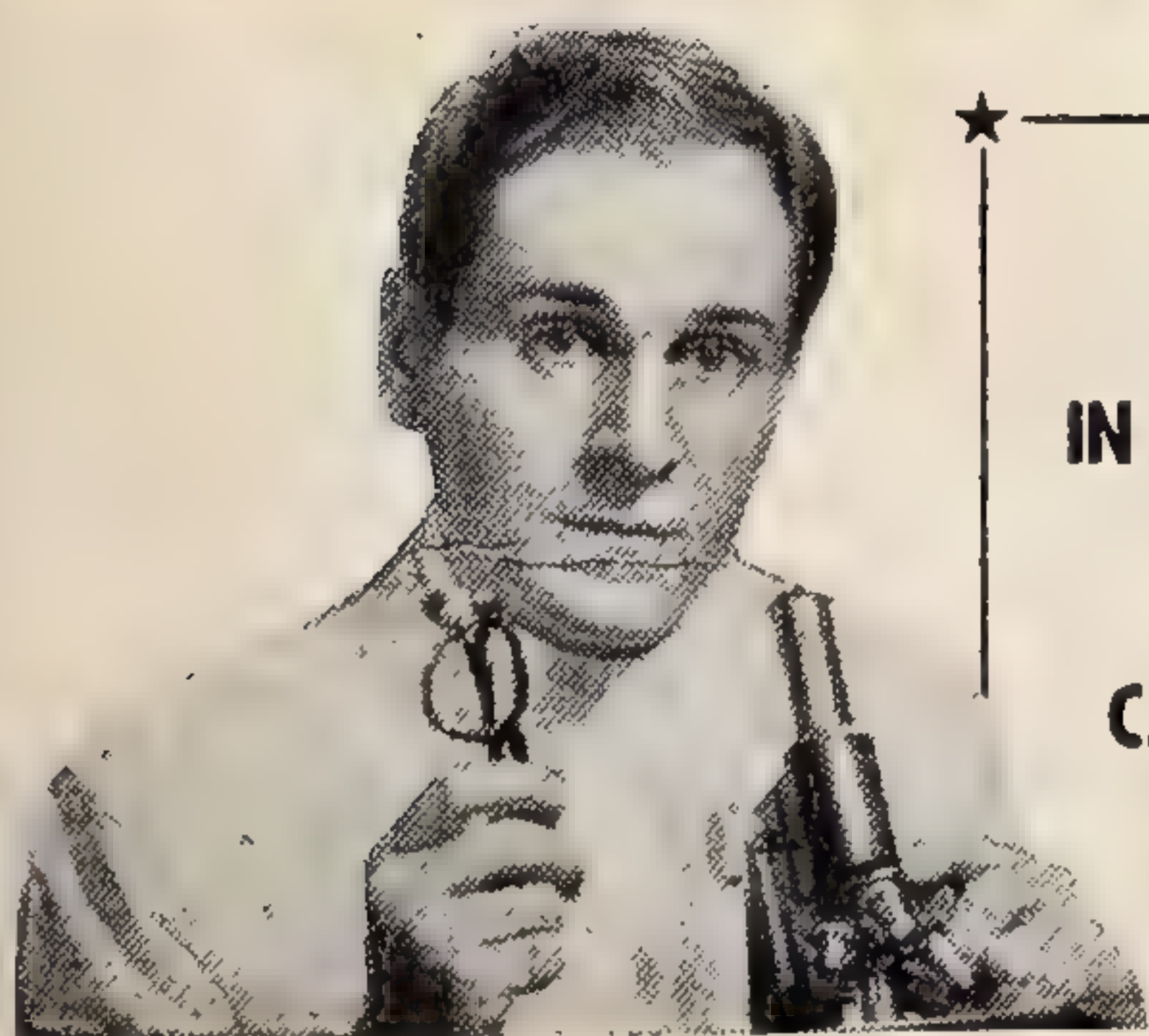


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The very first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Palmolive is so mild . . . so pure . . . its rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

Remember—36 doctors in 1285 impartial tests proved that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings most women softer, smoother, younger looking skin. You can prove it to yourself in your own home within 14 days.

Massage Palmolive Soap's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels just right . . . is just right for your skin.

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MOVIES — CONTINUED

convicts live in caves at the bottom of a box canyon. Since Hayden is believed to be a guerrilla, he gets special attention from commandant Ward Bond, whose wife and child were murdered by a guerrilla band. So relentlessly is the atmosphere built up that you'll be rooting for the success of the convicts' escape plans. Hayden is an understandably dour hero; James Arness, a ruffianly cave-mate; Joan Leslie, a minor figure as Hayden's wife. But Bond wraps up the show with his soft-voiced menace job. *Verdict: Grim, gripping prison drama*

✓✓

(F)

Springfield Rifle

(Warners, WarnerColor)

The locale is the West—plains and magnificent mountains—but the action deals with the struggle between Union and Confederate agents for horses vital to both armies battling in the East. The Union needs a counterspy to uncover the Southern spy who tips off raiders, so moviegoers may draw their own conclusions when Gary Cooper is discharged in dis-



Coop plots with raider David Brian

grace from the Union force at the frontier outpost. Coop's a master hand at this sort of adventure; attractive young Philip Carey and the distinguished Paul Kelly keep pace with him as fellow officers. Being a mere female, Phyllis Thaxter scarcely gets a look-in.

Verdict: Satisfying big-scale western

✓✓✓

(F)

The Golden Hawk

(Columbia, Technicolor)

Pirates are now the most popular characters on the movie scene. The latest in the series of Caribbean melos picks a Seventeenth Century period when England and Spain were allied against France in a war for the mastery of this sea. Except for the fact that the hero is French, neither side in the brawl is given any notable claim to sympathy. As the lady-killing buccaneer (or patriotic privateer??) of the title, Sterling Hayden is a little diffident in manner and thick in the midriff for all the swash-buckling required of him. In faith to the story's best-seller origin, dashes of sex

are provided by Rhonda Fleming (luscious as a lady pirate) and Helena Carter (as ever, patrician of feature and too, too patrician of speech). The dialogue is rich in ripe old lines like "Well, we meet again!"
Verdict: Plenty of action, few surprises
✓ (F)

Secret People

(Lippert)

Authentic-seeming details, moments of dramatic force and the arresting personalities of Valentina Cortesa and Audrey Hepburn give this import from England a certain interest, but it's often frustrating to watch. Two sisters flee from an unnamed European dictatorship after their father has been killed for his courageous writings. Though they become British citizens, their native country's troubles follow them when the older sister's lover comes to England and enlists her aid in the underground movement—which, she discovers too late, has been taken over by schemers of ruthless violence. Valentina gives depth to the role of the unhappy heroine, and Audrey plays her sister with youthful spirit and grace. But Serge Reggiani, whose English is so uncertain that half his lines are lost, is less effective as the treacherous lover.
Verdict: Political drama that just misses
✓✓ (A)

Horizons West

(U-I, Technicolor)

Seems to be a new rule that all westerns must be set in the post-Civil War era. Instead of the usual echoes of North-South conflict, this one centers on two brothers' adjustment to peace-time conditions. Rock Hudson has no trouble settling down on the family ranch in Texas, but Robert Ryan has come home with a yearning for plenty of quick, easy money. Starting out with a little modest cattle-rustling, he proceeds ruthlessly to build up a ranch empire, grabbing other men's lands by legal trickery. Ryan struggles with an implausible role, while Rock is given surprisingly short footage. The ladies come off little better, Julia Adams being merely decorative as Ryan's partner in crime, Judith Braun downright embarrassing as the good girl.
Verdict: Routine western, wasting talent
✓ (F)

Because of You

(U-I)

Though Loretta Young seems too lady-like ever to have been a crook's consort, she is more convincing in later scenes, when she unwisely conceals her prison past to wed socialite Jeff Chandler. Even Jeff hasn't much chance in a "Men! They're all alike" sort of story; Alex Nicol, as the crook, has less. But Frances Dee (Jeff's sister) and Lynne Roberts (a blue-blood gal) are nearly as noble as Loretta. The most affecting moments surround Loretta's relationship with her daughter, taken away from her when Jeff discovers her secret. While it's Jeff who's in need of psychiatric care at the outset of the picture, the child is in this fix after being parted from her mother, and many moviegoers may find the solution to the difficulty quite touching.

Verdict: Sad story of a woman's problems
✓ (A)

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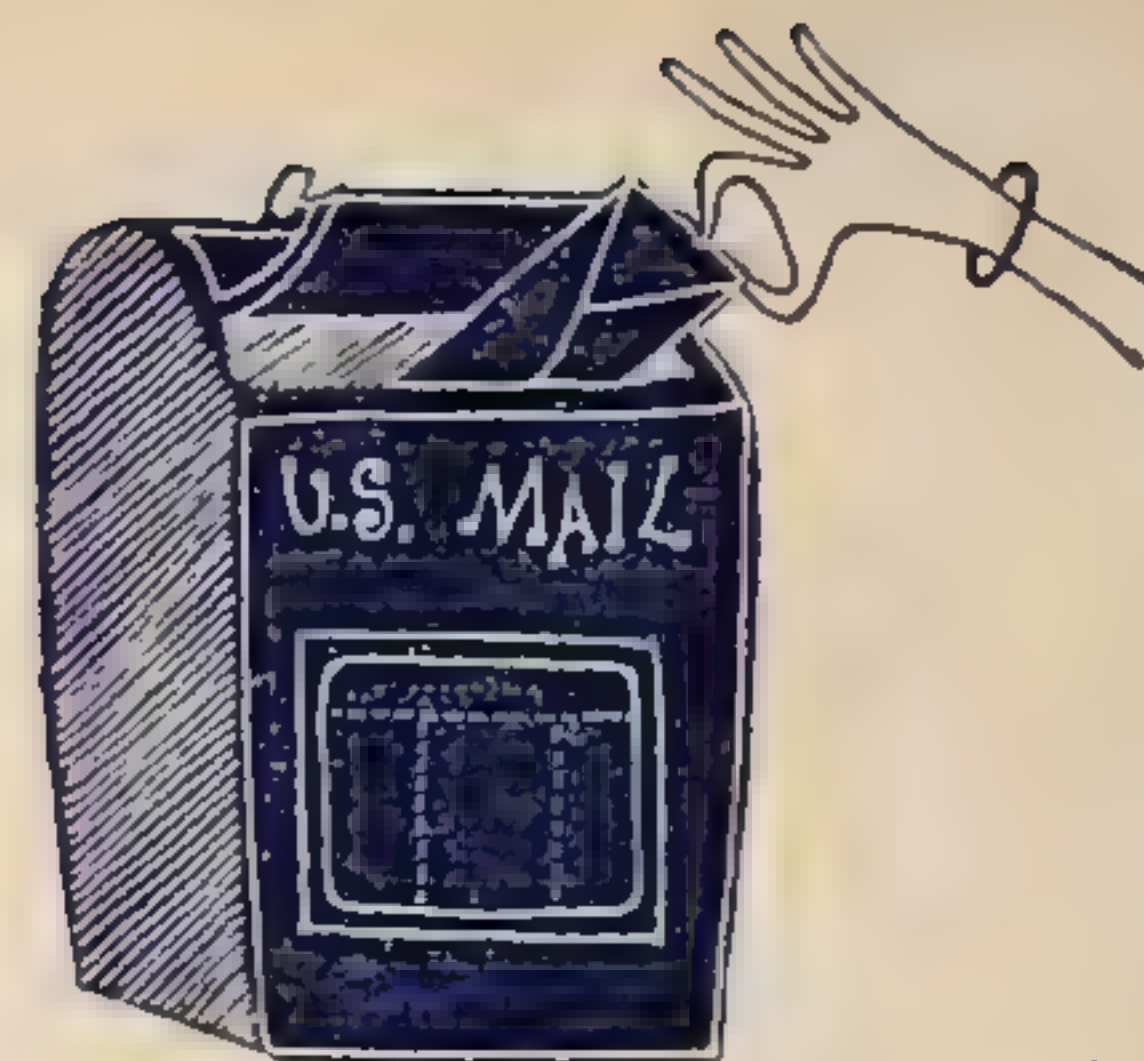
It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

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SOAP BOX:

Joan Fontaine has been my favorite for over ten years. I correspond with her several times a year, and she always answers in such a personal way. Her letters are hand-written and not typed up by a secretary . . .

ARLENE PETERSON
Council Bluffs, Iowa

I would like to comment on two pictures I saw recently, "My Six Convicts" and "The Atomic City." No "big" names, but such marvelous sincere portrayals . . .

MARGARET McEWEN
Mineral Wells, Texas

I just saw "Lovely to Look At" . . . Marge Champion and Janet Leigh . . . look so much alike they should play sisters . . .

SANDRA HAMILTON
Goldsboro, North Carolina



Marge Champion



Janet Leigh

What is this thing called Zsa Zsa Gabor? She certainly can't act, isn't beautiful (as some people say) and can't even talk plain . . .

LOU SULLIVAN
Lexington, Kentucky

Is it any wonder movie business is dropping off and people prefer to stay at home and watch TV? . . . If they do venture to a movie they have to listen to loud-mouths who whistle, scream and stomp or crunch popcorn or pop bubble gum and drown out the dialogue . . . We'll stay home and watch 1903 movies. At least we can hear them!

MRS. G. THOMAS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

All of us see picture after picture and generally remember only the main stars. We forget . . . the supporting actors and actresses. This is an unforgivable omission. A particular case . . . is that of the sweet and very capable actress, Mildred Dunnock. . . In the role of a lady doctor in "The Girl in White," she is wonderfully convincing . . .

CPL. STAN ZALAS
APO 331
San Francisco, California

. . . that Dale Robertson is going to go places! With that Oklahoma drawl and those twinkling eyes, he could win over a sour grape in an onion patch . . .

ANNE MATHEWSON
Washington, D. C.

. . . I would think . . . that Hollywood would realize the harm being done by sending movies to foreign countries showing a false impression of American life. People of other countries think we are a money-mad, materialistic, night-life people. Why not show them that we treasure our home life, our religion, our freedom to enjoy the simple things in life . . .

JOAN DRIES
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I have just seen "The Story of Will Rogers" and I think Will Rogers, Jr., is simply out of this world. He's great and that's that! . . .

JANICE GROPENTHIN
Peterson, Iowa

CASTING:

We teenagers would really love to see a musical romance starring Debbie Reynolds and Robert Wagner. They make such a darling couple off-screen that a movie featuring the two should certainly be a smash hit.

SHERRY BAGLEY, JOYCE ANSLEY,
KATHRYN PACE, JO ANN BUICE
Chamblee, Georgia

Wouldn't it be fun to have a gay, French comedy with some songs made into a movie with real French actors. . . . Take Micheline Puelle, Danielle Darrieux and Louis Jourdan . . . add Georges Guetary of "An American in Paris" fame and you have a terrific four-some . . .

PAUL F. JOHNSON
Minneapolis, Minnesota

. . . the screen combination we've been waiting for such a long time is here now. . . . Marlon Brando and Susan Hayward would outshine other casts in sex appeal as well as in acting . . .

ELEANOR KLEMPERER
Linz Dependents' School
c/o Postmaster, New York

. . . it would be heaven to see a marquee which read, Jane Powell and Gordon MacRae in M-G-M's Technicolor "Blossom Time."

KARL HESS
Fielding, Utah

QUESTION BOX:

I have enclosed two pictures of Arlene Dahl. In each one, her so-called "beauty mole" is on a different side of her face. What do you think? I think it's a fake.

JOAN COUTTS
Winnipeg, Canada

It's real all right, and it's above her lip on the right-hand side. The negative of one of the two pictures you sent must have been flipped over when it was printed.—ED.

. . . is the actor who played with Tony Dexter in "The Brigand" related to him? They look like twins.

DOROTHY FERLAND
Fall River, Massachusetts

No wonder! Dexter played both roles.—ED.

. . . that beautiful blonde who appeared in the morale-boosting film Pat O'Brien showed his men in "Okinawa." Wasn't she Marilyn Monroe?

M. LASELL
Omaha, Nebraska

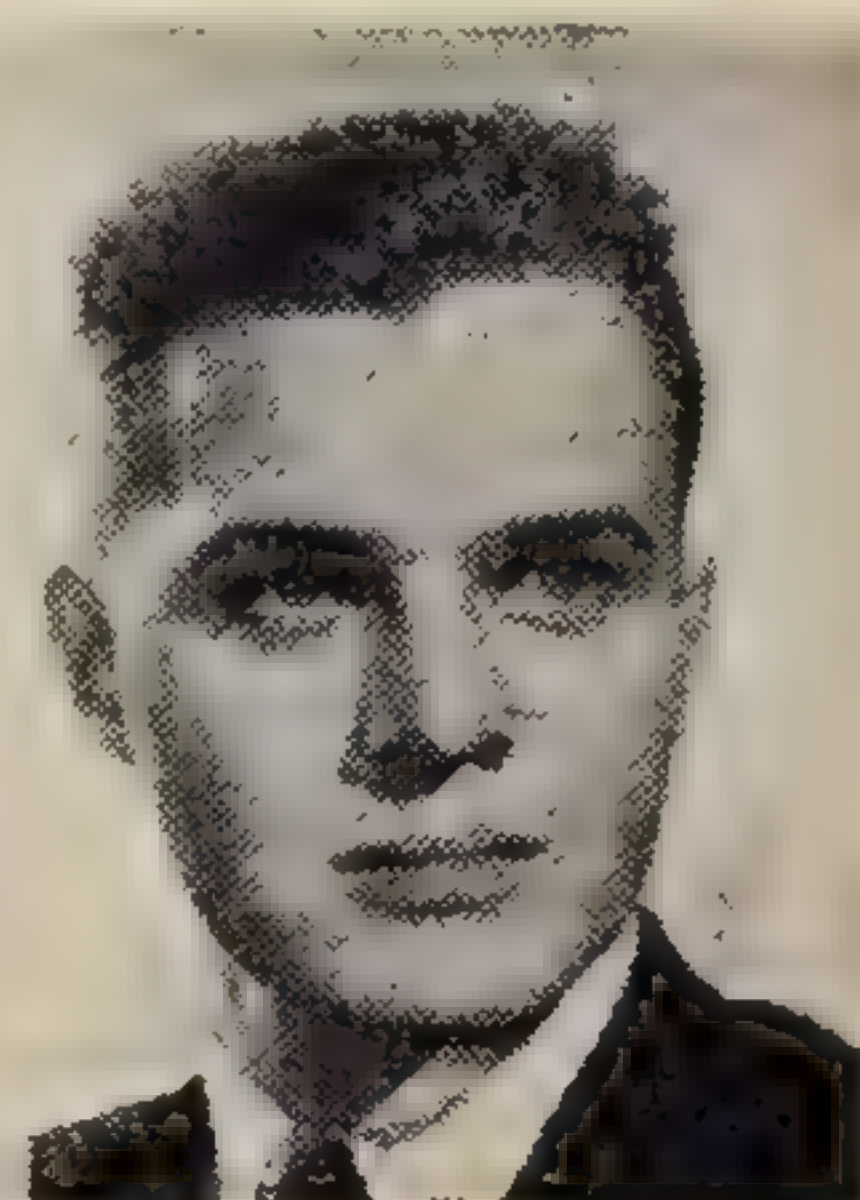
Nobody but Miss Lush herself.—ED.

. . . please print a picture and tell me the name of the girl who played Robert Wagner's girl friend in "What Price Glory."

JUDITH BOYKIN
Kenly, North Carolina

Marisa Pavan, whose real name is Maria Pierangeli. She's Pier Angeli's twin.—ED.

Marisa Pavan



William Reynolds

. . . who played Lori Nelson's fiance in "Francis Goes to West Point"? Please print a picture . . .

MARY ANN LAWRENCE
Carnegie, Pennsylvania

William Reynolds. He'll be in U-P's "The Raiders" next.—ED.

Just saw "Because You're Mine." . . . It's the best Lanza picture yet . . . who played Artie?

S. HAYDEN
Boulder, Colorado

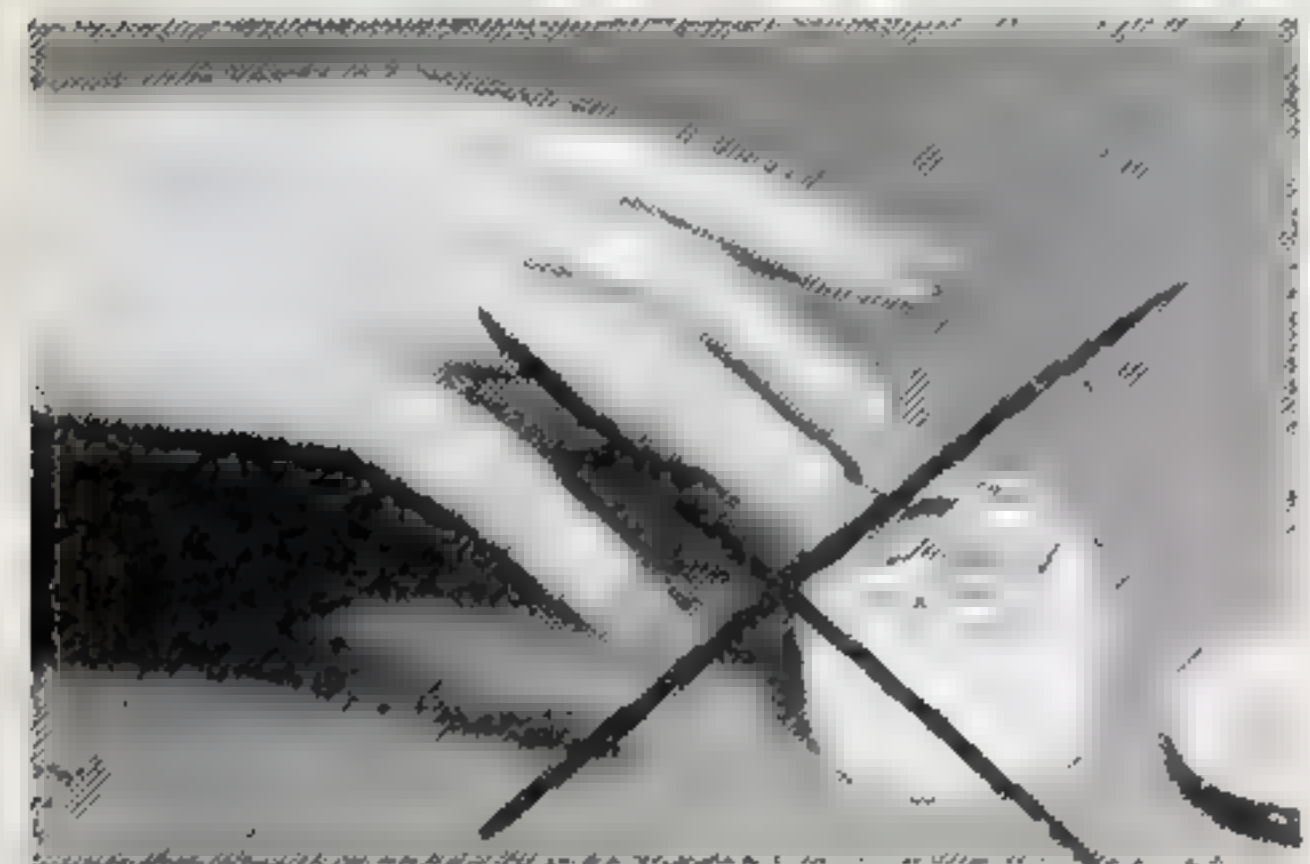
Bobby Van, ex-trumpeter. He was a Broadway success before he hit Hollywood.—ED.

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. However, our space is limited. And much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters we receive.

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Powder and Foundation in one —
smooths on with a puff
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The most heavenly "face" at the party—Angel Face by Pond's! Just a touch of its puff, and little skin flaws *disappear* beneath a sweet-tinted finish. Never drying or shiny. And Angel Face stays on—longer than plain powder. Because *it's powder and foundation in-one!* Mrs. Winston Guest says, "Angel Face gives such a *fresh* look!"

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Angel Face in its new Mirror Case makes a lovely gift!

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Pie Server, hollow handle.....	\$5.00
Gravy Ladle	3.25
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Other pieces not shown	
Butter Knife	1.65
Sugar Spoon	1.65
Serving Spoon	3.25
Pierced Vegetable Server	3.25
Jelly Server	2.15
Long Server	4.25
Sugar Tongs	2.15
Cheese Server, hollow handle ...	3.75
Soup Ladle, hollow handle	8.00
Punch Ladle, hollow handle	16.00
Pierced Tablespoon	1.64
Carving Set, roast	14.75
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A 52-piece service for 8 in Holmes & Edwards — the silverplate with the look and feel of sterling — is only \$74.95. Comparable service in sterling would be \$200 more! Your dealer's Club Plan makes it available immediately for only a small down payment.

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Collection

NEW!
ROMANCE

SPRING
GARDEN

DANISH
PRINCESS

MAY
QUEEN

LOVELY
LADY



Marlon Brando and Mexican actress, Movita, made news when they appeared together at the Ice Follies in Hollywood

brando's mystery romance

● Although Marlon Brando and Movita were considered a constant twosome in New York, the romance has been classified as top secret. Some say it began while Marlon was making "Viva Zapata," but he has refused to talk about it. However, when Brando trekked West to make "Julius Caesar," Movita also appeared on the scene.

Born Maria Louisa Castenada, she became Movita for films. One of her most publicized roles was that of the native girl in "Mutiny on the Bounty" (right, with Franchot Tone). Recently, she signed with M-G-M for a top role with Cary Grant in "Dream Wife." She is the ex-wife of former Irish heavyweight, Jack Doyle.

It has been said that Movita strongly resembles a girl to whom Marlon once proposed. But most believe him in love with Movita. Brando isn't talking!





Stern

Marilyn Monroe is used to her name in headlines. But she's not so blasé that having a song named for her wasn't fun

INSIDE STUFF

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



What with the raves for what he's done and the big plans for his future, Aldo Ray is the happiest guy on the Columbia lot

Beams were in order when Alana visited her pop, Alan Ladd, on U-P's "Desert Legion" set just before they left for England



Hollywood Wonders Why: Margaret O'Brien's mother continues to dress her like a simple school girl, when her obvious charm and beauty rate her in the running with Elizabeth Taylor . . . Certain Hollywood actors say they'll be just as pleased if they don't work with Danny Thomas a second time—and this despite his general popularity . . . Rita Hayworth accepts invitations to Hollywood parties when she looks so bored five minutes after she has made an entrance . . . Easy-going, kindly, cooperative Van Johnson, who makes five money-making pictures to Gene Kelly's one, was asked to support the hooper in a forthcoming production . . . Kathryn Grayson continues to protest that there are no eligible bachelors in Hollywood,



"Who says this outfit is too dressy for eating sandwiches?" asks Debbie Reynolds on the set for M-G-M's "I Love Melvin"

With the shooting for M-G-M's "The Girl Who Had Everything" out of the way, Liz Taylor just relaxes and takes life easy



when a member of her household confides that no less than sixteen men called her in one week—all asking for dates!

Heart Throbs: He has the ring and if Vera-Ellen will just nod her pretty head, she'll make Dean Miller the happiest man in filmland . . . All's fair in love and what have you! All of which means Jane Wyman stopped seeing Travis Kleefeld and started seeing Greg Bautzer again, when Ginger Rogers stopped seeing the handsome attorney and started seeing young Jacques Bergerac somewhere in France . . . Quoting Lana Turner: "Regardless of what you hear, read or even decide in your own mind, I am not romantically interested in any other man but —————→"



INSIDE STUFF

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

A guy and a gob: Mickey Rooney and Dick Haymes in "All Ashore"

Fernando Lamas." . . . After a series of sophisticated women, Kirk Douglas is taking a refresher course by dating Pier Angeli. He obviously passed the "acid" test because Mama Angeli no longer chaperones her darling daughter on her evenings out.

In Case You Care: The William Powells named their French poodle "Bogart," because when the little beastie smiles, he bares all his teeth . . . She does it strictly for laughs, which she gets, which is why Rosalind Russell sometimes goes to Hollywood parties wearing her son's Boy Scout uniform . . . In case you were a bit baffled by Patricia Neal's performance in "Washington Story," you have nothing on the lady herself. When the studio decided to change her characterization, she was called back to dub in new dialogue, but they didn't re-shoot her scenes . . . Jeanne Crain, whose personal life personifies everything that's wholesome, is on a glamour kick and is begging the studio for cheesecake photos . . . All the stills had to be re-touched for U-I's "Seminole" because it's a Breen Office rule that American Indians can't show their navels!

Funny Side Up: Hollywood or Hoboken, it all adds up to growing pains when the following conversation takes place at the breakfast table. Doris Day: "What's the matter, Terry? You look so unhappy—and today's the day you're going to your first girl and boy party." Terry: "That's what's worrying me. Supposing I'm the only boy who shows up with all those girls?" Marty Melcher: "You should be so lucky! Carry a rabbit's foot, son—carry a rabbit's foot!" Fadeout on a platter of bacon and eggs. Everyone dives into it and registers satisfaction.

Cal Believes: That Craig Hill (a former "Choose Your Star" winner) can't miss being one of the biggest hits in Hollywood. Your fan letters following his touching performance in "What Price Glory" made a big impression on studio bosses . . . That Beverly Michaels will be rewarded for her courage and patience. After she soared to success in "Pickup," Columbia took over her contract and let her sit it out. She's now signed a long-term contract with Universal . . . That his bosses now realize Tony Curtis needs good pictures and strong stories to preserve his popularity. Following elaborate announcement of his appearance in person at the local Paramount Theatre, the house was still half empty . . . That Marilyn Monroe is going to suddenly surprise everyone by turning into a top dramatic actress. While she has wisely gone for all the

cheesecake art that made her famous. Miss Lush and Lovely has some far sighted plans. She is quietly devoting endless hours to study and improvement.

Small Talk: "Mr. Stevens just called," said the maid to Mrs. Mark Stevens. "He's bringing Mr. Pidgeon (Walter) home to dinner." Little Mark Richard let out a war whoop. "Mr. Pigeon's coming to dinner!" he exclaimed as he danced around the room. His mother drew him to her side. "Now why are you so excited?" she inquired. "You don't know Mr. Pidgeon." The little boy's eyes continued to sparkle. "Yes, I do—yes, I do!" he cried. "I feed him every single day in the park."

Eternal Eve: Even though Linda Christian may be perfectly capable of raising the raised eyebrows of Hollywood society, Tyrone Power still finds her a most fascinating female. At the Tony Martins' party for the Maharajah and Maharanee of Jaipur, Mrs. P. all but stole the show from the guests of honor. She wore odd green make-up on her eyelids that matched the gown she was wearing. Her accent, her gaiety, her cat-like way of walking across the room attracted everyone. Ty's face practically beamed with pride as he watched her, too.

Broad Shoulders: "It really takes guts to be that unconvincing," is the way a top director summed up Shelley Winters' performance in the Circle Theatre production of "A Streetcar Named Desire." Cal agrees that Shelley bore no physical resemblance to the fragile heroine of the Ol' South. On the other hand, you have to admire her ambition, even if Shel doesn't recognize her limitations. Some of the unkindest reviews upset her, natch. But now that the Vittorio Gassmans are expecting the stork, life is just a big fat bowl of happiness.

Around the Town: We've got news for blonde and beautiful Lori Nelson. Robert Wagner would like to be your real-life gentleman caller, but you'll probably have to share him with Debbie Reynolds, too . . . Last month, we said Hollywood wondered why Olivia de Havilland hired a body guard for her son Benjy. The answer to that question might be found in the no-punches-pulled testimony at Livvy's divorce trial . . . Bette Davis' sister Bobbe (she's always wanted to act) may play a small role in Bette's New York musical. In the meantime, the great Davis is celebrating her victory in that (continued on page 77)



In the Black Hills to shoot "The Savage," Charlton Heston is shorn—not scalped



Victor Mature is short on time for joy rides. He went straight from his stint in M-G-M's "Million Dollar Mermaid" into Twentieth's "Something for the Birds"



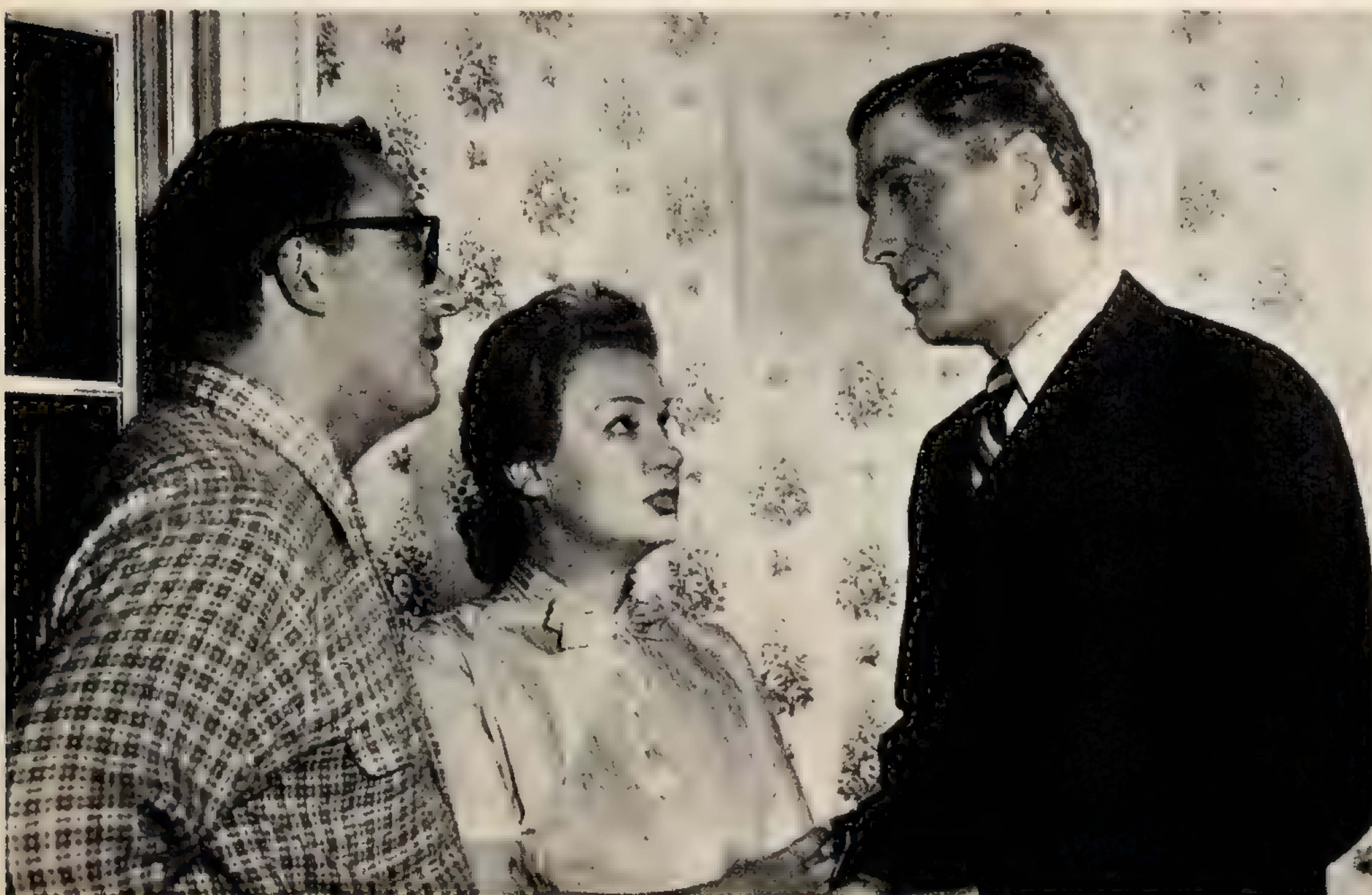
Lucky Ricardo Montalban! He has Pier Angeli eating out of his hand



Boy meets girl: Pat Neal and Cam Mitchell, both at work at Twentieth, exchange cheerful hello's



"A fine guide, thees hubby!" says pert Leslie Caron first-timing in New York



A "Come Back Little Sheba" conclave. Director Daniel Mann and star Shirley Booth have nothing but praise for Burt Lancaster on his performance opposite Shirley



Cyd Charisse likes what she sees in stills of herself from "Sombrero." And so do we!



you chose these stars !

BY
MAXINE ARNOLD

Stern

Tab Hunter's success in "Island of Desire" was no fluke. He's been hard at work studying dramatics for the past four years

Fink-Smith



Arthur Franz won much acclaim as "The Sniper." His career will be furthered by "Eight Iron Men"

Smith



Oskar Werner, outstanding in "Decision Before Dawn," returned to Europe to await assignment

Apger



Elaine Stewart, appearing in "The Bad and the Beautiful," is scheduled for a big M-G-M buildup



Ursula Thiess, glamorous RKO and "Choose Your Star" find, has a lead in "Monsoon"

Jones

Here are your winners!

And each a future star on the way to fame and fortune

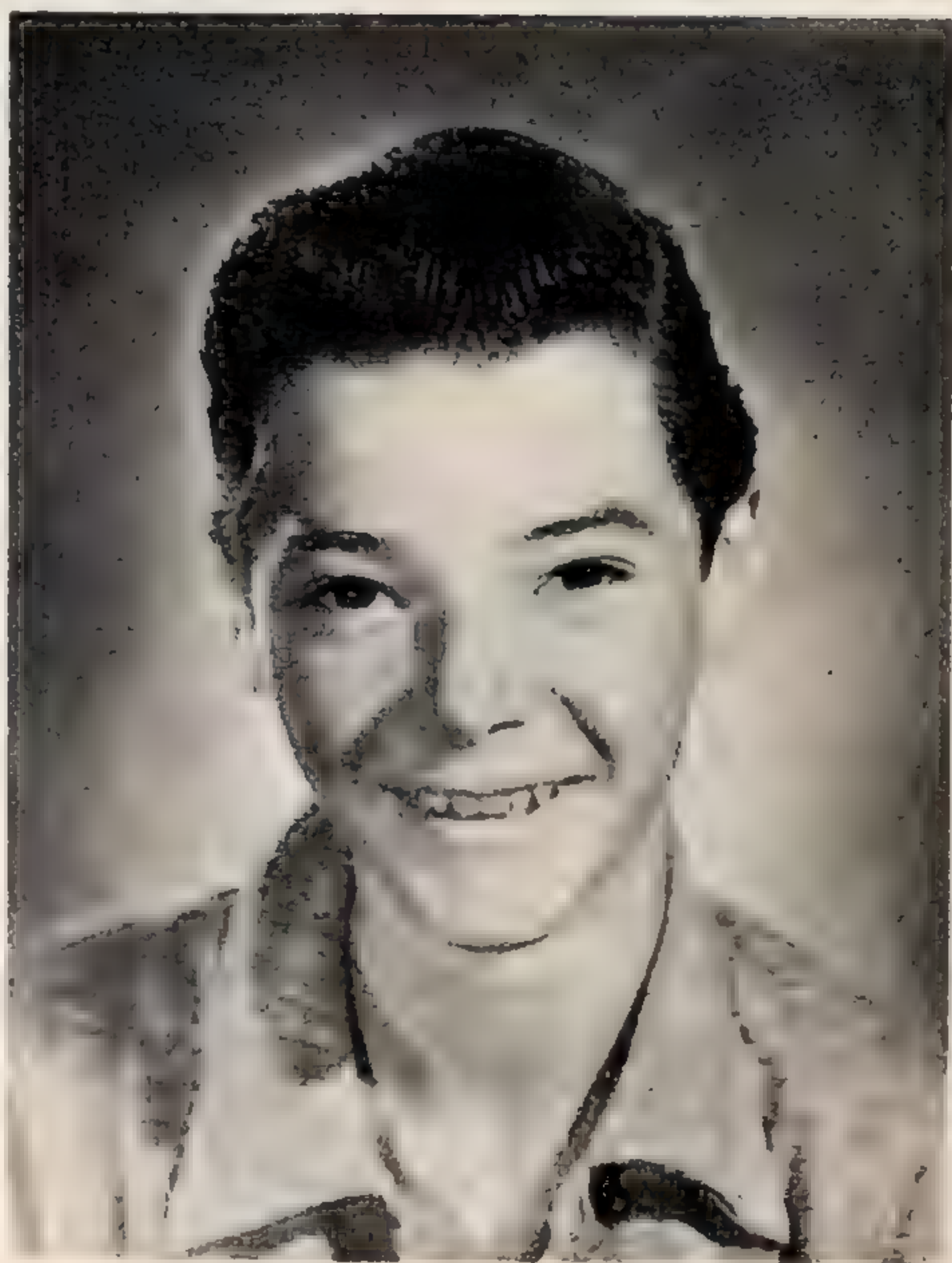
● This is the dramatic story of the winners of Photoplay's annual "Choose Your Star" contest. However, it begins as a "thank you" because the players would have it no other way. You, the readers, have given this group of prospective young stars one of the finest gifts that can be bestowed in the sometimes uncertain Hollywood world. You have given them your vote of confidence.

The players are grateful. They want you to know it, and they have asked (*Continued on next page*)

Lori Nelson has a new U-I contract and a top role in "Nothing But the Blues"



you chose these stars!



Your choice of future "greats" has a wide range—from sultry Hildegard Neff to the boyish Johnny Stewart . . .

. . . from dynamic John Forsythe, whom you know best, so far, through his TV shows, to statuesque Beverly Michaels

(Continued from preceding page) the editors to express their appreciation through the pages of Photoplay.

The tall, sexy blonde with the expressive brown eyes, Beverly Michaels, who hadn't worked in twelve long, long months, hung up the receiver slowly when she heard the news. For the first time in too many days, she smiled.

To pretty, red-headed Helene Stanley, a movie veteran at twenty-one, who'd been in motion pictures since "Our Gang" comedies, and who'd just left a major studio and was even then weighing the next move—

See Fashions (page 58) for more winners

the right move—"It's like Christmas! It's just like Christmas!"

She was paraphrasing the thoughts of talented Arthur Franz who, after long years of working in New York—"eight, ten—sometimes I lose count"—and of waiting on a counter in a small café just off Hollywood Boulevard—working and waiting for today—"It's just like somebody handed me a present."

It was a very welcome present that Tab Hunter didn't know was waiting for him, as he turned slowly up the walk to his one-bedroom apartment in Beverly Hills. He felt sick. Real sick. Would this happen every time he saw himself on the screen? The first time, he'd had

You tabbed tall, dark and handsome Dean Miller, who is just as popular with Hollywood stars as he is with you . . .

. . . and put your faith in versatile redhead, Helene Stanley, and in Rusty Tamblyn, who wowed you in "Retreat, Hell"





You placed heavy bets on success for virile, vital Robert Horton, whom many have pegged "this era's Clark Gable" . . .

. . . and went all out for the continental "oomph" of Zsa Zsa Gabor, and the solid, boy-next-door charm of Keith Andes

to leave the projection room. "There were so *many* things wrong," he told his mother later on. "Oh, I'm sure it wasn't *that* bad," she soothed. So he built himself up to seeing Tab Hunter on the screen once again.

Now he was coming home from seeing his first picture for the third time, still trying to convince himself that maybe his mother was right—maybe he wasn't *that* bad. And the news that was waiting for him this time made him feel sick again—giddy sick.

"Me?" he exclaimed, his usually dreamy face lighting up in a blaze through the paleness. Then, as though trying to convince himself. "You mean, I won?"

Nineteen-year-old Lori Nelson, pretty as any golden-

haired storybook princess—but a weary little princess in anybody's book at that moment—walked slowly across the Universal-International lot from the stage where she'd been testing all day for the part which could mean the turning point in her career. It could spell the difference between being an *actress* and a peppermint-stick ingenue. What did publicity want, she wondered, almost too tired even to go see. Then, joyously. "I *did*? Are you *sure*?"

And a tall lovely German girl strolling along a street in Westwood, her thoughts in Hamburg with her mother and her two children, and her heart full of anxious hope that nothing (Continued on page 90)

You chose Dawn Addams for her charming smile and lilting British accent, Gene Barry, for his talent and good looks . . .

. . . and approved the English countryside loveliness of Joan Rice, the compelling, brawny he-mannishness of Michael Moore





**TROUBLE
IN PARADISE ?**



Bantering gaily, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger keep up an appearance of idyllic happiness. What really lies behind the banter?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

THE question came up suddenly. "What's a house without a dog?" asked Jean. "I must have a dog."

Granger beetled his brows at her. "Dogs are like children. They need sustenance, training and care. You can't just—"

"I know. I've *had* dogs. Before we were married."

"And who did the dirty work? Your mother. You cuddled them and that's all."

Her soft eyes went softer. "I want a little dog to cuddle."

"No little dogs. Not till you get used to running the house."

Time passed and brought knottier problems. Sidney Franklin of M-G-M had offered Jean the title role in "Young Bess." It would have been a lily on any terms, but this lily was gilded because she'd be playing opposite Granger. There remained, however, the small matter of prior commitments. Would RKO lend her when M-G-M needed her? By turns, the situation looked hopeful, dubious and black. On one of the blackest days, she sat in the kitchen to be close to her husband, a handy man at the range. As he eyed the small disconsolate figure, his heart smote him. So did an idea. "You stir this stew, darling. I'll be back in forty-five minutes."

His errand took longer than he'd expected. By the time he got back, Jean was tapping a foot. On her lips, speech blazed, sputtered and then died, as she saw the little gray poodle peering from under his coat. Next minute the creature was clutched to her heart, sprinkled by her tears. Granger's arms swallowed them both. "She's 'Young Bess,'" he explained gently. "And sure as you've got her, you're going to get that part."

He proved a true prophet. The above-noted incident illuminates their relationship as summed up by the guileless-looking Jean. "He's very firm with me. I can wrap him 'round my little finger." But that incident also suggests an attitude better suited to honeymoon days than to the long haul. Are the Grangers going to make it? Stewart Granger's already a Hollywood legend. As a rule, it takes years to build up a legend. His sole contribution to this phenomenon lies in being himself, a gentleman of wit, mettle and style. Such is the impact of his personality that myths gather 'round him, and his name starts hot-and-cold running paradoxes. *They* say directors can't stand him, yet directors scream to get him into their pictures. *They* say he doesn't know how to make friends, yet those he makes are his friends for life. *They* said his marriage was headed for the rocks even when it looked as if he and Simmons formed a mutual-adoration society. Of these hit-or-miss shafts, only the last ever got under his skin. At first it confounded, then it infuriated him. So he armored himself in irony.

"I gather we're not original. In fact, we were warned, 'Wait six months, and they'll start taking potshots at your marriage.' We laughed—till a columnist rang up one evening. 'I hear you're getting divorced.' 'What the devil are you talking about?' 'Do you deny it?' 'Of course I deny it!' Next day, another call: 'What about this denial of divorce?' You smell a trap, but you're still bewildered. 'Where did *that* come from?' 'Says so in the paper: GRANGER DENIES DIVORCE RUMORS. No smoke without fire, you know, old chap.' Then you lose your temper and let the expletives go! Which makes you not only a candidate for divorce (Continued on page 84)



TONY CURTIS

Two years, a tailor-made suit and Janet add up to a dramatic change



AVA GARDNER

You'd never think that the now super-sophisticated Ava was once a farm girl



SUSAN HAYWARD

Hedda wonders if Susan remembers her loneliness in the heartbreak town

HOW HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOPLAY'S FEATURE ATTRACTION

Hedda takes you back to the beginnings of some stars. If you don't agree they've changed—she'll eat her hat!

BY HEDDA HOPPER

● "GOING HOLLYWOOD" is a phrase no stars want attached to their names, even though it's true. The term has all the ugly connotations of forgetting to see old friends "who knew them when," acquiring a plush house, a swimming pool, and a temperament to match the set-up. I've heard weary, cynical studio press agents say of a star, "I remember when she'd stand on her head in front of the city hall at high noon to get her name in the papers; now she thinks she ought to have an Oscar for posing for a picture." I've heard Bob Mitchum say, "I haven't changed, but my friends have. If I don't speak to a doorman, I'm a snob. Before I got into pictures, the



VICTOR MATURE

Vic had a reason for his mad behavior. But now he's a different man



ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Elizabeth is a new woman. But has she as yet learned to handle responsibility?



KIRK DOUGLAS

Hedda's never seen a man change so fast, nor deny it so emphatically

HAS CHANGED THEM

doorman would have thrown me through the door."

The only change I've seen in Bob is his acquisition of material things. He came into town a character and has remained one, much to the despair of those who try to control him and have him behave like a star.

Sudden fame, wealth, and the adoration of millions of fans are items not easy to take.

The first time I met Tony Curtis, he dropped by my office looking anything but the suave sophisticate he is today. He was wearing a sweat shirt, blue jeans, and canvas sneakers. When we walked a few blocks down Hollywood Boulevard, not one girl turned to take a

second look. But when Jan Sterling made a personal appearance with Tony in a New York theatre, about a thousand females were waiting in the foyer to mob the boy. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it," said Jan. "The girls were so excited they grabbed me when they couldn't reach Tony."

What made the difference? Publicity arranged for him by his studio. In fact, Tony was just another kid on the lot until he went on a film junket up the West Coast. The girls swarmed all over him. Though the accompanying studio publicist was amazed, he reported the incident to his bosses. The (Continued on page 95)



Sympathy runs strong in Hollywood
for this talented tenor, despite his
record of startling behavior

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

**The truth
behind the**

MARIO LANZA

blow-up!

there are those who say that life with Lanza—personal or professional—has never been peaceful, whether B.C. (before “Caruso”) or since.

But in six turbulent weeks last August and September, the top box-office tenor of the movie industry chalked up a record of sound and fury which has never been matched in the memory of long-time reporters of the Hollywood scene.

In those six chaotic weeks, Mario did the following things:

1. He broke with his long-time personal manager and closest friend, Sam Weiler. Lawsuits may be in the offing as a result—possibly both Lanza vs. Weiler and Weiler vs. Lanza, so comment on the justness of Mario’s allegations is improper. However, it’s a matter of open knowledge that Weiler is the man who financed Mario’s musical training, under-wrote the young singer and his wife for a period of years while Mario prepared for the concert stage. To music-worshipping Sam Weiler, Mario Lanza was more than a client. He was *the voice*—a responsibility almost sacred, a cause and a crusade.

2. Mario failed to report for work on “The Student Prince” at M-G-M, and was suspended.

3. He returned to the studio—and to the payroll—reported for wardrobe fittings, rehearsed his musical numbers, recorded a song with principals, chorus and the huge studio orchestra. Yet, unaccountably, while in the midst of this conscientious day’s work, he was apparently able to make enemies of practically every person important to the production—with the exception of leading lady Ann Blyth.

4. The next day, he rehearsed and broadcast his radio show—his last before cancellation—exhibiting the same sort of surprising behavior which had alienated his co-workers at Metro.

5. He failed once more to show up for work on his picture. After three days of this, the studio cried, “Uncle,” declared Mario in breach of contract, chopped him—and thousands of workers who would have contributed to and earned from “The Student Prince”—off the payrolls. On the production, to that date, a reported \$700,000 had already been spent—about half of which was irretrievable with Mario out of the cast. After ominous warnings, M-G-M—on September 20th—brought suit against Mario (*Continued on page 89*)



Jeff was set for settling the baby in his darkroom—in the developing tub. But Babs sold him on a bathinette

BY MIRIAM ROGERS

The Jeffrey Hunters found the first year the easiest. And they're ready to face the many Hollywood problems in the years ahead

THE DANGEROUS YEARS

Some can't take it and some can't leave it alone, but Babs and Jeff dote on it—garlic bread, that is, for dinner



● IT WAS A GREAT DAY when his studio announced that Jeffrey Hunter would play the lead in "Sailor of the King." It was the chance of a lifetime, but somehow Jeff didn't feel like cheering. The picture was to be made in England and September 5th had been set as the date of his departure. Film schedules have little respect for Stork schedules. Certainly, the baby would arrive before September, Jeff assured himself. *Wouldn't it?* "Of course, it will," Barbara kept reassuring him.

Suddenly it was Friday, August 29th. The clock had barely finished striking noon when Barbara felt the first pains. "This is it," she told Jeff.

"Are you sure?" he asked anxiously.

"Very sure," she grinned.

"Well, keep calm," babbled Jeff. "Don't get excited. Easy does it. Calm, girl. Stay calm."

Barbara calmly adjourned to the bedroom, tossed one last item into her suitcase and closed the top. "Don't lift it!" shouted Jeff, as she reached for the bag. "Here I've got it. Let's go!"

Jeffrey doesn't remember exactly how events went after that. Somehow he got Barbara to the hospital. Then he saw (Continued on page 94)



All's happiness with Mr. and Mrs.
Jeffrey Hunter and new son, Chris!



There'll be a full house at Bill Holden's and Brenda Marshall's, with Bill's parents and the three Holden sprouts

Now they'll spend christmas morning

BY RUTH WATERBURY

On this magic day, Hollywood is Hometown, U. S. A.—and Santa is the reigning star



June Allyson and **Dick Powell** are teaching little **Pamela** and her baby brother, **Keith**, the true meaning of Christmas



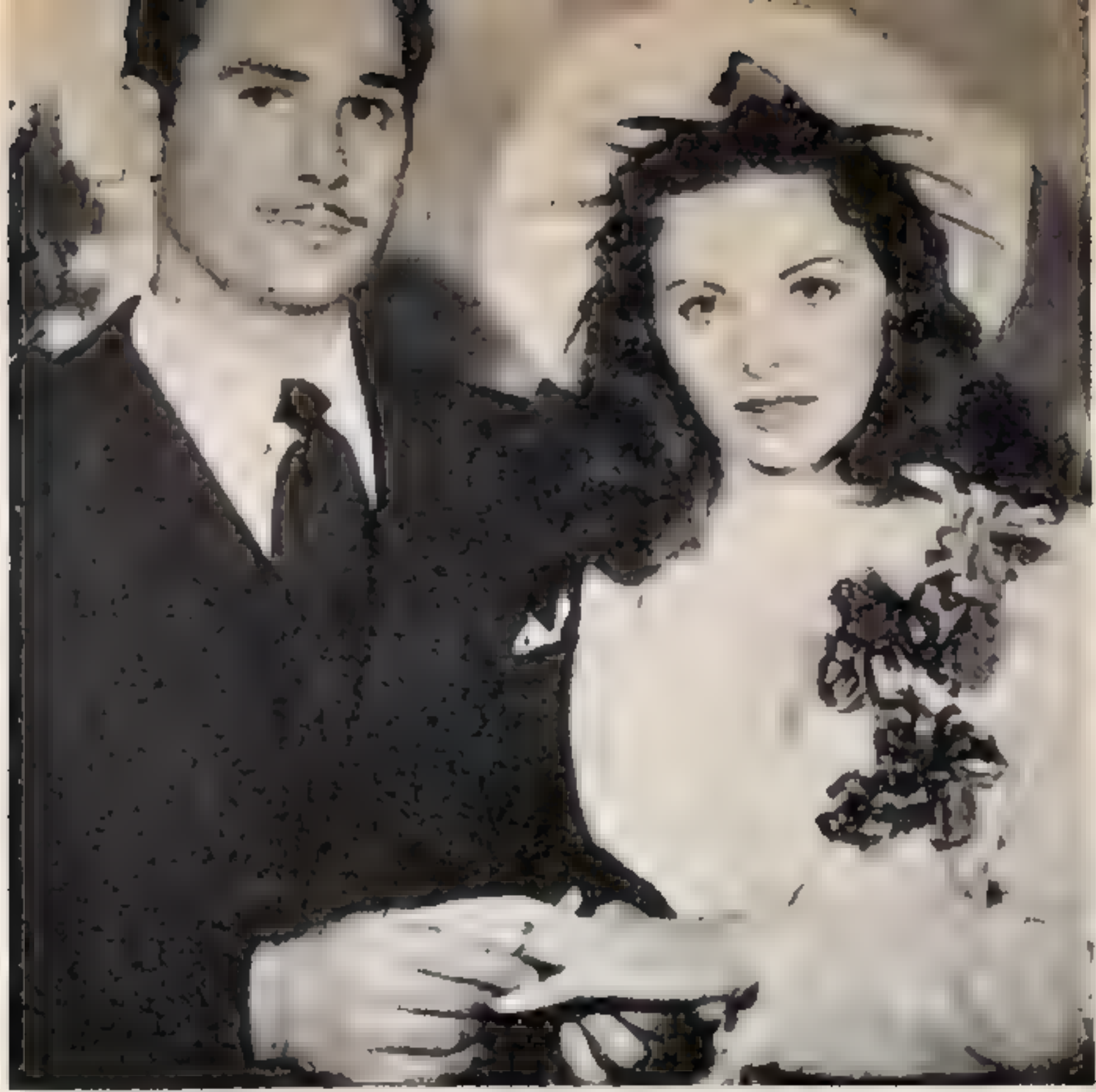
Patty Kate, **Kathryn Grayson's** daughter, is the center of a vast group of fun-loving friends and family when the holiday bells peal

The Dick Powells were on the stork's calling list last year, but this year they have a wonderful celebration planned for their baby son and daughter. Both June Allyson and Dick Powell always long for a white Christmas—and June has one all arranged. She has engaged a snow scene from her studio. And she's also arranged for a crèche—the Three Wise men, the stable with the animals, and the Christ Child all life-size. Through this, she and Dick feel their babies can learn the lovely Christmas story in all its radiance.

The Christmas tree goes up on Christmas Eve at the Powells', but the presents are not opened until the next morning. And smart little Junie has one trick that other mothers could adopt. Her babies get so many presents, many of them from (Continued on page 72)

The Gage boys have Santa on their minds, so they don't listen too attentively to **Esther Williams' Night-before-Christmas** story





Bride and groom: December 31, 1945

seventh

Seven rhymes with heaven—which is where Jeanne Crain



heaven

by Fredda Dudley

has been living all those happy years with her Paul

● WHEN JEANNE CRAIN and Paul Brinkman were married on December 31, 1945, the Hollywood anvil chorus went to work with a will. They said that Jeanne was an idealistic dreamer who had been over-sheltered by a devoted family and that she didn't have the faintest idea how to go about building a successful marriage. This was summed up in the statement, "That cloud-seven-beauty doesn't know what it's all about."

As for Paul, he was diagnosed as one hundred per cent charm lad and playboy with no intention whatsoever of settling down.

Said the wisenheimers, "It won't last a year, give or take a few weeks."

On December 31, 1952, Jeanne and Paul Brinkman will celebrate the seventh anniversary of one of the superlatively satisfactory marriages in the world. Why stop, geographically or romantically, in Hollywood for comparison?

During those seven years, Jeanne has starred in twelve pictures, and has borne four children. During her spare time she has nurse-maided a pet baby lion, helped to train a young falcon, supervised the building and enlarging of the Brinkman hilltop home, and has indulged her talent for painting.

During those seven years, Paul has established a fifty per cent interest in three sons and a daughter, and has established a hundred per cent interest in his own company, an engineering concern employing an engineering staff of four plus a crew of forty-five, and occupying (Continued on page 87)

Seven years and four children to the good, the Paul Brinkmans' happiness keeps snowballing. They're sure this is only the beginning



Pictures worth prizing—a colorful collection



Globe Photo

Collectors'
Items No. 2

CALL IT A DAY

To casual observers, Doris Day doesn't look like the type who would be a big box office star. She doesn't feel like one, either. For Doris isn't acting when she's on screen—she's being herself. And even the most cynical moviegoer reacts to her warm friendliness. Old friends gasp when they see her son, Terry—he's a small male version of the sunny, freckle-faced kid they remember so well. Maybe that's why Marty went overboard for Terry the way he did for Doris. Take it from Mr. Melcher, they're irresistible!



Even the patio roof isn't allowed to keep the sun out



Doris tunes up for one of the family jam sessions



An apple every day keeps the Day figure that way

of happy Days to brighten up the pages of your pocket-size pinup book. . .

Informals by Fink and Smith



Marty's idea of glamour — blue jeans and a sweater



Time off for a little billing and cooing on the side



She's the tailored type, but for her bedroom, frills!



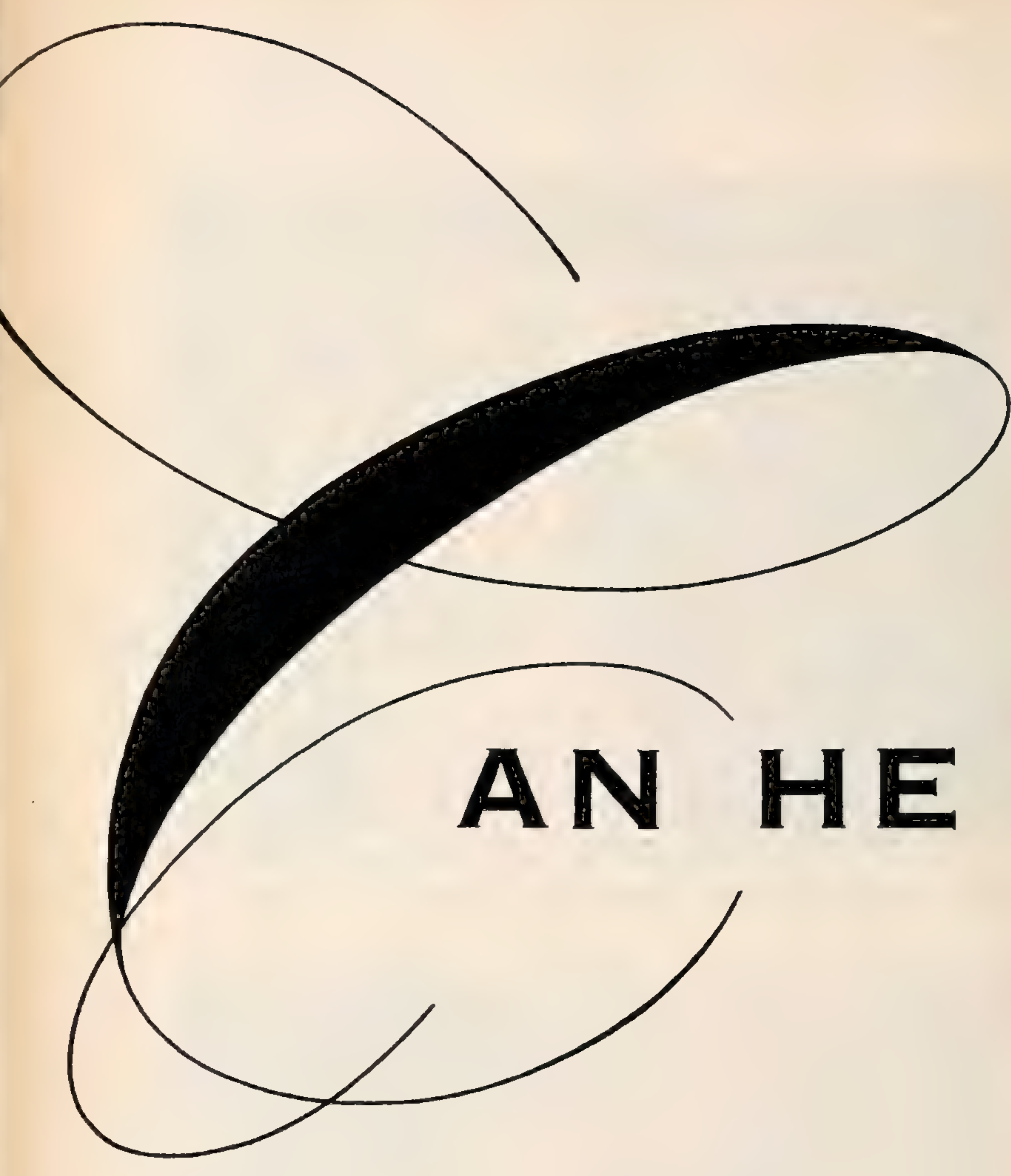
At the Melchers, coffee, like Doris, is always perking



Hi, neighbor! The Melchers are crazy about Dutch doors



Night out — and after dinner, to see "April in Paris"



Hollywood believes he can.

For Bob Wagner has

earned his right to the things

no money could buy

AN HE LIVE DOWN

BY JANE CORWIN

● TO ALL APPEARANCES, it seemed no problem at all—this business of breaking into motion pictures. For young R. J. Wagner, it involved no more effort than that of dropping by a Beverly Hills restaurant where a fellow he knew played the piano. As it happened, agent Henry Willson, star-builder deluxe, was there and found himself neglecting his dinner to watch the Wagner facial expressions as Bob listened to the music. Through a mutual acquaintance, Henry was introduced. A day or so later, Bob and his father visited the Famous Artists' Agency to talk business with Mr. Willson. And not long after that, Bob was signed to a Twentieth Century-Fox contract.

Of course, a bit of luck is required—being in the right place at the right time, for instance. But it all comes easily, the wiseacres will tell you, when you have a past like Bob Wagner's—when you come from a well-to-do family and have the right contacts. And consequently, from the first day Bob walked into Twentieth's commissary dressed in levis, looking like Hollywood's answer to Huckleberry Finn, the wiseacres have turned on him a slightly suspicious eye. "What," they asked themselves, "is he trying to prove?"

In the successive weeks as his levi-ed person was seen on the lot every day, they kept asking, "Now why the eager beaver masquerade?"

There he was—a young, handsome boy who'd never suffered or starved for his art, and that in itself was a

little unforgivable to those born with greasepaint in their veins. The more practical-minded found it incomprehensible that he would turn down a brilliant future in the steel business to try his hand at acting. And while a studio contract entitles any embryo actor to the standard equipment and attention on the lot, he has to earn that extra lick—the one that can mean the difference between supporting player and star. No grizzled grip or gaffer, long immune to the glamour of the trade, is to be influenced by a bankroll background, a princely physique, or a grey eye loaded with languishing appeal.

When Bob entered the acting profession, even his family and friends were prone to look on with a tolerance and amusement. William Wellman had given him his first role in "The Happy Years" with Dean Stockwell at M-G-M. It was a one-line part. Bob played a catcher in a ball game. He wore a funny suit with a high collar and sported a very stiff expression on his face. Nevertheless, an excited Bob Wagner and his mother attended the Westwood preview. Then, when his big close-up came on the screen, Bob discovered that two girls he had known all his life were sitting behind him in the theatre. "There's R.J.," they chortled, nearly rolling in the aisles.

They didn't add, "Well, what a lark!" But the meaning seemed to be there. And Bob had to face facts. He was going to have to (Continued on page 80)

HIS PAST?





Color portrait by Kornman. Scott is in "Bloodhounds of Broadway"

**SCOTT
BRADY**

*Pine logs burning in a fireplace . . . Irish Robin Hood . . . charcoal
broiled steaks and red wine . . . romance with a raincheck . . . a lighted
window on a lonely street . . . casual invitation to adventure*



Color portrait by Engstead. Esther's next, "Million Dollar Mermaid"

**ESTHER
WILLIAMS**

*A wind-swept beach . . . crullers and cider . . . rambler roses
on an old farmhouse . . . ride on a Ferris wheel . . . spun sugar at
a country fair . . . Glamazon in a one piece bathing suit*



YOUR
VERDICT
ON INGRID



AS far as you readers of Photoplay are concerned, Ingrid Bergman can come back home any time she wants to. Of the 10,293 of you who sent in your votes, four out of every five were in favor of the actress's return.

But whether you voted for or against her coming back to the United States to make pictures, very few of you registered a simple "Yes" or "No." You had definite opinions and you minced no words in expressing them.

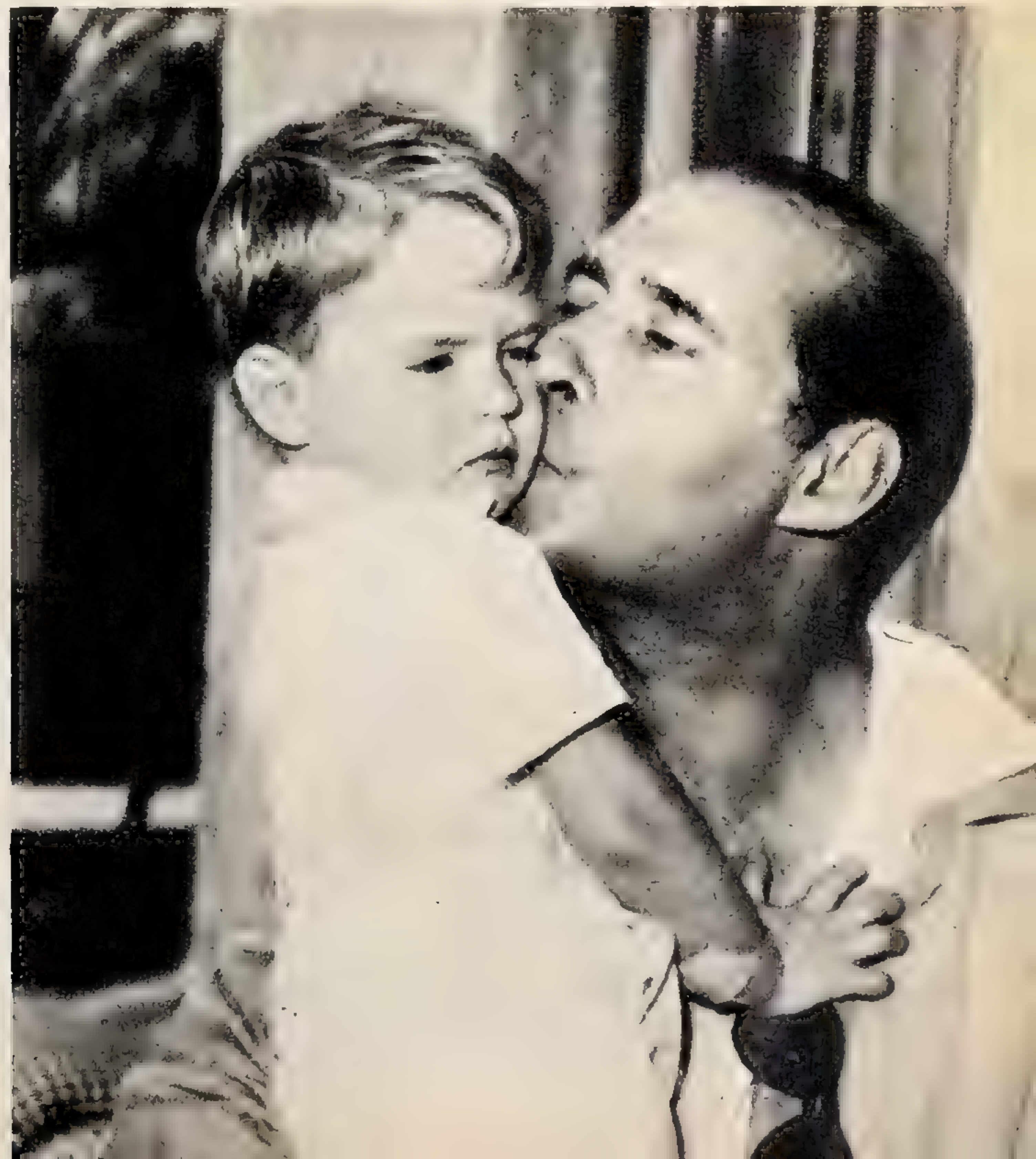
Those of you who refused to put out the welcome mat were almost unanimous in your reason: you felt that Ingrid's abandonment (that was the word you used most often) of her daughter Pia was a serious offense—serious enough to make you ignore the question of her ability as an actress.

But those of you—the overwhelming majority—who would like to see her return felt that her private life was entirely her own affair, and that her behavior in no way prejudiced your admiration for her as a fine performer. Many of you expressed sincere sympathy for her, and despair that her love should have brought her so much unhappiness.

Voters who are under thirty-five were far more willing to forgive than those who have passed that crucial mid-way mark. The more mature readers possibly read into their opinions their own feelings as parents, and their judgment of themselves in the event of like circumstances.

The editors of Photoplay have passed your verdict on to Ingrid Bergman. Whether or not she will have the courage—or desire—to act on your decision remains to be seen. For the time being, she is resting in Italy—enjoying the pleasures of being a full-time mother to Robertino and the new twins—after having finished her most recent movie, "Europe 51." Will she choose to make her next picture on this side of the Atlantic? No one can be sure but Ingrid, herself, and her husband, Roberto Rossellini. But at least she knows how her American fans feel about the matter.

The Rossellinis, father and son—and the twins—are the most poignant reasons you gave for forgiving Ingrid



4 TO 1
IN HER FAVOR

DANCE



IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE STARS

Peter James Samerjan

You dance through the holidays, too, as glamorous as these three "Choose Your Star" winners!

STAR at your biggest Christmas party—looking as fascinating as Ursula Thiess in a holly-red net halter gown designed by Emma Domb. As breath-taking as this bright new star, the gown is traced all over in gold porcelain, in an exciting bowknot design. To make it swish and stand out, a lining of plain red net and another of shimmering taffeta double as slip and crinoline! For an extra touch of glamour, it has a matching stole. 10-18. Under \$40. Trifari gold and rhinestone earrings. Ursula is starred in RKO's forthcoming motion picture, "Monsoon"

DANCE the ever-popular fox trot in whirling, swirling chiffon, as new as the new year! Joan Taylor highlights her fragile charm in a Bon-Ray ballet-length formal with its own nylon net petticoat. In gay, Christmas-ball colors like Joan's emerald green, it has a low chemise neckline back and front. 7-15. Under \$40. Coro pearls. Capezio sandals. Joan will be seen next in Paramount's new picture, "The Savage"



BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS IN STORES LISTED ON PAGE 81

FOR STORE NEARER YOU WRITE PHOTOPLAY FASHION EDITOR, JESSICA BRADT

...IN STEP WITH THE STARS

TANGO!

Follow Joan Taylor's tango in separates by Koret! Double concertina skirt (washable, permanently pleated) under \$13. Velvanyl blouse, under \$6, cummerbund, under \$3. 10-18. Coro jewelry

CHARLESTON!

In jazz-age mood, Joan looks hep in slim sheath by Jan Little for del Mar, of permanently pleated Sag-No-Mor wool jersey with snip-it hem. 10-18. About \$35. Coro jewelry. Capezio sandals



*Photos By
Peter James Samerjān*



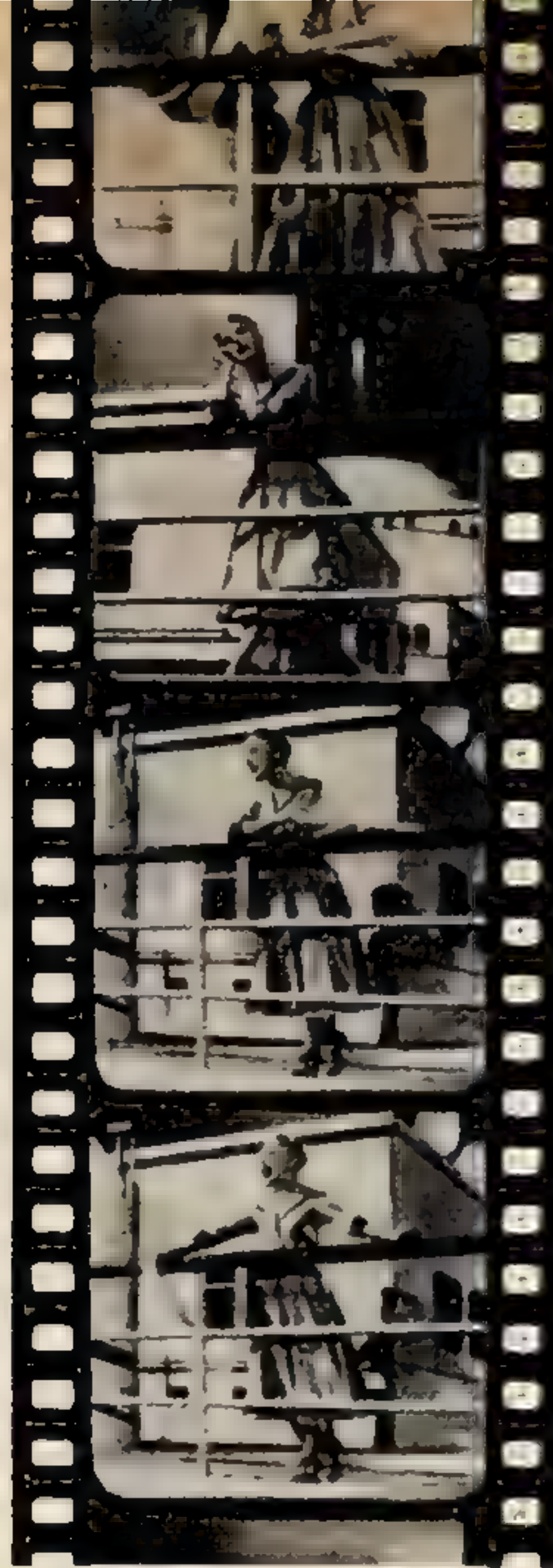
JITTERBUG!

Barbara Ruick steps lively in skirt of brown nylon net and velvety with black taffeta underskirt, under \$11, and a black velveteen bodice, under \$8. 7-15. Juniorite. Coro jewelry. She's in M-G-M's "Above and Beyond"

WALTZ!

Look as dreamy as Barbara, as she waltzes in Startime net dress. In red, white or pastels. Pearl and rhinestone studded taffeta midriff, pleated bodice, net stole. 10-18. Under \$30. Coro jewels





★
PHOTOPLAY STAR PATTERN

SEW EASY

HERE'S A DREAM of a dress for holidays and holi-dates, straight from Hollywood to you! It is an exact copy of a design June Haver wears in Twentieth's "The Girl Next Door." (See film strip above.) Every "girl next door" will adore it, it's so easy to sew and to wear, all day long and right on to Christmas parties. Take a tip from June: make it in the same fabric, Forstmann's Delphine, a soft luxurious wool-and-rabbit's hair in many lush colors. It's 54" wide, about \$7 a yard, at stores everywhere. Size 14 takes 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards (plus three-eighths yard of velveteen trim for collar and cuffs)—total, under \$25. The pattern is No. 14, sizes 10-20



Photoplay Star Patterns, Box 229, Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York
Enclosed find fifty cents (50c) for which please
send me June Haver pattern No. 14, in size.....

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE:—For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra
to cover the cost of special handling.

UNDERSTUDIES

... for a star figure!



UNDERSTUDIES play important roles—in fashion as well as in Hollywood! Give yourself a star figure this Christmas: Understudy your lovely dance dresses with a strapless, long-line bra that gives gentle, firm support, and a crisp crinoline that puffs out your bouffant skirts! Above, Maidenform nylon taffeta and marquisette long-line bra that cinches the waist. About \$5. 32-40 and 34-42, at fine stores everywhere. Make the quick-trick crinoline with three yards of nylon tulle, shirred to fit your waist, fastened with snaps. No hemming needed!

★
STAR PATTERN CONTINUED—



Above: Sketches of June Haver dress, pattern No. 14, described on page 62



Wondrous the change in you

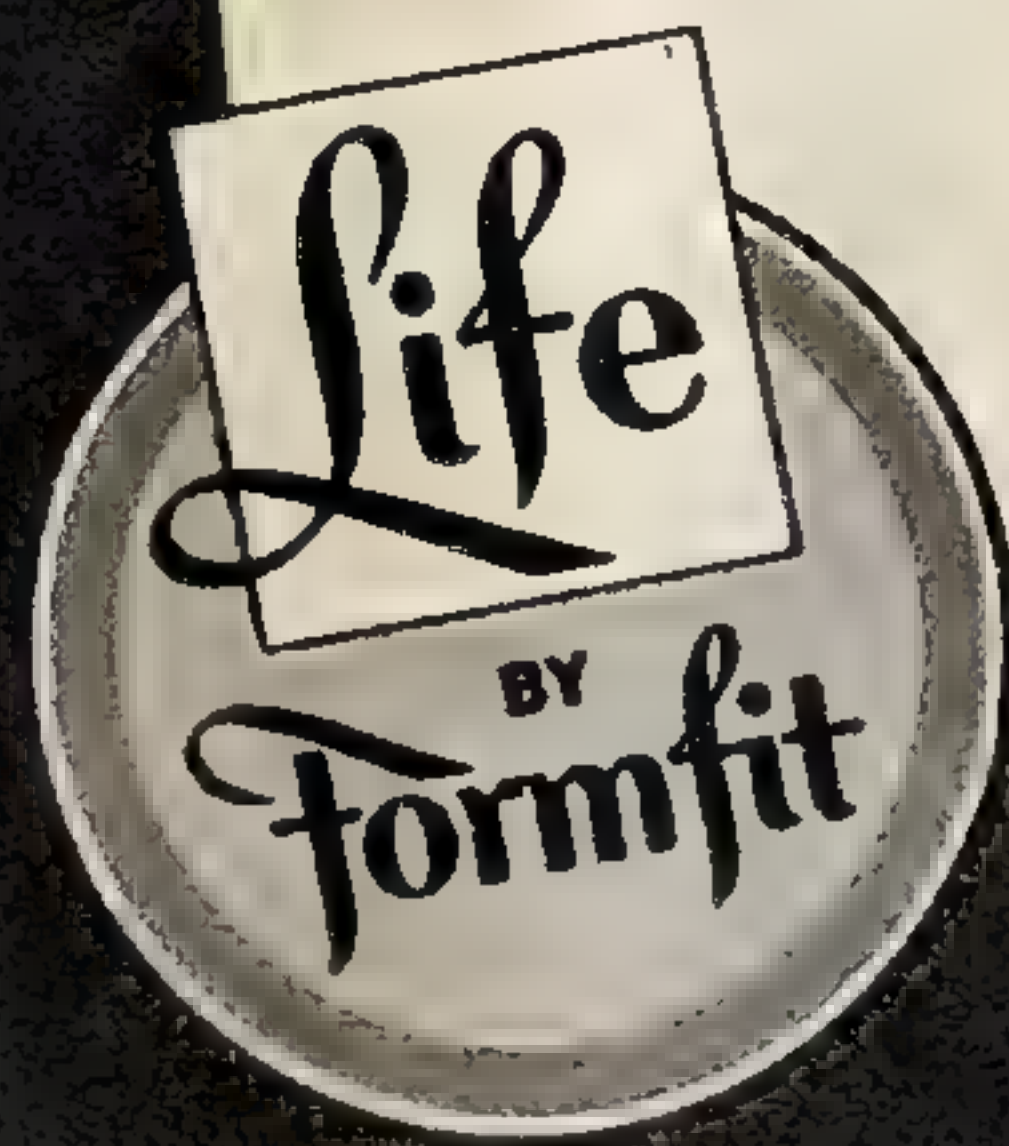
IN A "TRIPLE FITTED" LIFE BRA

*...Formfit's vital new
measurement is the reason!*

You look your loveliest and *know* it, in a Life Bra by Formfit! Your bustline is naturally rounded and high. Your clothes fit smoother. You feel fabulously comfy and free, too. So you're *radiant* with new poise, new confidence that dramatizes your charm! The reason is in the way a Life Bra fits you for *degree of separation* as well as size and cup. Only Life Bras by Formfit are "Triple Fitted" to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) *your separation*—wide, medium or narrow! So regardless of previous bra disappointments, be "Triple Fitted" to perfection in a Life Bra. You'll know then why more women demand Formfit than any other make.

Life Bras from \$1.25

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK



FOR FIT, FOR COMFORT,

For a Sweetheart of a Figure

What's wrong with Judy



Photoplay's famous reporter hopes that with this story Judy and her mother will find each other again

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● Maybe I shouldn't be writing this story. It's too poignant and perhaps too personal. But I sincerely believe that a little daylight on a sore subject might possibly bring two estranged people, who no doubt still love each other, to open their hearts to each other again. I mean Judy Garland and her mother. Maybe Judy's mother wouldn't want me to write this story. But it's worth a try, anyway.

The desire to put this on paper followed a casual remark I made a while ago to Judy's mother. "You must be so thrilled about Judy's expected baby," I said, forgetting for a moment the rift between the mother and her famous daughter. The sudden weeping shocked me into a realization of my tactlessness. But she composed herself quickly and told me that she hadn't talked to Judy in a long, long time.

During a conversation with Judy's mother in July—which I reported in my column—she vehemently denied a remark that a newspaperman had attributed to her just after Judy's marriage. "I never said Sid Luft was bad for Judy. I don't know him well. I first talked with him when Judy came to sing here. One night an article appeared in a local newspaper quoting me as having made unflattering remarks about Sid. I went down to the Philharmonic Auditorium where Judy was appearing to see whether she was disturbed by the story. I was told she was not. If Sid Luft will make Judy happy, that's all that matters."

Engstead

and her Mother?

SECOND IN A SERIES
OF UNTOLD HOLLYWOOD STORIES

If the mother and son-in-law have met since then, no reporter has managed to discover the fact. Perhaps they may see each other when Judy goes into the hospital for the delivery of the Lufts' child—if Judy sends for her mother then, as she did when little Liza was born.

No one seems to know what caused the break between Judy and her mother—neither the mother herself, nor Judy's former husband, Vincente Minnelli, nor intimates at Metro, who had known both mother and daughter for fifteen years. But then Judy's was never the traditional "stage mother"; she always kept in the background.

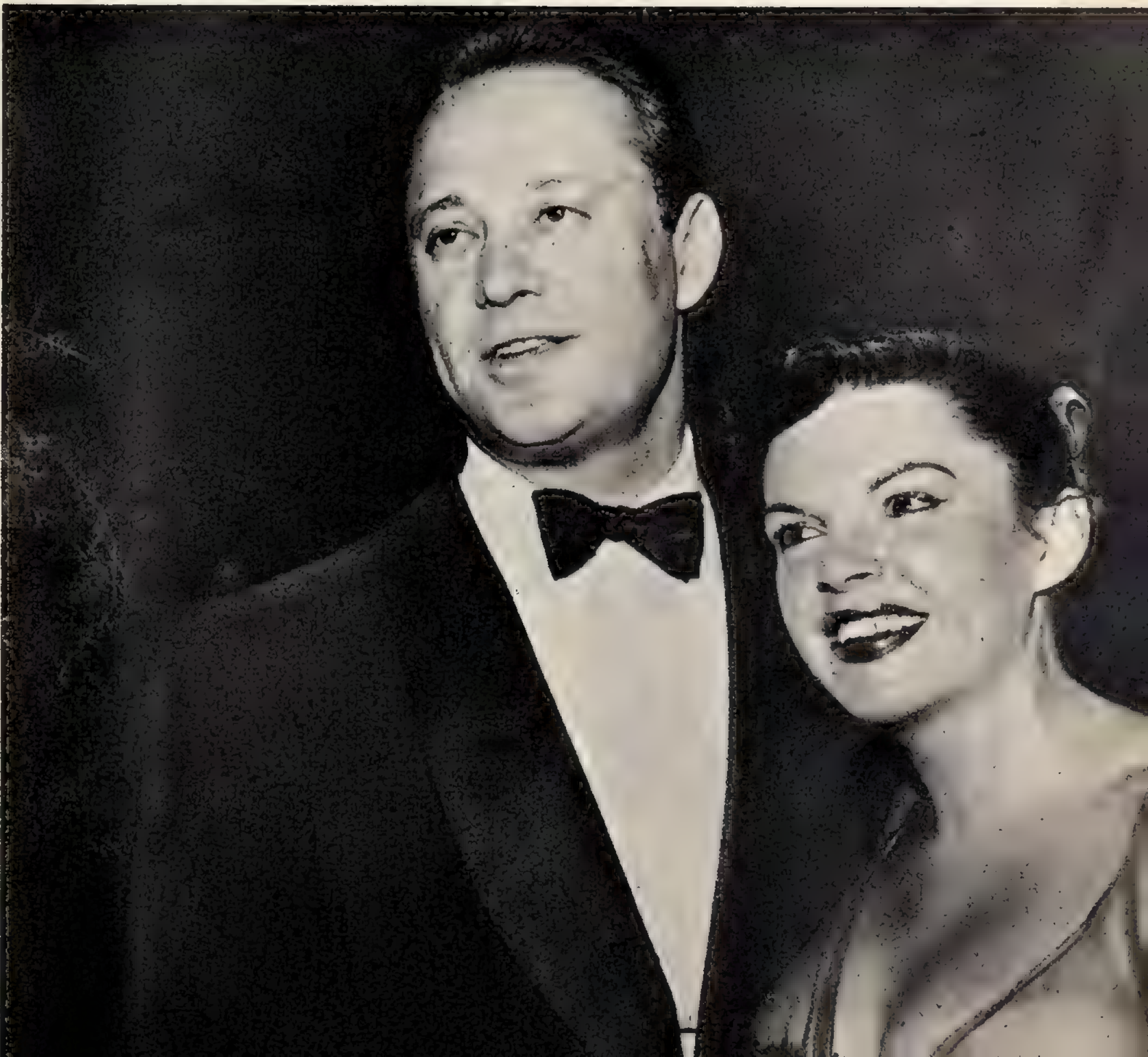
Judy testified to this in an interview two years ago, stating, "My mother is a strong-minded woman, but she was never a 'stage mama.' During those vaudeville years, my sisters and I, while standing in countless wings waiting for our cues, used to hear other mothers threatening their children, saying things like 'You go on out there or I'll break your head,' and it made us kind of sick. Nobody ever talked to me like that or forced me in any way. I drove myself—but it was my own doing."

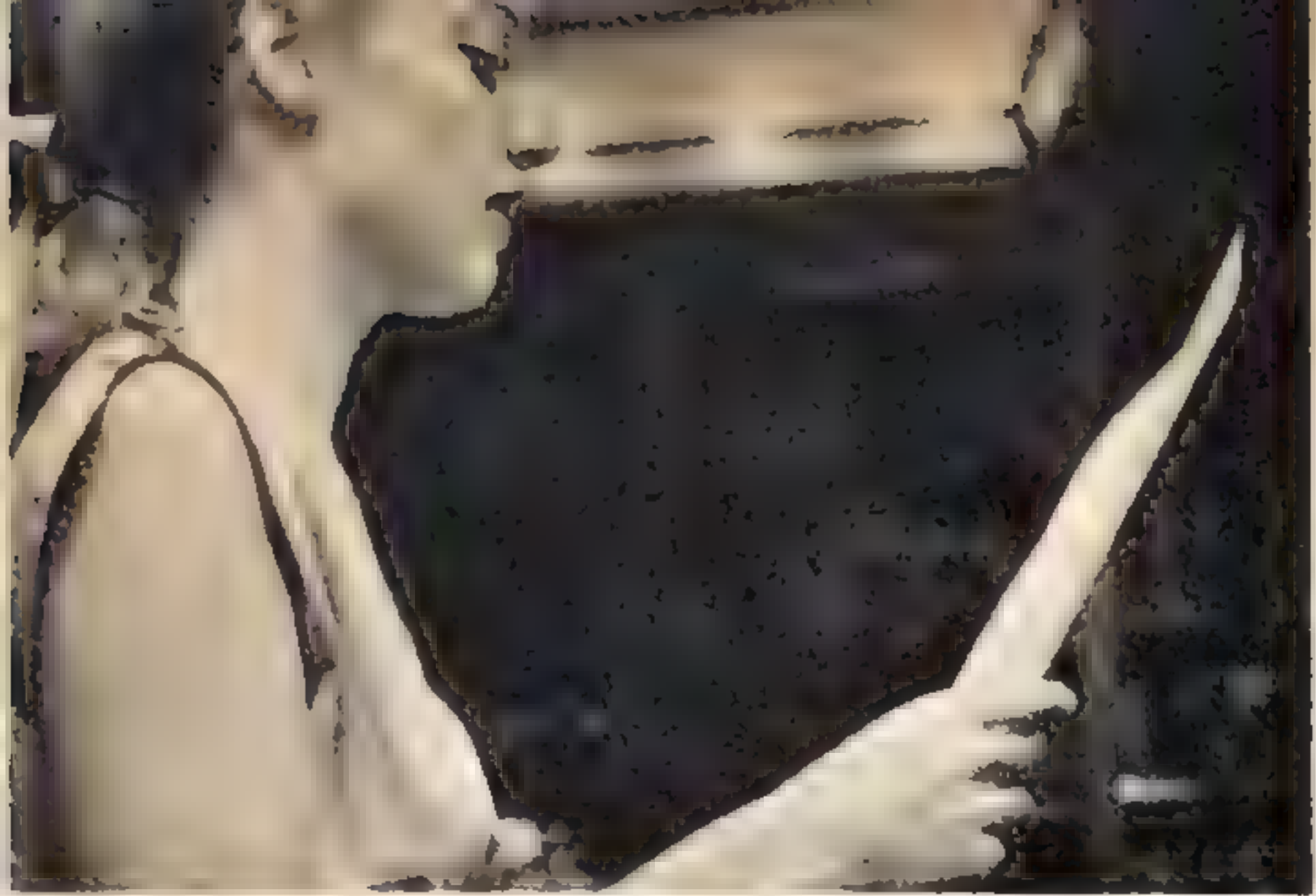
In those days, Judy's mother has told me, this was a sweet child, loving, generous, unselfish. For the apparent great change in Judy, her mother seemed inclined to blame herself, justly or unjustly, believing that life on the stage or in pictures, with all the publicity, is not a normal life for a child. Well, it's hard to know where the blame, if there is any blame, lies. And I wouldn't pinpoint it if I did know. All I'd like to do is bring them together again.

The difficulty possibly started during Judy's adolescence. Most fifteen-year-old girls believe their elders are plotting to stop them from having fun. I know I thought that when I was fifteen. But there was certainly no indication of a fierce feud when Judy asked me to her mother's house in Beverly Hills fifteen years (Continued on page 82)



Judy herself has said her mother was never the typical "stage mother." Judy's mother says that if Sid Luft makes Judy happy that's all that matters





Boning up for the audition, Jill André, Connie Mavis and Natalie Polak look over the lines they'll read. Right, Loretta Young congratulates happy winner, Nancie Brown

Talent-wise, it was the battle of the century.



THE CHAMP- 1952

But even the losers unanimously approved of the judges' final choice



Pasadena Playhouse's Oliver Prickett greets Nancie, Jill, Connie and Natalie. Before auditioning, the finalists are briefed by . . .



. . . Photoplay's Hollywood Editors, Sylvia Wallace and Toni Noel. Then they have a look around the theatre where they'll perform



Nancie is congratulated by contest Judges William Dieterle, Joe Pasternak, Charles Prickett, Loretta Young, Sylvia Wallace and . . .

. . . George Murphy. Later, the girls have a celebration dinner at the Huntington Hotel with their dates, four Playhouse students.



● ONE BY ONE, throughout the Monday evening, the planes circled and landed at the International Airport. And as each plane settled onto the field, Photoplay's welcoming committee grew larger. "That must be Natalie," guessed Nancie Brown, as she tried to identify the fourth contestant to arrive for the Photoplay Scholarship Finals.

"Why, she's wearing my hat," said Connie Mavis.

The girl reached the group, and introductions were made. Natalie glanced at Connie and did a double-take. By coincidence, they wore identical cloche hats and very similar dresses. "I like your outfit," Connie grinned.

"We seem to have the same designer," Natalie grinned back. "But let's make sure that it doesn't happen when we're both rich and famous!"

"I think I'll go back to Carmel right now," said Nancie. "I couldn't possibly win. I haven't a chance."

But Jill André, a native Californian now living in New York, had another theme. It went, "Gosh, but it's good to be home again!"

The girls fell into natural pairs. Nancie and Jill are of much the same temperament. During the week, they sat up until three o'clock almost every morning, whispering across the dorm room they shared, telling dreams and ambitions and what they would do when they were great stars. Connie and Natalie also complemented one another and formed a solid friendship. Connie used her eyes and her ears and said very little. Natalie, who moved from her native Brooklyn only two years ago, yet has the accent of a true (Continued on page 83)



The end of Maureen's ten-year marriage was a time of decision for her

SHE KNOWS WHERE SHE'S GOING!

Maureen O'Hara has given away her past—all the "bits and pieces"—she faces the future unafraid

BY GLADYS HALL

● "TWO GREAT TRUCKS stopped at my door," said Maureen O'Hara. "The door of the house which has been my home for more than ten years and is now up for sale. Out of the house came my two brothers, Charlie and Jimmy, my secretary, butler, my daughter Bronwyn's nurse, the gardener. They were staggering under boxes, crates and barrels which they dumped, like so much rubble, onto the trucks. The trucks then drove off—with my Past. I'd given it away. And watched it go, with a lump in my throat.

"I'm a saver," Maureen explained, "a hoarder, a human squirrel. Like *Mary Kate Danaher*, the fiercely possessive girl I play in 'The Quiet Man,' my own things are part of me. I don't feel whole without them.

"I never, on my own initiative, threw anything away in my life. I kept the first evening dress I ever owned. I had the second evening dress I ever owned, bought fourteen years ago and used for all those years.

"I had Bronwyn's first tooth, wrapped in a piece of Kleenex and put away for safekeeping. I had her mug and spoon, her first shoes and bonnets, all of her baby clothes.

"I had every letter Mommie and Daddy and my three sisters and my two brothers and my uncles and my aunts ever wrote me, all labeled according to date, all neatly tied with ribbons. Time and again I've come as close as close to throwing away a letter, a theatre program, a card that came with flowers. Then (Continued on page 76)



*You hate to see it—your skin
losing its fresh look*

Do women have to put up with these?

A skin that looks coarse?

Its color muddied?

A skin that looks harsh and rough?

A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face...



You can do something to change your skin



You can feel your skin responding



You owe it to yourself to bring out your beauty

Free your skin. Dirt, old make-up *stick* in pore-openings. Fatigue, wind, dry air constantly *rob* skin of oil and moisture.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream. They work on your skin *as a team*—in inter-action. As you swirl on Pond's, you help *both* sides of your skin.

Outside, embedded dirt is cleansed from pore-openings immaculately. And, *at the same time*, your skin is given oil and moisture it *needs* to be soft and smooth.

Inside, the circulation is stimulated, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Feel a wonderful smoothness come to your skin. *Each night* give your face this special oil-and-moisture treatment—to replace the continual thieving of your skin's freshness and softness . . . to cleanse it *rightly, deeply*:

Soft-cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat generously. Tissue off *well*.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off *lightly*.

Now see the difference. As you use this famous cleansing cream every night, *your* face takes on a lovely, *cared-for* look.

Look your loveliest and you send out a happy-hearted confidence to all who see you.

You will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream—*immediately*—after your very first Pond's Creaming.

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every night*—mornings, too. (Remember, the constant loss of your skin's natural oil and moisture goes on *every day*.) As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin.

Get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at *your* favorite face cream counter—*today*. Start using it this very night.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven, who is the American wife of the great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is my one essential cream. It leaves my skin *glowing*. I couldn't do without it."



editorial excursion

THE PLANE IS READY, the aluminum silvery in the setting sun, the familiar three-finned tail of the Constellation high off the landing strip. Seconds later, the field is far below and behind. Your editor, Fred Sammis, is off on another inspection tour of movie-making. It's the same TWA plane that he has taken so often to Hollywood, the same port of departure, but the destination this time is London. Flying to London is as time-saving as flying cross-country—and more relaxing, what with cocktails before dinner, and champagne during!

England is now a mecca for Hollywood talent. "Ivanhoe," one of the year's top hits, is the happy result of this transatlantic blending. Lunch at suburban Elstree (the hub of British movie-making) with Errol Flynn (at work on Warners' "The Master of Ballantrae") is a hilarious mixture of good English beer and the latest Hollywood jokes. Everywhere, throughout the brief trip, the rich interplay of two great cultures sharing and learning from each other is felt. The mutual understanding is consistent, in our differences (we like our beer cold; they like it warm) and in our dozens of similarities—the same respect for democracy, the same chuckles for comedians like Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante, whose personalities straddle the ocean and are at home—and welcome—on either side.

A week's editorial inspection is time enough to be convinced that the British are currently Hollywood's greatest fans. Here, you find the excitement, the long lines at the box office, the record audiences at personal appearances that America knew some five years ago. So great is England's interest in movies, that PHOTOPLAY now has a sister PHOTOPLAY published in London. Its pages carry a brilliant mixture of material taken from the American edition and of on-the-spot original photos and stories of England's own acting favorites.

PHOTOPLAY salutes the English movie-loving public for its appreciation of Hollywood films, the English moviemakers for the brilliant films they send us, and the English PHOTOPLAY for its bright coverage of the film world—both of Hollywood, USA, and of London, England.





#3738 Nylon High
Waist Girdle \$12.50
#262 Brassiere
\$3.50

Surround yourself with beauty

Perma·lift's wonderful High Hi-Waist Nylon

All-Elastic girdle!

Slim you are and trim you are and beautiful and so caressingly comfortable. You won't believe it's true when you first wear your deftly designed, dainty Nylon High Waist "Perma·lift"* Girdle. Wear it high, wear it handsome, it's lighter than any—more controlling than most—curves you and molds you, and holds you like a dream. Let your favorite corsetiere fit you today—you'll love her for it. Only \$12.50 in sparkling White. Wonderful, too, is this delightful new "Perma·lift" Bra. Styled with soft stretching lastex to fit you perfectly, and the famous Magic Insets to support you comfortably and lastingly, it's the perfect companion to your new girdle—just \$3.50.

Perma·lift
GIRDLES

*"Perma·lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

How They'll Spend Christmas Morning

(Continued from page 47)

her and Dick's devoted public, that while she lets the kids open all the packages, she later hides half the toys. Then she brings them out to them one at a time, all during the year, which makes them much more appreciated. She and Dick visit a veterans' hospital Christmas afternoon, while their babies nap. This they've done every year since they were married.

These very calm, peaceful and quiet doings, however, can't match up with the merry throng at Kathryn Grayson's house, which never numbers less than forty, including thirteen children, all of whom, with one exception, are closely related.

The very dawn of Christmas day finds Katie's brother, Bud, arriving with his four youngsters. It is Bud who brings the Christmas tree. Then brother Mike appears with the turkeys. With him are his eight youngsters. Next on the scene comes Katie's pretty sister, Frances Rayburn, who is married to Sidney Kirsten. They have three children, and Mamma, Papa and the kids are all loaded down with wonderful things to eat at this family picnic, as well as presents for everyone. All the Kirsten relatives accompany them, and naturally, Katie and Frances' parents are there, and Katie's daughter, Patty Kate.

Uncle Bud and Uncle Mike, their wives and their in-laws are present, too, but Katie's ex-husband, Johnny Johnston isn't. However, his two children are, for Katie loves them and they her. The one unrelated child is the daughter of Katie's housekeeper and butler.

There is a real ceremony when the final glittering object is hung atop the green branches. And there's a riot of laughter and happy shouts as the presents are opened. There is a big, big dinner along about two-thirty in the afternoon and sleepy little heads begin to nod around five-thirty. Then, happy but tired grown-ups begin packing them off home.

Yes, Christmas is the most family day, almost without exception, that Hollywood ever knows. In some houses, like Virginia Mayo's and Mike O'Shea's, it is even a solemn day.

Virginia and Mike are so deeply religious that their celebration is entirely on the reverent side. They go to mid-morning church services, and they visit veterans' hospitals in the afternoon and evening. This, too, is true of Ann Blyth, and as this is written, she had Army permission to go to Korea to entertain our troops.

At the Esther Williams-Ben Gage household, they have always set up two tiny but dazzling Christmas trees at either end of the swimming pool. The little Gage boys hit the water and swim in opposite directions. Which ever one beats Mama Esther Williams or Daddy Ben Gage to the trees (and the boys have never quite understood why they're so much faster than the parental competition on that one day of the year) gets a present. Then they reverse directions and scoot off for a present on the tree at the other end.

Debbie Reynolds, just as you might expect, holds open house for her entire neighborhood. Anybody can drop in, particularly boys in uniform and Girl Scouts—and everybody does. There is casual food, soft drinks, records on the machine, and the one baby in the family, Debbie's brother's child, reigns over the general happiness.

Both Janie Powell and Elizabeth Taylor are infanticipating this Christmas, so their holidays will be necessarily quiet.

Last year, even though baby Jay was only six months old, Janie and Geary Steffen bundled him up and took him off to a ski resort in the San Bernadino Mountains. They hired a small cabin; Janie did

all the cooking; Geary did all the washing up, and a healthy, happy laughing time the three of them did have of it. But this year, they will have to stay home, close to the hospital, just in case the stork comes winging in ahead of time.

Mrs. Michael Wilding, on the other hand, is going to have a formal, very English type of Christmas—that is, unless she is in a delivery room. Beautiful Liz is wildly happy with Michael, and his influence on her is emphasizing the "British" quality she has always possessed.

Instead of being a luscious madcap, Liz is now a dignified young matron, devotedly indulged in her slightest whim by her husband. She hopes to be able to attend church services with Michael this year, then come back to a very English dinner, with plum pudding burning in a holly wreath, as the final touch to it. This they will share, naturally, with their closest friends, the Stewart Grangers. Liz's mother and father will be present, too.

Probably to prove that the Christmas spirit can overcome anything, Steve Cochran, who insists he will never re-marry, always entertains not only his ex-wife, Fay McKenzie, and their little girl at Christmas time, but also his ex-mother-in-law. Actually they all meet (together with Steve's mother, who flies in from her home in Alaska) at Carmel, California, where Fay has a house—but it is Steve who foots all the bills, gives everyone terrific presents and enjoys himself very much. Every other day of the year, Steve is very much the lone wolf.

Janet and Tony Curtis are utterly exhausted by Christmas day—because they always spend Christmas eve with Jerry Lewis. Because of Tony's religion, they don't go overboard on Christmas, anyhow, though they have Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Janet's folks, and Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, Tony's parents, and his kid brother over to dinner. In the afternoon, they go to visit the Le Roy Boys' Home, a Los Angeles charity organization, and Tony takes gifts along for every kid there. It's to his eternal credit that he hasn't forgotten his own poverty-stricken upbringing as a youngster in New York, nor how much a helping hand meant to him in those days. This year, he and Janet are in a big glow over being able to do their magic act, which they learned for "Houdini," for the kids.

At Bill Holden's, the children are too excited to wait for Christmas really to arrive, so Bill and Brenda let them put up the Christmas tree a week ahead, all of them trimming it. Then they start waiting for Grandpa and Grandma Beedle—Bill's father and mother—almost as eagerly as they wait for Santa Claus.

It is the unique habit of the Holdens to have Grandpa cook Christmas morning breakfast—and to say he goes to town is putting it mildly. Grandpa comes up with everything from steak and potatoes to ice cream in the shape of Santa Claus.

At Dorothy Lamour's, Dottie, her husband, Bill Howard, and the two boys—true to Mamma's New Orleans upbringing—have duck with orange sauce and a strictly Creole menu for their big meal.

Betty Hutton signed her contract to play London's Palladium this December, way back early in July. But far-sighted Betty insisted that, no matter how fabulously successful her engagement might be, she must wind it up by December 20th, at the latest. This was because Christmas in the Hutton household is such a ball. The Christmas tree goes up two weeks ahead of time, with Candy and Lindsay permitted to add five ornaments

each a day. A week before the Big Day, Betty's parents arrive. Then her sister Marion and her child joins them. And a couple of days before Christmas, Lindsay's and Candy's own daddy, Ted Briskin, comes in from Chicago.

On Christmas Eve, Candy and Lindsay open their presents from Daddy and Mommy, from Aunt Marion and Grandmother and Grandfather, as they all sit under the tree. These are the gorgeous presents, the lovely dresses and such.

But actually they can hardly wait for Christmas morning. Because then, every year, the little girls discover that Santa Claus has not only crept into their house, but right into their bedroom. There, every Christmas dawn, they discover wonderful special stockings of green and red velvet, with their names embroidered on them in gorgeous colored stones, hanging from the foot of their beds. And in these stockings are the fun things—the toys, the noisemakers, the ultra special dolls.

And because these things are such fun, there is one thing the little girls do to enjoy them even more. They select three toys each to give away when they go to Sunday School with Mamma later in the morning. The Sunday School gives them the names and addresses of some children Santa has forgotten. Then they go visit a few of these youngsters and share their gifts with them.

Yes, it's a family day in Hollywood. The four little Lancasters have a wonderful custom. Their daddy, Burt, buys each one of them a tree, which is exactly each child's height. They are wonderful looking trees—but better yet, they are gorgeous eating. You see, whether they are the height of Jimmy, the eldest, or Joanna, the baby, these trees are made of lollipops, and candy canes—and they invite all the kids in the neighborhood to help eat them.

But what of the childless and the unmarried of Hollywood on Christmas day, you ask? They come off better than do similar people in other parts of the world. For there is a great good they can do.

They go visit the veterans in the hospitals. Oh, I don't mean only Bob Hope, who has never yet missed a Christmas and who, after a fun session with his four kids and his devoted Dolores, gives up the balance of the day to five or six hospital trips, or Ann Blyth, who can and does sing, or Carleton Carpenter, who goes darting around between beds, cracking jokes. I mean the dramatic actors and actresses—like Gary Cooper, who just goes around and listens to the lads' stories, and Jimmy Stewart, who is like a father confessor to many a guy. And Liz Scott.

Liz goes into the locked wards—and so, incidentally, did Shirley Temple, every year when she was in Hollywood and she will do it again this year in Washington, where she now lives. The locked wards, in case you don't know, are where the boys are who have lost all sense of reality. A girl can't tell when she's in there whether those poor guys ever see her, even hear her. But she holds their hands, she talks to them gently, she kisses their foreheads—and she hopes. She might be in danger, because one of them might turn violent, but she remembers the danger they endured for their country—and the terrible, blank price they are now paying for it. So she takes her risk, too.

Then, after Christmas, if she is lucky, she gets letters from the doctors in charge. "Johnny B. wasn't so restless yesterday," the letter says. "Will H. really slept last night." "This morning Henry X. shaved."

When Christmas comes to Hollywood, you find it's a terrific place. THE END



For a more-fun way to wrap Christmas packages —

☐ Play post-office

☐ Plan a wrapping bee

When presents for the family start piling up in your clothes closet, chances are your study-buddies have the same problem! So ask the gang to come on-a your house, totting their packages and various types of paper. Supply the scissors, paste, ribbons; award prizes for the most original "jobs." Gift-wrapping a la gang is fun. Even at "calendar" time . . . if you're comfortable, with Kotex. This napkin's made to *stay* soft while you wear it; gives you chafe-free softness that *holds its shape*!

Are you in the know?



What gift bracelet should you choose?

☐ Wide

☐ Chunky

☐ Slim

Your best pal Pudge rates something special, you decide. Like that big, chunky bangle (so dashing!). But think . . . will it flatter her *hands*? If they're short, a broad, heavy bracelet will give her mitts a sawed-off look. Choose a style that's *suited* to Pudge. Same as on difficult days you choose your own special absorbency of Kotex: the one that's right for *you*. (Regular, Junior or Super.)



What togs to pack for a house party?

☐ Strictly sports

☐ Date duds only

You cram your suitcase with glamour stuff; only to find yourself freezing on a hayride! Learn what's planned beforehand, then pack appropriate duds. At certain times, *however* you're toggged, you'll be confident—for those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex banish revealing outlines. Your new Kotex belt adds extra *comfort*, too. It's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling!



Know the jinx in this jalopy?

☐ Casanova ☐ Four's a crowd ☐ Tootin' twosome

Happy New Year? Huh-uh. Here are the makings of a crash landing! (See all answers above.) The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. Raucous blasts add *more* distraction. And how can a highway Casanova keep his mind on the road? Avoid such hazards! Also, why risk *problem day* "accidents"—when *extra-absorbent* Kotex gives *extra* protection with a special safety center?

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Vera-Ellen had no thoughts of marriage. Then along came Dean Miller and her heart changed her mind

The Lady's in Love!

BY EVE FORD

● "Goodbye again," said Dean Miller. And with a grim expression on his face, he watched his girl climb aboard the plane.

Vera-Ellen was off on still another personal appearance tour. This time she would be away for a month. "It's not good to be apart so much," Dean kept thinking, and he wondered how Vera-Ellen might be feeling about the matter.

A few evenings later, he found out. A telephone call came through from Miami Beach. It was Vera-Ellen. "I was just sitting here in the room, watching the waves come in," she said. "And I thought I'd call and tell you I miss you."

It was the beginning of a long-distance courtship. Dean called Vera-Ellen in New Orleans. She called him from Washington. He called again in Boston. She phoned from New York. And then she got to Cincinnati. Making an appearance in her home town as a star of "Belle of New York," was a memorable occasion. It was also her birthday. Standing in front of Norwood High, her Alma Mater, surrounded by the friendly crowd who had come to see her, provided one the happiest moments of her life. And she found herself still thinking of Dean—wishing so desperately that he were with her to share her happiness.

"I've never felt this way about anyone else," she says. In Hollywood, Vera-Ellen never lacked for dates. She would get dressed up for a premiere and a big, glamorous evening with a handsome escort. They'd do the town in style and sometimes he'd toast her with champagne. But once at home, she'd tell her mother, "This just isn't for me."

On the other hand, she'd come back from a drive in the Valley with Dean and it was a different story. "We had such a good time," she'd bubble. "We stopped at an orange juice stand. And then had dinner at the quaintest restaurant and drove down Laurel Canyon Boulevard and . . ." At this point, Vera-Ellen would stop and shake her head laughingly. It's love. No way around it.

Although Vera-Ellen and Dean Miller have been dating for a year, their courtship has been so quiet that even in Hollywood, where every heartbeat is duly chronicled, reporters were caught off-guard. During the months, speculation continued, coupling her name with those of Rock Hudson, Ernie Byfield, Jr., and Henry Willson, but seldom with Dean. "I saw to that," Dean

says now. "I was unknown and I didn't want anyone to associate our romance with publicity. If I got somewhere on the screen, I was determined it would have to be on my own—not by hanging onto a girl's billing and being photographed in night clubs. So nobody knew about us. I don't think anyone even at our own studio knew. I dated Vera-Ellen because I wanted to be with her—and that is all."

Although they met in Hollywood, Vera-Ellen and Dean were born only twenty miles apart, on the outskirts of Cincinnati. Dean, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Clifford Stuhlmuehler, played basketball at Hamilton High. Vera-Ellen, whose parents, Martin and Alma Rohe, had a music business, was a drum majorette at Norwood High. While in her teens, she went from dancing school to theatres, to clubs, to Broadway musicals and eventually to M-G-M.

It took Dean a war and longer. After Army and college days, he made a name for himself in the midwest in radio and television. A little over a year ago, he decided to vacation in California. However, before his vacation ended, he was signed to a long-term contract at M-G-M.

No hearts throbbed, no bells rang when Vera-Ellen and Dean met in the studio commissary. They didn't say much. Just "Hello" and "How are you?" and "How are things in Cincinnati?"

Once it was established that things in Cincinnati were all right, there seemed little else to say. "She's cute," Dean thought. "And she's pretty. But she's too quiet for me."

"He's nice," thought Vera-Ellen, and thought no more about him.

The next time they met, both were attending a group discussion in the office of M-G-M's dramatic coach. This time, Vera-Ellen had her hair in pigtails and was engaged in a very spirited debate. "She looked so fresh and natural," Dean remembers. "Just like a girl from back home."

Love at first date? "We're too practical for that," Dean grins. "But I thought, here's a girl I'd like to see more of. She has all the qualities I'd hoped to find in a girl. My girl."

They've had the same kind of "Cincinnati caution" regarding romance. "At first I moved slowly," admits Vera-Ellen. "I've proven that. If I'd moved faster, I'd have been married long before now. Instead, I'd go with



Although Vera-Ellen and Dean Miller have been dating a year, their courtship was so quiet even Hollywood was nonplussed!

somebody two or three years—then we'd break it off.

"I wouldn't let people know me too well. I really walled myself in, although even I hadn't realized how much until I began going with Dean."

Occasionally, of course, being two stubborn Germans, they'd bicker. Upon these occasions, they would agree not to see one another for several weeks—and to go out with other people. So Dean would spend his time driving past Vera-Ellen's house and combing the Valley for a home for them. And Vera-Ellen stayed home, knitting a sweater for him.

"It was April 18th," she recalls, "when he first told me he loved me. We had spent the evening at home and he said it just as he was leaving. Almost as an after-thought."

Telling the story, she smiles. "On April 22nd, I told him the same. We were both in the business office at the studio when I told him. Which shows you we don't know where we are or who's around."

They expect to be married sometime after the first of the year. "We have some weighty problems, but

we're working them out," they say.

Their house will be a homespun place in the Valley. Very conservative early American with lots of grass and trees.

"If my career should interfere, I'll give it up," says the girl who has a choice role of the year in "Call Me Madam." "Of course, having been in show business so long, I might have an occasional qualm. But then I would remind myself that marriage is for life. And if I couldn't, I'd want somebody else to remind me. And I suspect Dean would be just the one to do it!"

With Dean's triple-threat talents, his M-G-M contract, his experience in radio and television, Vera-Ellen has no fears for their future. "I like the feeling of depending on a husband to take care of me. If he ever should feel that he doesn't want motion pictures, I wouldn't be too unhappy. If he ever wants to go back to Ohio, that would be all right with me. I wouldn't leave Hollywood for anyone else. But if Dean . . ."

Wherever Dean Miller goes—cross her Cincinnati heart—Vera-Ellen will be there. THE END

(Continued from page 68)

I'd think better of it and decide, I'll throw it away next week. For me, next week never came.

"For a good ten years my family and friends have been begging me to give away, or throw away my old clothes. When they got nowhere, they carted armsful of the 'old rags' up to the attic until such time as they could sneak them, behind my back, out of the house. At every opportunity they'd make off with a load or two which they either gave away or sold to second-hand shops.

"Of the stuff they sold, I snuck one thing back," Maureen relates with relish, "that is, I got it back. Just before I came to New York for the premiere of 'The Quiet Man,' I had a new blue outfit made and, to save me, I couldn't find a hat I liked to go with it. Remembering, then, a big blue straw cartwheel which I'd bought about seven years ago, I looked for it in vain. I found it had been sold to a local second-hand shop. Whereupon down to the second-hand shop I went, and bought back my bonnet!"

But now, for Maureen, "next week" has come.

It came, no doubt, with the ending of her ten-year marriage concerning which, deeply hurt as she is, she will not speak one word. Not now or ever. Meantime, she has shed the luggage, if not the memory of her past. And she is walking slam-bang into the future.

The disposal of her "bits and pieces" (well, most of them!) was the first step forward. The For Sale sign on her house, the second. And this decision she made, without prompting or prodding by family and friends, for a good, far-seeing reason.

"I've been looking for some time," Maureen said, "at the motion picture stars who have lived sensibly, wisely and modestly in Hollywood and are living comfortably now. I've also looked at the stars who spent all their money, lived high and rich. Many of these, too many, are working as extras today.

"There is nothing in life more forlorn than the big ex-star. There is nothing more forgotten. I feel so sorry for them I'll stand there until my feet ache listening to them talk, as they *all* talk, using the same identical words about their 'day.' Just recently, on the set of 'Against All Flags,' which I made with Errol Flynn,

one of them told me, 'In my day, I wouldn't have done this scene as Flynn did it. In my day, we would have . . . ' My heart begins to ache as they go on and on and on about their 'day' which, but they can't face it, is their yesterday.

"Didn't you realize, I feel like saying, 'that *every day must end*?'"

"Then all at once it came over me, 'Do I realize it? Am I planning for security so that when my day ends, I won't be sad, or frightened that I'm forgotten?'"

"The answer, as of a year ago, was No.

"The answer, as of now, is Yes.

"I'm getting rid of my big house which requires a staff of cook, butler, laundress, nurse, secretary, gardener and cleaning woman to maintain. I've been away the larger part of the past two years making pictures in England, in Ireland, in Australia, taking Bronwyn with me. And there the staff has sat in that empty house.

"I am looking now for a small house that has a dining room, living room, two bedrooms, one maid's room—that is all. A little house, our new home will be, where Bronwyn and I can turn the key and go, and with one maid enough . . ."

Maureen is not afraid of housework, she explained, nor unfamiliar with "housemaid's knee."

"During the war, I used to do all the housework," she said, "the cooking, the laundry, the cleaning, did it all, made pictures, too—and it didn't kill me, either! I had a system, a schedule: Immediately on rising at six o'clock, I'd do my bedroom and bath. I'd market on the way to the studio, prepare dinner, mostly fruit and salad, meat and cheese dishes, when I got home at night. Just before I went to bed I'd clean up the dining room and living room so they'd be in order the next day. On Sundays I did the extras, the silver, the dusting, the little things . . ."

Prompted, no doubt, by the vogue of Marilyn Monroe, there is a drive on for today's young stars to come out of their kitchens and nurseries, quit swapping recipes, go back to swapping Romeos as did the fabulous glamour girls of old.

Some may revert to the glamour standard but Maureen will not be among them. She has been called "A pre-Raphaelite beauty with an Amazonian body." She has, for real, alabaster skin, that cascade of red hair, amber-colored eyes, fine chiseling of nose and mouth and is as

unselfconscious, as little vain as a field flower. She doesn't even carry a mirror.

Maureen says, "When I went to Australia last year to make 'Kangaroo' I met a man, a technician, who had worked with me in my first picture, 'Jamaica Inn.' He looked at me quite startled and said 'You haven't changed in looks or in manner, since the last time I saw you more than ten years ago.' I loved it, until he added, 'How do you do it?'"

"He had me there," Maureen laughs. "I never go to beauty parlors. I have never had a facial in my life. Nor a masseuse except for a short time after Bronwyn was born. I do my own nails and I wash my own hair. All I do is keep healthy by trying to eat right. The American habit of sandwiches for lunch, for instance—I drop out all that bread and mayonnaise. Fruit and salad, as I have said, and plenty of meat."

Lack of temperament that explodes into the public prints—the early Swanson, for instance; the very current Shelley Winters—will also deter O'Hara from going the glamour gait.

"I've never walked off a set; I've never had a temperamental fit in my life," Maureen says. "I think I co-operate too much.

"But I have a certain laziness by nature so that when everyone at the studio screams and yells and I, too, have a right to be mad, a little voice inside of me says, 'Oh, nuts with it!'"

Furthermore—and this is purely fatal to the "femme fatale"—Maureen is a home-lover, with family ties wound round and round her heart. She says, "You hear so many girls say, 'I *couldn't* live with my mother and father again!' I am not one of them. I could live in contentment, as I did when a child, with my whole family again.

"The Quiet Man' was a joy to me because it was a family picture. We made it in Ireland, near enough my old home for me to be often with Mommie and Daddy. Then, too, my brothers Charles and James were in the picture with me. John Ford, who directed the picture, had his children with him in Ireland, and Barry Fitzgerald was in a nest of kinfolk and old cronies. It made things cozy."

Now that Charlie and Jimmie are in Hollywood, with bright film futures predicted for them, Maureen is trying to persuade them to make their home with her. "For this, I would add two rooms," she smiles, "to the little house I hope to buy. The uncles coming in and out, we would be a big Irish family again.

"Bronwyn and I have talked about adopting a baby," Maureen says. "I've told her that if we do, we will go together to choose 'our' baby.

"Meantime, the picture work is going well. 'The Quiet Man' has had what they call 'rave' reviews and I'm just curious, now, to see what's going to happen—will it *really* make any difference, a great picture? Someone asked me the other day if I had a double in any of the rugged, fisticuff scenes I played with John Wayne in 'The Quiet Man.' I did not. And in the first love scene, I broke the bones of my wrist when I slapped Wayne's face.

"The Irish, although they sink into the depths very easily are, basically, a happy people. Very few Irish people go to psychiatrists because, whatever happens to them, they accept it. If something unbearable comes, they accept it as the will of God. If something marvellous, they accept it as a gift of God.

"Whatever happens, I will do likewise. Being human, I hope that what happens will be a gift of God." THE END

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If Would Be Nice: If Charlton Heston remembered people he's met many times before, or at least *looked* at them when he's introduced all over again . . . If uninformed radio commentators stopped referring to Lana Turner's boy friend as Fernando La-MOSS . . . If Glenn Ford subscribed to that old one about catching more flies with sugar . . . If newcomer Aldo Ray would soft pedal his opinions on the acting ability of stars who are long-established in the film firmament . . . If Debra Paget got kissed so all those publicity-seeking Hollywood hams could relax from trying to finagle dates with her . . . If there were more actors like Richard Widmark, who is always interesting and never disinterested.

Down Memory Lane: Ethel Merman's back after some fourteen years. Hollywood remembers when the star of "Call Me Madam" loved practical jokes and sent an undertaker to Cesar Romero's apartment to "pick up a body" . . . Joan Crawford, one-time Number One Charleston dancer, played a return engagement at her own party right in her own little theatre. Accommodating Joan heeded the pleas of her guests and really slayed 'em . . . Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding devote endless evenings in an M-G-M projection room watching movies that starred the fantastically beautiful Garbo . . . John Wayne's teen-age children patronize an "old movie" house on Fairfax Avenue, where they go to see their now-famous father in those quickie pictures he used to make on his lunch hour!

Hollywood Is Talking About: Hedy Lamarr's original gift of a specially-made "Oscar" for Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille on the famous couple's Golden Wedding Anniversary . . . Clark Gable's indifferent attitude toward Hollywood actors (Errol Flynn excepted) who register at his same hotel in London where he's making a picture with Gene Tierney . . . Olivia de Havilland reviving the ancient custom of movie stars giving gold gifts to set workers at the end of a picture . . . Jean Peters buying five thousand earth worms for her Beverly Hills garden, while other actresses energetically dig for sables . . .

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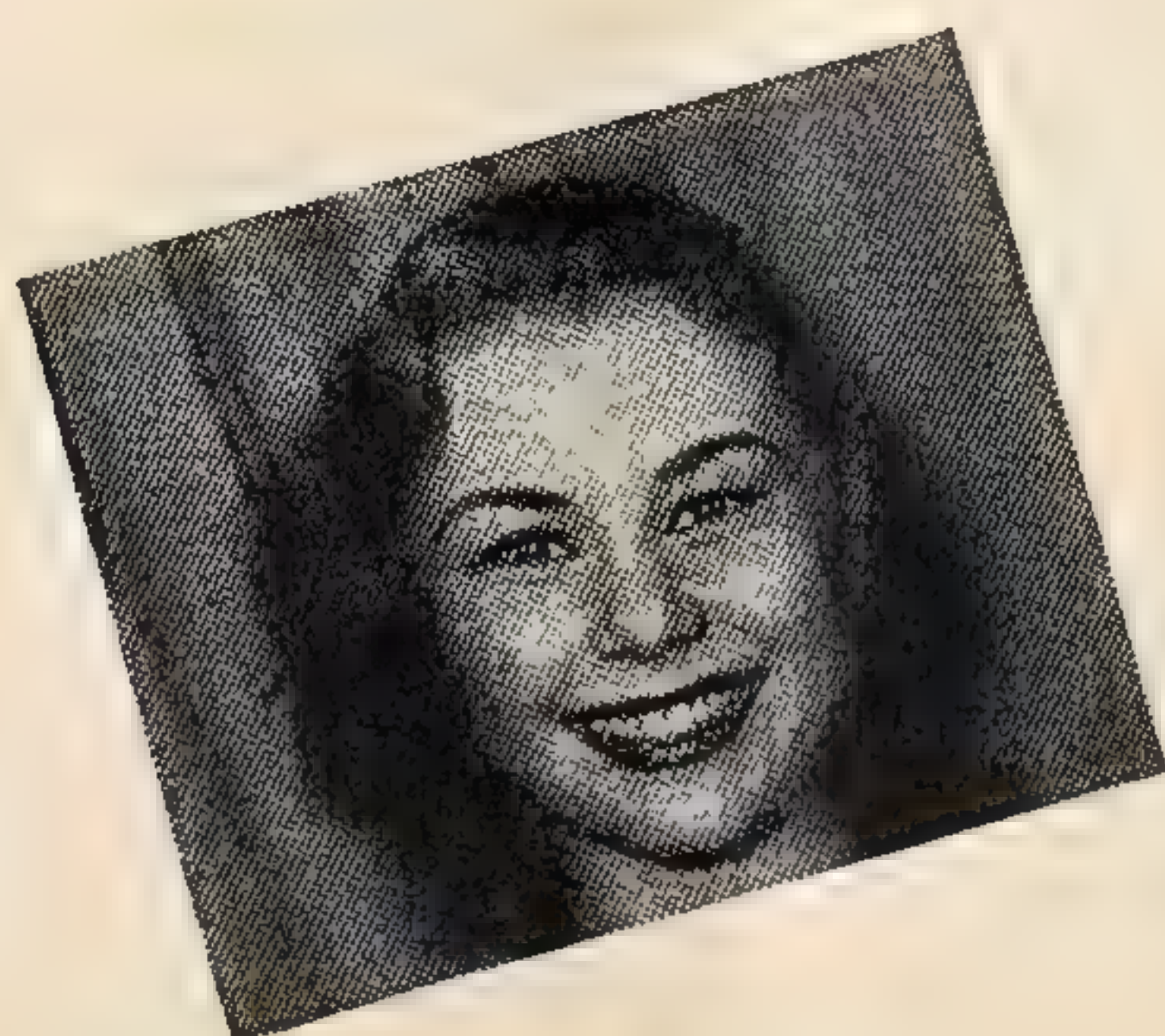
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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. Photoplay Applauds for this month, page 19. This month's full reviews, page 20.



A—Adults F—Family

OUTSTANDING

CRIMSON PIRATE, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Lusty, tongue-in-cheek tale of pirates and rebel colonists on the old Spanish Main, with enchanting acrobatics by Burt Lancaster and Nick Cravat. Newcomer Eva Bartok plays heroine. (F) October

HAPPY TIME, THE—Columbia: Witty and wise story of a French-Canadian boy's awakening to love and sex. Family saga excellently acted by Bobby Driscoll, Charles Boyer and Marsha Hunt, Louis Jourdan and Linda Christian. (F) September

IVANHOE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Big, splendid action epic of knighthood days, with Robert Taylor as the Saxon hero who defies King John and is loved by Elizabeth Taylor, as *Rebecca*, and Joan Fontaine, as *Rowena*. (F) September

JUST FOR YOU—Paramount, Technicolor: Amiable, tune-filled reunion for Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman. Bing's a musical-comedy producer who's been too busy to woo Jane or be a real father to Bob Arthur and Natalie Wood. (F) October

QUIET MAN, THE—Republic, Technicolor: Returning to his ancestral Ireland, ace director John Ford lovingly spins a yarn about an Irish-American prizefighter (John Wayne) and a spirited colleen (Maureen O'Hara). (F) September

VERY GOOD

ASSIGNMENT—PARIS—Columbia: Suavely told story of a courageous American reporter sent behind Hungary's Iron Curtain. Dana Andrews and Marta Toren share the romance element; George Sanders, Audrey Totter add complications and a few touches of humor. (F) November

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Cheerful musical presenting Mario Lanza as an opera star who finds Army life unusual under a music-loving sergeant (James Whitmore). Newcomer Doretta Morrow duets with Mario in some of the pop and classic songs that are supplied in generous measure. (F) November

BRANDY FOR THE PARSON—Group 3: Engaging little British movie with James Donald and Jean Lodge as a vacationing couple induced by Kenneth More to help him smuggle brandy from France. It's an informal ramble across the English countryside. (F) November

CARIBBEAN—Paramount, Technicolor: Vigorous melodrama of revenge, wherein John Payne is drafted by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a genteel pirate, to undo the island despot who stole Hardwicke's daughter (Rhonda Fleming). (F) October

FULL HOUSE—20th Century-Fox: Five O. Henry short stories provide quaintly charming entertain-

ment. Charles Laughton plays an elegant bum; Jean Peters and Anne Baxter, devoted sisters; Dale Robertson and Richard Widmark, a detective and a hoodlum; Farley Granger and Jeanne Crain, a couple poor in money but rich in love; Oscar Levant and Fred Allen, comic con-men. (F) November

LURE OF THE WILDERNESS—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Pleasant, unsophisticated tale of Jeff Hunter's adventures in an unexplored swamp, where he finds Walter Brennan, murder suspect. With Jean Peters, Constance Smith. (F) October

MERRY WIDOW, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lush and lovely romance in waltz-time, about a rich American widow whose cash is needed by a tottering mythical kingdom. Lana Turner's luscious, but Fernando Lamas steals the picture. (F) September

MIRACLE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA, THE—Warners, WarnerColor: Gentle yet impassioned religious drama about the child to whom the Madonna appeared on a remote Portuguese hillside. Susan Whitney's a lovely, unaffected heroine; Gilbert Roland scores as a vagabond. (F) November

MY WIFE'S BEST FRIEND—20th Century-Fox: Featherweight marital farce starring Anne Baxter and Macdonald Carey as a couple whose life is disrupted when Mac confesses a past indiscretion. With Catherine McLeod, Cecil Kellaway. (A) November

RING, THE—U. A.: Fresh, realistic story of a youth (Lalo Rios) who tries to escape the prejudice against Mexican-Americans by winning respect as a prizefighter. With Gerald Mohr as his manager, Rita Moreno as his girl. (F) November

GOOD

ANNA—Lux: Old-fashioned romantic melodrama with Italian dialogue, English titles. Voluptuous Silvana Mangano, distraught by passion for the no-good Vittorio Gassman and love for farmer Raf Vallone, turns nursing sister. (A) October

BIG JIM McLAIN—Warners: Vigorous action movie that shows John Wayne fighting to expose the red underground in Hawaii. James Arness as Wayne's sidekick and Nancy Olson as his sweetheart are highly personable. (F) November

BREAKDOWN—Realart: Brisk prize-ring drama, with unusual angles. Politico Sheldon Leonard has an unjustly jailed boxer (William Bishop) freed to fight again, in order to help Leonard's brother, a psychotic manager (Wally Cassell). (F) October

DEVIL MAKES THREE, THE—M-G-M: Shot on location, this story of an American officer involved with smugglers and neo-Nazis in postwar Germany is interesting mostly as a travelogue. Gene Kelly and Pier Angeli are teamed. (F) November

HURRICANE SMITH—Paramount, Technicolor: Slapdash swashbuckler—treasure-hunting, piracy and mutiny in the South Seas, with John Ireland, Yvonne DeCarlo, James Craig. (F) November

MONKEY BUSINESS—20th Century-Fox: Erratic flight of fancy with expert clowning by Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers, as a scientist and wife who play guinea pigs for a youth-restoring potion. Marilyn Monroe ups the laugh score. (F) November

MY MAN AND I—M-G-M: Winning fable of Americanism, with Ricardo Montalban as a migrant worker who has faith in human nature, the U. S. and the possibility of reforming "wino" Shelley Winters. Claire Trevor, Wendell Corey turn in fine performances. (A) November

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO—RKO: Spectacular saga of warfare in Korea. Robert Mitchum and Ann Blyth share the uneven love interest, as an Army officer and a dedicated UN worker. William Talman and Richard Egan score. (F) October

SOMEBODY LOVES ME—Paramount, Technicolor: Betty Hutton's the whole show in this song-filled biography of Blossom Seeley. Ralph Meeker plays the singer's partner-husband. (F) November

STRANGER IN BETWEEN, THE—Rank, U-I: Slick chase story about a runaway child (wistful little Jon Whitely) and a seaman (Dirk Bogarde) who has murdered his wife's lover. English-made. (A) November

WORLD IN HIS ARMS, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Exciting, if obvious adventure story of early San Francisco and Alaska. Gregory Peck's a tough Yankee sea captain; Ann Blyth, a Russian countess. With Anthony Quinn. (F) August

FAIR

BACK AT THE FRONT—U-I: As Mauldin's famed *Willie* and *Joe*, Tom Ewell and Harvey Lembeck get snared in the reserve call-up. In Tokyo, slinky Mari Blanchard makes them the dupes of a smuggling ring. Good for a few laughs. (F) November

BONZO GOES TO COLLEGE—U-I: The talented chimp becomes a playmate for a prof's lonely only child (Gigi Perreau); saves coach Edmund Gwenn's career by turning quarterback. An innocent, sentimental comedy. (F) November

UNDER THE RED SEA—RKO: Record of ocean-floor exploration by Dr. Hans Hass and his expedition, with fascinating shots of coral reefs and marine life—and phony touches that keep it from rivaling "Kon-Tiki." (F) November

UNTAMED FRONTIER—U-I, Technicolor: War in Texas between ranchers and homesteaders, with Scott Brady doing a good job as a debonair bad guy, Joseph Cotten as the good guy, Shelley Winters miscast as innocent heroine. (F) November

YANKEE BUCCANEER—U-I, Technicolor: Jeff Chandler and Scott Brady look handsome in buccaneer costumes, as U. S. Navy officers whose ship is assigned to track down the Caribbean pirate fleet. Suzan Ball's also an eyeful in this over-talkative adventure yarn. (F) November

Casts of Current Pictures

BECAUSE OF YOU—U-I: Christine Carroll, Loretta Young; *Steve Kimberly*, Jeff Chandler; *Mike Monroe*, Alex Nicol; *Susan Anthony*, Frances Dee; *Dr. Breen*, Alexander Scourby; *Rosemary Balder*, Lynne Roberts; *Peachie*, Mae Clarke; *Kim*, Gayle Reed; *George*, Billy Wayne; *Judy*, Frances Karath.

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS—M-G-M: Pamela Hubbard, Marge Champion; *Chuck Hubbard*, Gower Champion; *Alec Tackabury*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Sybil Meriden*, Monica Lewis; *Monty Dunstan*, Dean Miller; *Phil Meisner*, Eduard Franz; *Ed Holly*, John Gallaudet; *Showgirls*, Diane Cassidy, Elaine Stewart; *Freddie*, Jonathan Cott; *Dr. Charles*, Robert Burton; *Mrs. Tirson*, Jean Fenwick; *Pamela* (age 3½), Mimi Gibson; *Roy Tirson*, Wilson Wood.

GOLDEN HAWK, THE — Columbia: *Rouge*, Rhonda Fleming; *Kit Gerardo*, Sterling Hayden; *Bianca del Valdiva*, Helena Carter; *Luis del Toro*, John Sutton; *Jeremy Smithers*, Paul Cavanagh; *Bernardo Diaz*, Michael Ansara; *Barnaby Stoll*, Raymond Hatton; *Homado*, Alex Montoya; *Dona Elena*, Poppy A. del Vando; *Governor Ducasse*, Albert Pollet; *Prosecutor*, David Bond; *Emilie Savonez*, Donna Martell; *Maria*, Mary Munday.

HELLGATE—Lippert Pictures: *Gil Hanley*, Sterling Hayden; *Ellen Hanley*, Joan Leslie; *Lt. Tod Vorhees*, Ward Bond; *George Redfield*, James Arness; *Jumper Hall*, Peter Coe; *Gundy Boyd*, John Pickard; *Sergeant-Major Kearn*, Robert Wilkie; *Vern Brechene*, Kyle James; *Dan Mott*, Richard Emory; *George Nye*, Richard Paxton; *Lt. Colonel Woods*, William R. Hamle; *Dr. Pelham*, Marshall Bradford; *Neill Price*, Sheb Wooley; *Banta*, Rory Mallinson; *Hunchy*, Pat Coleman.

HORIZONS WEST—U-I: *Dan Hammond*, Robert Ryan; *Lorna Hardin*, Julia Adams; *Neal Hammond*, Rock Hudson; *Ira Hammond*, John McIntire; *Sally Eaton*, Judith Braun; *Cord Hardin*, Raymond Burr; *Dandy Taylor*, Dennis Weaver; *Martha Hammond*, Frances Bavier; *General Escobar*, Rodolfo Acosta; *Tiny Giligan*, Jim Arness; *Frank Tarleton*, Tom Powers; *Hunter*, John Hubbard; *Grub Layton*, Walter Reed; *Clawson*, Tom Monroe.

HOOR OF 13, THE—M-G-M: *Nicholas Revel*, Peter Lawford; *Jane Frensham*, Dawn Addams; *Connor*, Roland Culver; *Sir Christopher Lenhurst*, Derek Bond; *Ernie Perker*, Leslie Dwyer; *Sir Herbert Frensham*, Michael Hordern; *MacStreet*, Colin Gordon; *Mrs. Chumley Orr*, Heather Thatcher; *Ford*, Jack McNaughton; *Mr. Chumley Orr*, Campbell Cotts; *Lady Elmbridge*, Fabia Drake; *Anderson*, Michael Goodliffe; *Magistrate of Court*, Moultrie Kelsall; *Cummings*, Peter Copley; *The "Terror"*, Richard Shaw.

IT GROWS ON TREES—U-I: *Polly Baxter*, Irene Dunne; *Phil Baxter*, Dean Jagger; *Diane Baxter*, Joan Evans; *Ralph Bowen*, Richard Crenna; *Mrs. Pryor*, Edith Meiser; *Midge Baxter*, Sandy Descher; *Flip Baxter*, Dee Pollock; *Finlay Murchison*, Les Tremayne; *Henry Carrollman*, Malcolm Lee Beggs; *Dr. Harold Burrows*, Forrest Lewis; *John Letherby*, Frank Ferguson; *McGurie*, Bob Sweeney.

LUSTY MEN, THE—RKO: *Louise*, Susan Hayward; *Jeff*, Robert Mitchum; *Wes*, Arthur Kennedy; *Booker Davis*, Arthur Hunnicutt; *Al Dawson*, Frank Faylen; *Buster Burgess*, Walter Coy; *Rusty*, Carol Nugent; *Rosemary Maddox*, Maria Hart; *Grace Burgess*, Lorna Thayer; *Jeremiah*, Burt Mustin; *Ginny Logan*, Karen King; *Red Logan*, Jimmy Dodd.

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PROMOTER, THE—Rank, U-I: *Edward Henry* (Denry) Machin, Alec Guinness; *Ruth Earp*, Glynis Johns; *The Countess of Chell*, Valerie Hobson; *Nellie Cotterill*, Petula Clark; *Mr. Duncalf*, Edward Chapman; *Mrs. Machin*, Veronica Turleigh; *Denry as a Boy*, Matthew Guinness.

SAVAGE, THE — Wallis-Paramount: *Warbonnet*, Charlton Heston; *Tally Hathersall*, Susan Morrow; *Lt. Weston Hathersall*, Peter Hanson; *Luta*, Joan Taylor; *Capt. Arnold Vaugant*, Richard Rober; *Running Dog*, Donald Porter; *Iron Breast*, Ted De Corsia; *Yellow Eagle*, Ian MacDonald; *Corporal Martin*, Milburn Stone; *Pehangi*, Angela Clarke; *"Whopper" Aherne*, Orley Lindgren; *Long Mane*, Larry Tolan; *Colonel Ellis*, Howard Negley; *Sergeant Norris*, Frank Richards.

SECRET PEOPLE — Lippert Pictures: *Maria*, Valentina Cortese; *Louis*, Serge Reggiani; *Nora*, Audrey Hepburn; *Anselmo*, Charles Goldner; *Penny*, Megs Jenkins; *Miss Jackson*, Irene Worth; *Nora (as a child)*, Angela Fouldes.

SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Harry*, Gregory Peck; *Helen*, Susan Hayward; *Cynthia*, Ava Gardner; *Countess Liz*, Hildegarde Neff; *Uncle Bill*, Leo G. Carroll; *Johnson*,

Torin Thatcher; *Beatrice*, Ava Norring; *Connie*, Helene Stanley; *Emile*, Marcel Dalio; *Guitarist*, Vicente Gomez; *Spanish Dancer*, Richard Allan; *Dr. Simmons*, Leonard Carey; *Witch Doctor*, Paul Thompson; *Molo*, Emmett Smith; *Charles*, Victor Wood; *American Soldier*, Bert Freed; *Margot*, Agnes Laury; *Georgette*, Monique Chantal; *Annette*, Janine Grandel; *Compton*, John Dodsworth; *Harry (Age 17)*, Charles Bates; *Vendeuse*, Lisa Ferraday; *Princesse*, Maya Van Horn; *Marquis*, Ivan Lebedeff.

SOMETHING FOR THE BIRDS—20th Century-Fox: *Steve Bennett*, Victor Mature; *Anne Richards*, Patricia Neal; *Johnnie Adams*, Edmund Gwenn; *Patterson*, Larry Keating; *Mrs. Rice*, Gladys Hurlbut; *Grady*, Hugh Sanders; *Leo*, Christian Rub; *Taylor*, Wilton Graff; *Bigelow*, Walter Baldwin; *Lemmer*, Archer MacDonald; *Chandler*, Richard Garrick; *Foster*, Ian Wolfe; *Winthrop*, Russell Gaige; *Mrs. Winthrop*, Louise Lorimer; *Mr. Lund*, John Brown; *Duncan*, Camillo Guercio; *Mac*, Joan Miller; *Mrs. Chadwick*, Madge Blake; *Judge*, Norman Field; *Chef*, Sam McDaniel; *O'Malley*, Gordon Nelson; *Beecham*, Emmett Vogan; *Congressman Walker*, John Ayres; *Jessup*, Charles Watts.

SPRINGFIELD RIFLE—Warners: *Major "Lex" Kearny*, Gary Cooper; *Erin Kearny*, Phyllis Thaxter; *Austin "Mac" McCool*, David Brian; *Lt. Col. Hudson*, Paul Kelly; *Pete Elm*, Lon Chaney; *Capt. Edw. Tennick*, Philip Carey; *Matthew Quint*, James Millikan; *Sgt. Snow*, G. "Big Boy" Williams; *Mizzell*, Alan Hale, Jr.; *Olie*, Martin Milner; *Col. Sharpe*, Wilton Graff; *General Halleck*, Richard Hale; *Pvt. Ferguson*, James Brown; *The Cook*, Vince Barnett; *Cpl. Hamel*, Poodles Hanneford; *Sims*, Jack Woody; *Lt. Evans*, Jerry O'Sullivan; *Sgt. Poole*, Ned Young; *Cpl. Ramsey*, William Fawcett.

STEEL TRAP, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Jim Osborne*, Joseph Cotten; *Laurie Osborne*, Teresa Wright.

THIEF, THE—U-A: *Allan Fields*, Ray Milland; *Mr. Bleek*, Martin Gabel; *The Girl*, Rita Gam; *Harris*, Harry Bronson; *Dr. Linstrum*, John McKutcherson; *Miss Philips*, Rita Vale; *Beal*, Rex O'Malley; *Walters*, Joe Conline.

TURNING POINT, THE—Paramount: *Jerry McKibbin*, William Holden; *John Conroy*, Edmond O'Brien; *Amanda Waycross*, Alexis Smith; *Matt Conroy*, Tom Tully; *Eichelberger*, Ed Begley; *Ackerman*, Dan Dayton; *Carmelina*, Adele Longmire; *Clint*, Ray Teal; *Harrigan*, Ted De Corsia; *Joe Silbray*, Don Porter; *Fogel*, Howard Freeman; *Red*, Neville Brand.

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Can He Live Down His Past?

(Continued from page 52)

prove, not only to friends, but more importantly to technicians, producers, directors, other actors and laborers, that for him, acting was no summer inspiration. That he wasn't a playboy, playing a game until the shine wore thin.

Becoming an actor was no sudden whim on Bob's part. True, at one time he had prepared for the steel business fairly thoroughly. He made a detailed study of steel and its alloys in school. When he was eighteen, he spent a summer in the steel mills in the East, "learning the whole process from ore to furnace." Later, he went to work for his father as a salesman for \$200 a month, "and we were to divide the profits at the end of the year."

During the time he worked, he was a whiz at selling steel. But his heart wasn't in it. His heart was inside the walls of the motion picture studios he passed daily driving back and forth. Finally he told his father, "This I've got to try. Will you back me for one year?"

Although he agreed, his father wasn't entirely happy about the project. "He wanted me to stay in the steel business," Bob remembers. "And besides, even Dad thought I might not be really serious."

Once his dad was convinced, he wanted something to happen for his son. That is when he talked to his friend, Director William Wellman. "The Kid's interested," he said, "What would you advise?"

Wellman replied that he would give Bob a part in "The Happy Years." It was a beginning. Contacts can open the right door—but without the right measurements for stardom, once inside, you can find the way a hall of mirrors, going nowhere except eventually back outside again. Now, at Twentieth, Bob is out to show that he's inside for keeps.

As people work with Bob, they begin to discover that his interest is no masquerade. His natural, friendly warmth helps weaken the psychological barriers and his honest enthusiasm has a habit of winning over all those so long accustomed to separating the synthetic from the sincere. They find him to be a little shy, almost naive and, instead of conceited, humbly appreciative of any advice given him. They find, as Debbie Reynolds says, "R.J. just *never* thinks he's any good. You can try to keep talking him into believing it, but it never works. He's so down-to-earth. That's his great charm. With R.J. it's no act, either."

One by one, seasoned troupers have found themselves wanting to help him up the ladder on the long way ahead. He's eager to learn, willing to work, grateful to be told. "Look, Kid . . ." they say. And Bob looks and listens and learns.

You can't buy the friends he's made. Or their deeds of friendship. Take the time Bob was making "Let's Make It Legal." He had one particularly tough scene . . . one that required some forty-nine "takes." He was supposed to mix martinis, quarrel lengthily with Barbara Bates and finally stalk out of the room. It was a tight scene with four pages of script and a lot of business. It was rough trying to remember where to hit the mark and all the rest. When the cameramen seemed to be "reloading" a lot, he didn't know until later—they were covering him. Doing the scene over and over, he became more and more nervous. He knew when the forty-eighth "take" came that it still wasn't his best. "Want to do one more? What do you think?" the director asked.

Bob hesitated. "What's the use? I'll never be able to cut it," he was thinking. Then, from the catwalks high overhead a hoarse voice floated down. "Come on

now, gang! Let the Kid try it again," it said.

The Kid, touched and encouraged, tried again. And that was the scene you saw.

While making "The Frogmen," he again found help just when he needed it most. They were shooting on the deck of a destroyer escort—another tight set with no room to move about. Bob kept overstepping his mark. Finally he heard somebody yell, "Hold it!"

A gaffer had purposely blown a light. The small delay gave Bob a chance to gauge the mark and regain his confidence.

Actors like Richard Widmark have gone out of their way to show him how to make a bit stand out on the screen. While they were making "The Halls of Montezuma," Widmark noticed Wagner was getting lost in a scene that called for the Marines to advance under fire up a hill and jump into fox-holes. He was rushing it too much. "Look, Kid," Widmark said, taking him aside and huddling with him quietly. "When you're with a bunch of guys the camera can lose you—easy. You can walk right through it and out. Slow down. Take your time. And this time, Kid—follow me . . ."

Says Bob gratefully, "I was between him and the others. I was right behind him all the way, and with the cameras full on me. Dick put that one right in my lap! How can you lose with guys like these behind you?"

Helena Sorrell, studio drama coach, who's worked with Bob since the first test he made that cinched his contract, and in some sixty other tests he's made (often to help out other hopefuls, as well as give himself more confidence before the camera) says, "He's one of the most deserving people I've ever known, and one of the hardest workers. He's worked for everything he's gotten here."

Inevitably, the long hours he's spent on test stages are paying off for him. Particularly one test he made to help out a young starlet whose option was coming up very soon. When he found they were doing a light scene, knowing how important the test was for her future, he was hesitant. He began saying, as he usually begins and keeps saying right up until the cameras roll, "Do you really think I can do this one?"

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Later, when executives went to see the girl's test, they were amazed by Bob Wagner's performance. "We didn't know he could play comedy," they kept repeating one after the other, and a few days later he was announced for the romantic lead in "Stars and Stripes Forever."

John Ford, while running a number of those tests, was so impressed by Bob's performance in one that he gave him the part of the young private whose poignant love scenes with Marisa Pavan are now winning him more fans in "What Price Glory."

"Wagner? I think he has a great future. He's going after the business right. And he listens . . ." Director Walter Lang is quick to say.

When Producer Lamar Trotti and Lang told him, "There's a real wonderful bit in 'With a Song in My Heart' that will do a lot for you—really get you started in the industry as an actor," Bob didn't count the lines of dialogue, but gratefully took their word. His portrayal of the shell-shocked young paratrooper is a heart-warmer to remember.

These people are only a few who have no inclination to doubt his earnestness when Bob Wagner sits down with a script.

Despite anything cynics might mutter to the contrary, Bob has had from childhood a healthy respect for hard work and the value of a dollar earned. "My dad's the kind of guy—if I wanted a fifty dollar bicycle, he'd say, 'Okay, you raise twenty-five dollars of it and I'll put up the other twenty-five dollars.'"

When he had to come up with his half of \$600 for a car, it took a whole summer vacation, and an assorted number of jobs. He even worked as a dishwasher at the Bel Air Hotel. "But that didn't last long," Bob grins. "I came in late one morning and the chef fired me. He works in a Beverly Hills restaurant today and we laugh about it. We're friends now."

It was with movies on his mind that he took jobs caddying for Clark Gable, John Hodiak, Fred Astaire and others at the Bel Air Country Club. While going around, he asked them every question in the book. How did they do it? What would they advise "somebody" to do? He took care of their horses at the club. He even solicited magazine subscriptions among the film colony, hoping to meet someone who would help him. And, while working as an airplane salesman at Clover Field, he was always polishing stars' planes for them and getting in a few hundred words. How did they get started? If "somebody" else wanted to—just say "somebody" else did—what would they advise? One day when he had polished Brian Donlevy's plane until it fairly shone, the star wanted to tip him, but Bob wouldn't accept it. Finally Donlevy handed him some money anyway, saying, "Here, take this and buy 'somebody' a book on dramatics."

"Somebody" is going places. "How lucky can anybody be?" he keeps saying over and over. "Having directors like Walter Lang, Henry Koster. And John Ford—he's a legend; I'd heard of him all my life. And imagine me. And it's so wonderful to have a big studio like Twentieth Century-Fox behind you, making things happen at the right time. Photoplay has done a lot for me, too, and believe me, I appreciate it. It takes so much. It takes the whole works. So many people being nice to you, working with you, caring what happens to you. You can't get there unless they're all behind you."

But the main reason he will get there is Bob Wagner the actor, whose "past" can be forgotten—the fellow who doesn't realize that he's an actor with a present and with a future.

THE END

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Emma Domb: Christmas gown (Ursula Thiess, p. 58)

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Philadelphia, Pa.: Oppenheim Collins
Rochester, N. Y.: McCurdy's
Salem, Ore.: Schlesinger's
San Francisco, Cal.: The Emporium

Bon-Ray: chiffon dress (Joan Taylor, p. 59)

Columbus, O.: F. & R. Lazarus
Dallas, Tex.: Sanger Bros.
New York, N. Y.: McCreery's
Salt Lake City, Utah: Z.C.M.I.

Koret: tango separates (Joan, p. 60)

Chicago, Ill.: The Fair
Jacksonville, Fla.: Purcell's
Los Angeles, Cal.: Mullen & Bluett
Minneapolis, Minn.: Dayton Co.
Nashville, Tenn.: Harvey Co.
Oakland, Cal.: Kahn's
Seattle, Wash.: Frederick & Nelson
San Francisco, Cal.: City of Paris

del Mar: Charleston sheath (Joan, p. 60)

Baltimore, Md.: Schleisner Co.
Canton, Ohio: C. N. Vicary
Miami, Fla.: Allan Abess
Milwaukee, Wis.: The Boston Store
Raleigh, N. C.: Ellisberg's

Juniorite: jitterbug separates (Barbara Ruick, p. 61)

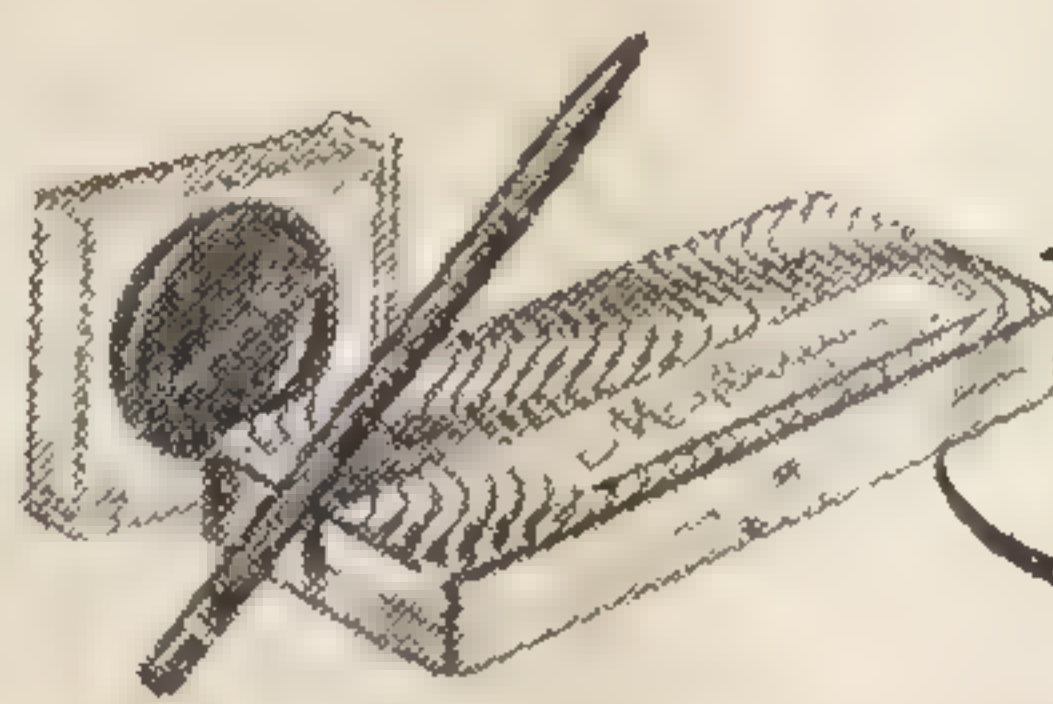
Brooklyn, N. Y.: Abraham & Straus
New York, N. Y.: Saks-34th

Startime: waltz gown (Barbara, p. 61)

Atlanta, Ga.: Davison-Paxon Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.: Davids
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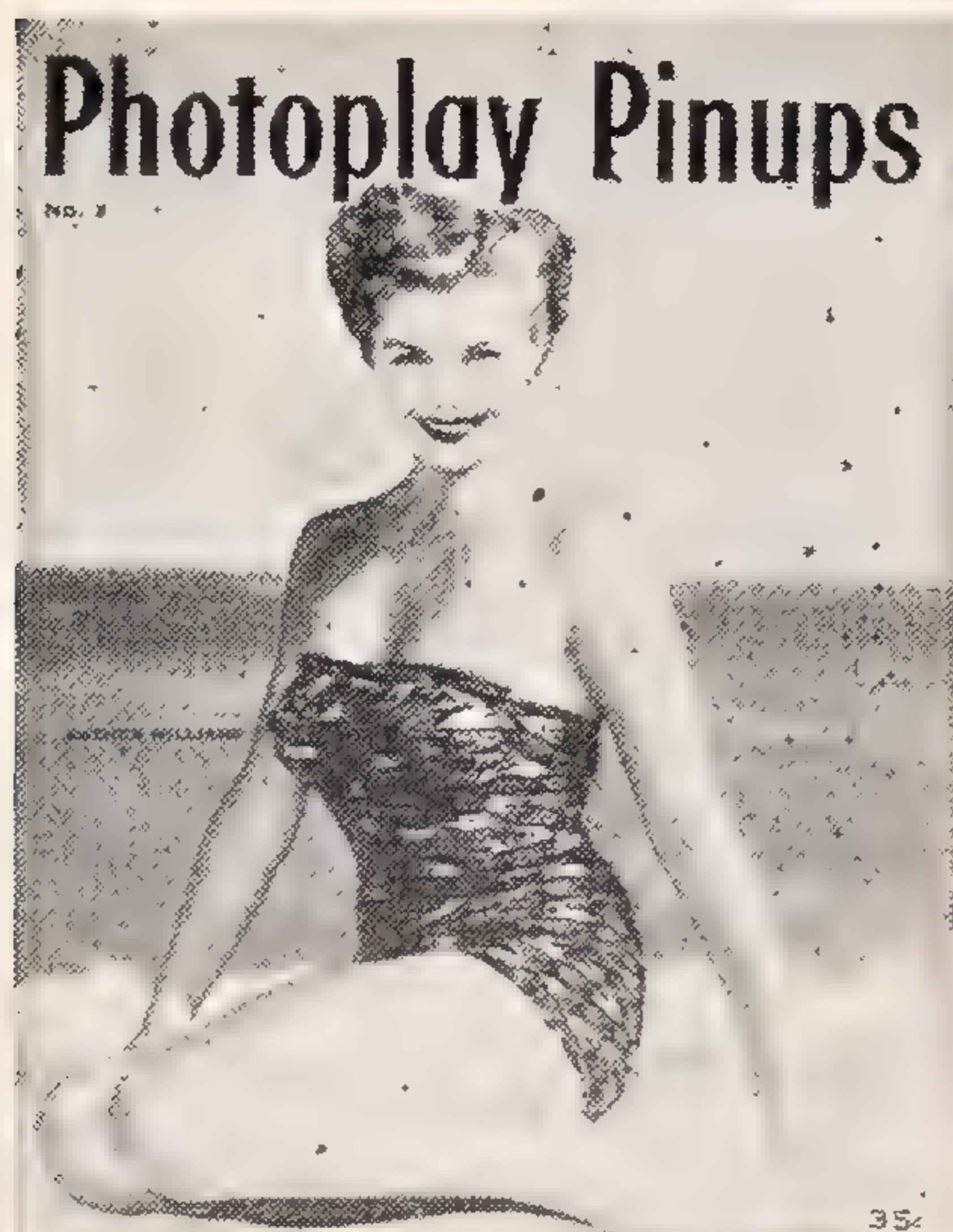
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(Continued from page 65)

ago, for tea, and for a reading of Judy's poems. They seemed as close and loving as any mother and daughter could be.

A few years later, I heard that Judy had bought her mother and family a house. Still later, Judy moved away from home, possibly feeling, as many young girls do, that she needed more freedom. For an extra motive, I look back to that talk last summer, noted in my column, when Judy's mother said of her: "That's all she ever wanted, to be an actress. She never said, 'I want to be kind,' or 'loved,' only, 'I want to be famous.'"

The first time Judy grasped for something more in her own individual life, her mother obviously was still close to her. When Judy eloped with David Rose, her mother went with her to attend the ceremony, incurring the wrath of Judy's boss, L. B. Mayer, who refused to speak to Judy's mother for three months. And when Judy's marriage to Rose ended in divorce three years later, it was her mother who corroborated her evidence. Judy needed her then, and was not rebuffed. Judy's wedding to her second husband, Vincente Minnelli, took place in her mother's home, so the picture was still serene.

But real trouble entered Judy's life with her serious illness following the birth of daughter Liza. Her father, Frank Gumm, had died soon after Judy signed at Metro, and the pain of his passing had been blurred in the excitement of the new and wonderful world of movies. But when Judy had to go back into the hospital after Liza's birth, her insomnia, from which she had always suffered, jumped out of control.

Then came the morning when Judy just couldn't report to work, while a patient studio waited and gave her chance after chance before substituting Betty Hutton in "Annie Get Your Gun," which Judy wanted to make almost more than she wanted to live. After this, she made "Summer Stock." While shooting this picture, she was plump, as nature means her to be; she was late and sick every other day, sending the film's cost skyrocketing. But wasn't she terrific!

Another chance came with "Royal Wedding." I had lunch with Judy just before the picture was to start, and she was very excited, telling me about the wonderful dresses she was going to wear. But more sickness, more non-appearances followed, and the incredible happened. Metro let Judy go.

With nightmare suddenness, on the 21st of June, 1950, the world awakened to learn that the darling of the gods, the talented, charming Judy Garland, with everything to live for, had tried to commit suicide by slashing her throat with a broken drinking glass.

Now, for the first time, rumors of differences between mother and daughter began to be heard. It was whispered that Judy's mother was at first refused admission to Judy's house by Judy's husband, Vincente Minnelli, and had to fight her way into Judy's bedroom. This story is untrue. Judy's mother was in New York when she heard Judy was in trouble. She boarded the first Los Angeles-bound plane, and was met at the airport by Vincente Minnelli's car and chauffeur. It is true that she was whisked through a side door, but only to avoid reporters.

"Judy told me she was upset, hysterical and disappointed over losing a movie part," Judy's mother said at that time. "I told her everybody in the world feels like doing that at some time or other.

She was embarrassed and surprised at the world-wide publicity and said, 'Oh, Mother, isn't that awful!'"

That incident, I'm convinced, proves how deep and true are the understanding and the devotion that have existed—and could again exist—between this mother and this daughter. Judy's mother has told me that she prayed day and night for poor little Judy when she was so ill, and that God answered her prayers. And I know for a fact that she gave up theatre interests in Texas and a big financial consideration to be near her daughter.

But the rift had been healed only temporarily. . . . It isn't easy being the mother of a famous star, even when you and your child are on speaking terms. It's agony when you're not. From the attempted suicide to this day, every time anything happens to Judy, the press and photographers want statements and pictures from her mother.

Unlike Shirley Temple's mother, Margaret O'Brien's and Elizabeth Taylor's, Judy Garland's mother was not paid to sit on the set during her daughter's working days—at least, not until Judy's latest contract with Metro, which gave her five thousand a week. Then her mother suggested, "Judy, maybe the studio should pay me a hundred a week."

Judy's mother now has a job as a clerk, getting up at seven in the morning, never home before six in the evening. Because of the glare of publicity turned upon her every so often, she is anxious about her job, and the worry has aggravated the ulcer from which she suffers. In fairness to Judy, I should pass along this assurance from her press agent: Even while unemployed, Judy has always taken care of her mother financially and paid for insurance policies for her. And Judy has had reason to believe that her sister and her brother-in-law also were contributing to the support of her mother.

But it isn't my intention to rub either of the principals the wrong way in this sorry disagreement, merely to prove this or that. I just want to help to get them together. For instance, I was quick to give Judy's mother an opinion from Roger Edens, an M-G-M producer whose friendship dates back even earlier than Judy's Metro career. (He played for her at her personal appearances before she dreamed of movie stardom.) Edens believes that Luft has been good for Judy.

Judy's mother admitted she had already heard from other sources that Luft deserved credit for putting the fallen star back on her feet, to be able to make a comeback. But she seemed delighted to hear Edens' judgment, knowing him as a fine, very intelligent person. Nevertheless, with a mother's insight, she told me it really all comes to this: It's up to Judy; to be happy, she has to forget herself, to think more of others—something that will surely happen one day. Of course, I realize that this is true of all people whose nerves have gotten the better of them.

In the meantime, Judy's mother said to me, she is learning not to think about her daughter, because she somehow always ends up in tears when she talks about Judy—an embarrassing reaction, since, she assured me, she is not asking for sympathy.

So tragic is any deep difference between mother and daughter that it seems to me both parties deserve sympathy. I can only hope that these two may be reunited. Not on the old basis, perhaps—in human relationships, there is never any going-back—but on a new basis of strong friendship between two truly fine women.

THE END

The Champ

(Continued from page 67)

Texan, was the chatterbox of the group. After a brief stop at Hale Hall Residence (the women's dorm at the famed Pasadena Playhouse) the girls were the dinner guests of Pierre DeVrahnos at his "House of Crepes Suzette."

Tuesday was a quiet day for the girls. They asked especially if it could be so. The doom-shaped thing called an audition clearly hung over their heads.

The finalists were at the playhouse by eight o'clock. Judges Loretta Young, Joe Pasternak, William Dieterle, George Murphy and Charles Prickett of the Playhouse staff arrived promptly. And at this time, the finalists were given their cold reading (a scene from "Anne of the Thousand Days").

Connie went on first. She was followed by Jill, Natalie and then Nancie. The girls did not watch each other's performances.

When Nancie left the stage, Judges Pasternak, Dieterle, Young, Murphy, Prickett and Wallace remained in their seats to make their decision. The girls sat quietly in the library.

The announcement was made by Loretta Young, who did the chore gently. Introduced by Oliver Prickett, also of the Playhouse, she said, "We were in there so long because it was so difficult to choose among you—and it went to you, Nancie."

Nancie, who was holding a cup of coffee, closed her eyes (they were wet) and her hands began to shake. Miss Young went over and kissed her cheek. Then Connie, Jill and Natalie surrounded the winner, laughing and crying and hugging her.

When there was time, Nancie called her mother in Carmel, to tell her of winning.

Afterwards, they had a celebration dinner at the Huntington Hotel with their dates, four Playhouse students.

On Wednesday, the girls lunched at the Brown Derby and turned in professional performances on the TV program, "Queen for a Day." Thereafter, they toured the Hollywood hills to see the stars' homes, drove to Santa Monica to have dinner as the guests of Jean Charles Birgy, owner of the Swiss Chalet, and saw a preview of "The Thief."

On Thursday, there was a visit to Paramount's talent department, and the evening found the girls dinner guests at one of the stars' favorite restaurants, The Captain's Table. Then, they saw a preview of "The Fourposter."

They were in Hollywood early on Friday to do both TV and radio shows with Art Linkletter. Following this, was lunch in the Green Room of Warners' commissary and visits to the sets, where they met such stars as Gene Nelson, Doris Day and Steve Cochran.

The foursome dined alone together on their last evening and went to see the Playhouse presentation of "Robert E. Lee." Afterwards they went back to the dorm, got into their pajamas and talked.

"I shouldn't have won," said Nancie. "Jill is so much better."

"I'd have died if anyone but Nancie had won," replied Jill. "And that includes me."

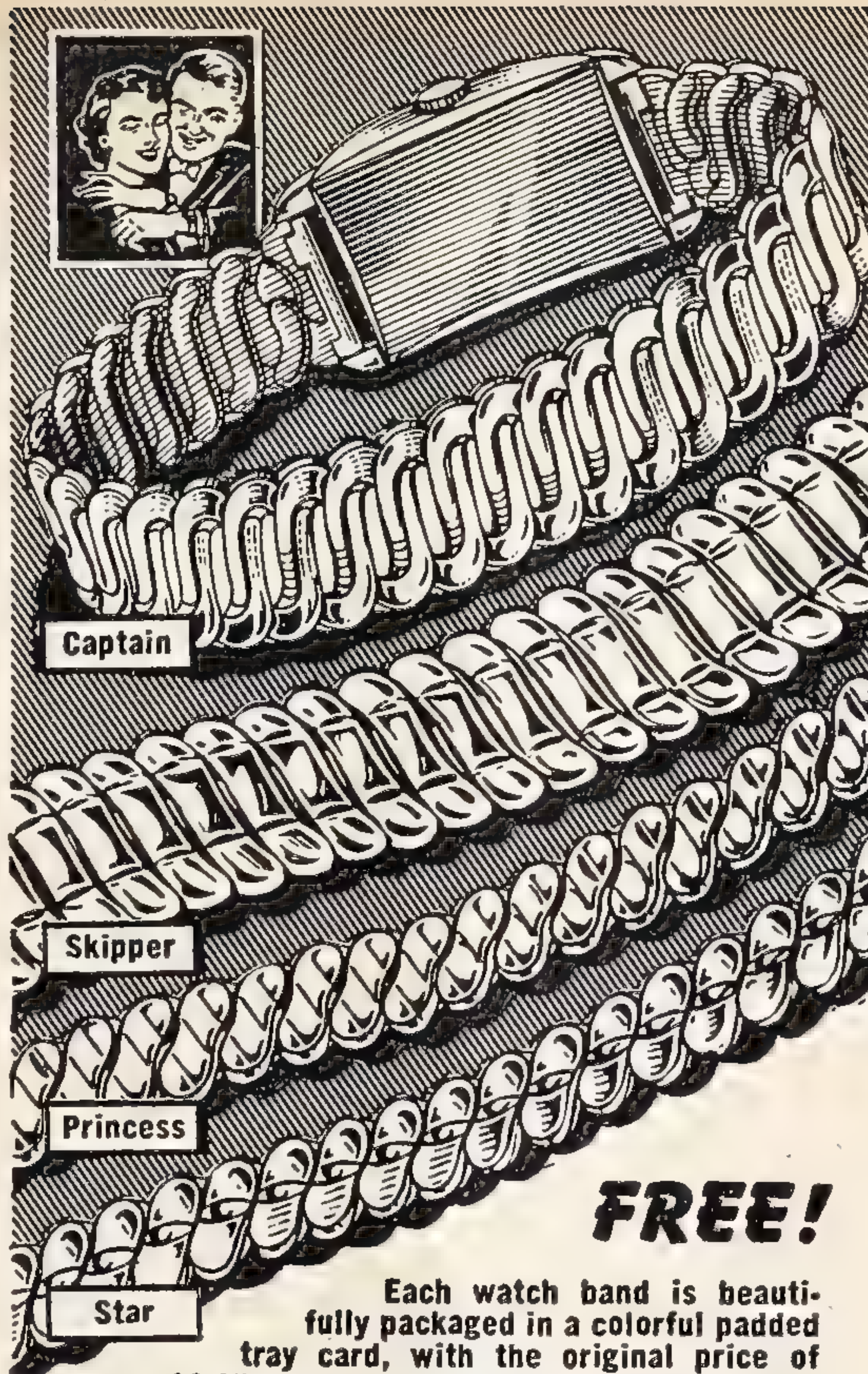
"What I really want to do," Connie broke in, "is get into musical comedy."

"I don't think God meant for me to win the scholarship," was Natalie's feeling. "He only meant for me to meet Mr. Pasternak."

Producer Pasternak had asked Natalie to pay him a visit at M-G-M. When she did so, he interrupted a meeting in his office to talk with her. He feels that she may have a great future in motion pictures.

Photoplay editors have a hunch that you'll be hearing from all four of these girls. And that you'll be seeing their names again—in lights.

THE END



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(Continued from page 39)

but a heel, to boot, and no pun intended.

When you're hot copy, any wisp will serve to hang a rumor on. Granger's an ardent fisherman, Jean isn't. If he took off to Las Cruces with Alabama, his stand-in, the presses clacked. For reasons good and sufficient to themselves, the Grangers decided on separate bedrooms. She wants her windows all but shut; he's got to have a gale tearing through. He threshes about in slumber like a wounded whale; she curls up like a little dormouse and sleeps through earthquakes. Many wedded couples use separate bedrooms without stirring up a murmur. The Grangers followed suit, and up rose howls of doom.

Stewart—or Jimmy, his real name, used by all those close to him—has emerged from his earlier state of ferment on the subject. With some detachment, he'll point out not only what started the last rumor but what's going to start the next. Maybe he's decided it's useless to defend his marriage against the rumors; maybe there's little left to defend.

The latest rumor began when the children of his former marriage arrived in Hollywood for a long stay. Lindsay, the six-year-old, looks like an angel. Eight-year-old Jamie looks like his father, though his father says ruefully, "I wish I did look like that." He's mad about both of them. So is Jean, who grew to know them well in England.

It happened, however, that their arrival coincided with the end of her stint, a grueling one, at RKO. She'd made "Androcles and the Lion" and "The Murder." She'd been planning a motor trip with her friend Valerie Douglas. What with work and lawsuits, Jean had had a pretty rough time. She needed to get off and be quiet for a little while. Jimmy couldn't go with her. After "Prisoner of Zenda" he was to do "Salome." He couldn't leave the children so soon after they'd come, either. "I've known Jean for six years," he explained. "We've been married a year and a half. Loving her dearly, I'll still be able to live without her for ten days, and I have an idea she'll also manage to survive. But unless I miss my guess, our newspaper friends will have us battling. And there's a scoop for you."

What amazes the Grangers most is the way people they've never laid eyes on go blithely to work dissecting their private lives, exploring emotions, thoughts, words that no outsider could possibly know.

They were sitting in the outsize living room of the mansion they're about to give up. Much arrant nonsense has been written about this place. It's been cited so often as the sinister source of trouble that you half expect to see *Dracula* scaling its walls. The facts are much simpler. Inexperienced in Hollywood home-buying, eager to carry his bride across the threshold of some architectural paradise, Granger fell for the beautiful, sunny-faced house sprawled over a hillside. Its initial effect on Jean was all he could have hoped. "It's magic," she whispered. "It's out of 'The Arabian Nights.'"

But Ali Baba's lamp didn't come with the premises, and reality presently reared its prosaic head. At best, Jean's no great shakes at running a house. This big one had her buffaloed. In addition, it became clear that the whole project was proving too costly and cumbersome. Granger freely admitted that he'd bitten off more than they could chew, and they set out in search of a more manageable dwelling.

By the time you read this, they'll be in it. It crowns a hilltop; and its only magnificent feature is the view; skies everywhere, since the place is all windows; sea

and city below; a backdrop of the distant Sierras, snow-capped in winter. "Not to mention the spectacle of Warner Brothers," said Jean, "when Warner Brothers is on fire." For the rest, it's a modest, informal house with a small garden. On a neighboring peak, they can spot the home of their best friends, Liz and Mike Wilding.

Jean stroked the silvery head of the pooch in her lap. "I plan to install Mr. Granger as interior decorator. Of course, I'll help. I'll say, 'Can't I have a couple of pink things in here?'"

"And I'll say No."

"Come up and see us some time," Mrs. Granger suggested. "I'll show you the pink things." She said this serenely, as if in the assurance that their system of airy compromises will hold good, and that you may count on finding host and hostess together in the hilltop house no matter how far in the future your visit may be.

But then you remember that both are of the acting profession and both are British. Their manner on this occasion indicated that she's the gal cherished and he's the guy adored. Not that they bill and coo over each other. On the contrary, banter's their idiom. British reserve, especially his, forbids public display of feeling. So with obvious relish, they toss the ball of comedy back and forth—only you sometimes wonder *what* feeling is being hidden. This constant exchange of pleasantries has probably given rise to stories of strife.

Take, for example, the case of Jean as a housewife. "She can burn water," Jimmy observes with calculated gloom.

She considered this dreamily. "Oh, I remember once giving you scrambled eggs for breakfast."

"When?!"

"The date escapes me. Besides, unlike certain Grangers who shall be nameless, I went to work at fourteen. I could only cook Sundays, and Mother refused to let the rest of the family suffer."

"I feel for Mother."

"Then why keep saying, 'Come to the kitchen and watch Dad?'"

"Because you're decorative. That's your sole function in a kitchen."

"And who does the washing and clearing up?"

"Not you, by any implication?"

"Good. I just wanted that on the record."

Certainly, these two are a study in contrasts. Jimmy's an epicure. He knows all about good food. He knows what wine to order with what course. He's fastidious about the pleasures of the table. Jean's at the opposite pole. When she's hungry, she eats something, never mind what. Jimmy feels she could do with a few culinary fundamentals, merely for the sake of not starving if left on her own. Jean assures him that so long as there's a drive-in around, she won't starve. But Jimmy told me that he doesn't give a thin dime whether she learns to cook or not. He feels profound respect for her as an actress. As between the career and domesticity, he says, the latter can go hang. It's a theme for kidding. Cornered into a straight statement, he made it. "She can't cook to save her little life. By some fluke, I can. To me it isn't a chore, to her it is. Why should I saddle her with that boredom?"

Neither, he remarked, does he consider it of shattering consequence that his love is less orderly than she might be. But it makes good jousting material. This time, he started it. "She's the untidiest girl in the world."

"You're not so hot yourself."

"She also loses things."

"I'm passive about it. They lose me."

"There was a pair of pearl and diamond earrings. She dropped one some place."

'Give me the other,' I said, 'for insurance purposes.' 'Can't find it,' says she. 'Must've got lonely and gone in search of its mate.'

For the first time she put on a penitent face. "I lost the first thing poor dear Jimmy ever gave me."

This was a ring. Jean was eighteen. They weren't engaged, so it couldn't be a diamond. Nor anything flashy, since flashiness didn't go with the girl. Hunting in all directions, he unearthed a treasure—a beautiful old French ring that was perfect for her. "She lost it in two weeks."

"I had it longer than that. Three weeks at least. And," with modest triumph, "I still have the bracelet. That was my first big present." She brought it out. On a narrow rope of gold, four golden squares bore the name Jean spelled out in diamonds. "He gave me this, thanking God that my name wasn't Esmeralda." She turned it over to show the inscription, while Granger squirmed. "My love to you, my darling, from Vicy Versy."

To an obligato of protests from the head of the house against such intimate revelations, Jean tranquilly told the story. At fourteen she worshipped Mr. Granger from afar. Attending premieres in England, she'd wave at this great big film star and he'd wave back. That her wave was anonymous among hundreds of others didn't prevent her from feeling warmed. She was hardly less shy when he first declared his love. "I'm mad about you," he'd say, and while her eyes said it back, her bashful tongue couldn't. But she found a way out. "Vicy Versy," she'd murmur.

A reminiscent smile on her lips, she turned to her husband. "How can you possibly ever get angry with me?"

"Looking at you now, dear, behaving yourself, I wonder—"

The words may not sound very romantic, but any girl would have settled for the note in his voice.

Granger's not one to dish up the compliments. His tenderesses take more practical form. Like creeping downstairs to fix her breakfast, when her call's at six, though his may not be till eight-thirty. Like seeing that she takes a taxi home from work instead of bucking her weary way through traffic. Like being constantly sensitive to her moods. Let her come in at night and, if something's upset her, he doesn't have to be told. "Out with it, darling. Let's have the gory details." Whether it's mountain or molehill, whether he talks or laughs her out of it, nothing seems half so heavy once he's lifted the load to his own broad shoulders.

When he's moody, he sits and reads and she leaves him alone. When he heads for the kitchen, she knows the skies have cleared. Both own up to tempers, and each lays claim to the worst. "Jimmy blows up and forgets it. I boil for hours."

"On the other hand, I explode more frequently. And possibly with less cause. If I must be candid."

Her eyes strayed, as if by accident, to some pictures on the wall. Granger's an art lover. In a gallery one day, he stood long in front of these canvases by Lepine, coveting them fiercely but feeling he couldn't afford them. That evening Jean was late in coming home. He read her a lecture. She let him run down, then like a martyred lamb, produced the pictures. "I was out buying these for you."

Remorse still haunts him. "I groveled," he reported.

"You gave me hates," she reminded him sweetly, "for spending too much money."

Either way—or both—the pictures now decorate their walls. "Adding color," said he, "to our drab existence." This, of course, indicated slight color blindness. Under any conditions and even without the aura of stardom, these two would sparkle with their own spirit and vitality. Still, Granger

insisted that they lead dull, ordinary lives, "same as everybody else." What he meant was that they eat, sleep and work so hard at their jobs that, come evening, they crave only peace and quiet. He listens to her troubles, she listens to his, they watch TV—feeling slightly disloyal, but not disloyal enough to throw the set out—and go to bed. On Sundays they relax by having ten chums in.

Their circle includes the Mike Wildings, James Masons, Bert Allenbergs, Louis Calhern, Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley, Sidney Franklin, Mary Taylor, Sam Zimbalist. Being fond of their tummies, they eat quite a lot and vow they won't talk about the industry. So they start on politics and, to no one's amazement, are soon hotly arguing the quality of X's last picture. Jimmy loves to argue. So does Sam Zimbalist. Their viewpoints run closely parallel, yet for the sake of mental exercise, they'll take opposite sides and happily stamp their feet at each other.

With Jean around, there's always a musical background, preferably Ray or Clooney, Frankie Laine or Kay Starr. To Jimmy, music is something you listen to with both ears, not something you have to drown out in order to talk. It pains him that his pet can't drive one block without the radio on. But he's very firm with her, so the radio stays on. This curious state of affairs holds good in other directions as well. He can't abide blue jeans. "If girls are made as they should be, and Jeannie is, blue jeans do *not* become them." So Jeannie, finding them comfortable, wears blue jeans. It practically broke his heart when she started smoking. This happened three years ago on a personal-appearance tour in Germany. Waiting to go on, Jean grew jittery. Someone offered her a cigarette. "Thanks, I don't smoke." "Try one, anyway. It helps." It *did* help, but Jimmy hated it. Seeing that it made him truly unhappy, she tried giving it up. Seeing that she missed it, he threw in the sponge.

It's plain that he dotes on her exquisite femininity. Hence, his objection to such things as smoking and blue jeans. Hence, his interest in all that concerns her adornment—an interest she welcomes. His likes and dislikes are definite, and he's vocal about them. In cosmetics, he loathes that made-up look but also frowns on her going around without any. He delights in buying her perfume. From Italy, where he made "The Light Touch" with Pier Angeli, he brought back a huge case of assorted scents. She gloated over them. Next day she nipped into his room as usual and pinched his Knize Ten.

"Why?" he demanded. "With all that stuff from Paris and Rome, give me one reason why?"

She dabbed the eau de cologne behind her ears. "So I can smell like you."

He enjoys shopping with her. "I like to take a look," he explained, "at anything over ten dollars." The truth is that Jean has been reluctant to buy without him ever since the day in London when she tried on a dress by a very famous designer. "If you rip this gadget off," advised Granger, "and stick another one here, you'll have a beautiful dress." They ripped and stuck, and the results were such that they changed the model.

He likes Jean in simple clothes for a simple reason. "When a girl has a pretty face, you don't doll her up to distract attention from her face."

Sartorially speaking, what's sauce for the goose isn't sauce for the gander. She likes him in suits, all dressed up. He prefers the Hollywood uniform of slacks, loafers and an open shirt. This is a minor, call it an invisible, issue. What they really disagree about are night clubs.

To her, they're glamorous. To him, they're hot and crowded. She'd rather

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dance than eat. "I'm a jitterbug," she proclaims. He can take dancing or leave it, and would rather not take it in the bistros of Hollywood. "Therefore I get dirty looks now and then from Miss Simmons."

Her professional efforts draw a different reaction. Jean has danced from childhood. Her early ambition was to open a school with her sister. Bored by the idleness of her first months in Hollywood, she wandered over to M-G-M for diversion and came upon Alex Romero doing exercises with Leslie Caron. He invited her to join them. After a while, he began teaching Jean routines when Leslie was shooting. Having mastered four, Jean broke the news to Jimmy. "Why don't you come and see me?" He looked embarrassed and didn't have to tell her why. He's thinking, she thought, that I'll make an absolute fool of myself.

Like a dutiful husband, however, he came and saw. After that it was her turn to be embarrassed. He kept rushing around saying she ought to do a musical. He still says so. She still tries to hush him up. Not that she wouldn't like doing a musical. "Only I'm not that good. Maybe I will be some day if I work hard enough." He thinks she's good enough now.

Charges of this and that have been hurled against Granger. He's belligerent, they say, opinionated, tough to get along with. It seems only fair to present the other side. His advocates call him courageous, honest, uncompromising on principles. It's true that incompetence makes him blow his top, not because he feels himself superior, but because he's forever striving toward some goal of perfection forever beyond reach. It's true that he often leaps before looking and wishes he could emulate his friend Peter Bull, British stage and screen actor, who thinks first and acts afterwards. To Granger, Bull represents an ideal of goodness. He reveres him as a kind of saint. "I'm a bull, too," he observes ruefully, "in a china shop."

Whatever his faults, they're those of a generous nature. There's nothing mean-spirited about him. He's incapable of bootlicking. He can't twist himself into some alien pattern to curry favor. He refuses to be pushed around, and for a conviction he'll battle to the bitter end. What he thinks, he says to your face, not to your back. If he's ready to blame what he finds blameworthy, he's still quicker to pay

tribute to quality. In England, after the war, he helped to put many good actors back on their feet by dogged and selfless plugging. When they take Granger apart, this is the kind of thing you don't hear.

But let's grant that his wife should know him better than most.

"Jimmy's a strange mixture. Nobody's going to believe this, but he's shy. I don't mean the kind of shy that creeps into a corner. But if there's something he's nervous about, he'll cover it up with a big flourish of assurance. That antagonizes some people. They take it as an attack, when it's only a form of defense. Of course he's a very straightforward guy, too. If somebody's rude to him, he's rude right back, which is usually criticized. But I think any normal male would act the same way. And I've never known him to take the first step in rudeness. In frankness, yes."

"He likes people, but he doesn't make friends easily. To Jimmy, a friend isn't just someone you like, but someone you're really close to, who'd leave a great hole in your life if he left. None of us find too many friends like that. He's satisfied with the few he has. Wilding's been one for twenty years. They'd die for each other."

"It takes time and pains to get to know Jimmy, but he's worth it. We have a wonderful relationship, and I couldn't be happier. We also have tiffs, but they blow over quickly. He nips my neck, I pull his ear and that's that. When married people say there's never a cross word between them, it makes me cringe, because it's either untrue or unnatural. If things were all sweetness and light, they'd be very dull. As it is, my husband's a fascinating man to live with. I like him just as he is."

Was there a shade too much defiance in those last words? Was Jean, perhaps, arguing with herself as well as with Jimmy's detractors? Her character sketch suggests a man indeed fascinating—but not too easy to live with.

Looking at their relationship from Jimmy's viewpoint, you wonder, too, whether the youthful Jean has done all the adapting that's vital to a successful marriage. Their running fire of pleasantries indicates plenty of humor on both sides, and a sense of humor can solve many a touchy problem. But when real and deep-rooted differences may be the inspiration, bantering can turn to bickering. And as to whether or not their marriage will survive, the months ahead will bring the answer crystal-clear.

THE END



Rita Gam doesn't say a word in "The Thief" but a New York furniture designer spoke volumes recently when he said that she was his idea of "good design!"

Seventh Heaven

(Continued from page 49)

over 80,000 square feet of factory space. Even superficial evidence would indicate that life goes well with the Brinkmans. But one would have to know them well to understand how deep is their contentment, how firm are the bonds of their union. And how bright the sparks can fly on occasion.

As a bride, Jeanne exasperated her spouse because she refused to admit now and then that she had never visited this particular restaurant or that particular resort. She always gave the impression, by silence if by no other means, that she was no stranger to the arts of horseback riding, surf boarding, diving, distance swimming or skiing. Especially skiing.

She regarded Paul as the epitome of sophistication and she couldn't bear to seem naive in his presence. The attitude produced some strange incidents, one of which occurred on Mt. Rose, near Reno.

Jeanne and Paul had gone north for the skiing, and the first morning of their stay they put on snow togs, ate a hearty breakfast and reported to the ski lift along with a full quota of other guests.

The lift was a T-type, a tricky arrangement which requires a skier to rest his weight, at the hips, against the crossbar of the inverted T, and to be pushed upward with his weight balanced on his skis.

A T-lift operates best if the two people occupying each T are about the same weight, but a couple in love seldom bother with so mechanical a detail. Besides which, Jeanne refrained from admitting to Paul that she had never before ridden a T-lift and so didn't know that unless she kept her skis tracking straight and maintained constant balance with her partner, she would bounce both of them off, and that this loss of weight would upset everyone else on the lift.

And so . . .

Luckily, the upset happened quite near the summit, but even so there was enough herringbone to have started a garment factory by the time the last skier had finished the ascent, and Mrs. Brinkman was the least popular guest at the lodge.

She dropped down a few more notches in popular approval when she gazed down the steep, snow-glazed mountain and squeaked to Paul, "I can't go down there. I can't. I've never been down a ski slope like this in my life!"

"Why didn't you tell me that before we came up?" demanded her spouse.

Jeanne couldn't have answered to save her life, but she did manage to avoid the usual last resource of the embarrassed bride: she didn't cry.

"Never mind," said one of the skiers who had been dumped. "You don't have to ski down. There's a back trail—very scenic—which leads to the shelter house at the foot of the mountain. Why don't you walk down? We can meet you there for hot chocolate."

Loaded down with skis and ski poles, she set out on an alternately snow-drifted, rock-jutted path cut between towering evergreens. Her boots grew heavier by the yard and her equipment began to wear grooves in her shoulders. When she walked in sunshine she thought she was going to roast, and when she walked in shade, she thought she would freeze.

Three hours and seven miles later she limped up to the shelter house.

A little cheer went up from skiers who had disciplined a neophyte and were now ready to admit her to the order. The roaring fire was comforting and so were Paul's arms.

The following year, when Jeanne and Paul went to Sun Valley, Paul rode the

ski lift to the top of Dollar Mountain and swooped down repeatedly, while his wife found a pleasant little hillock which offered exactly the mild type of slope she wanted.

That evening at dinner when Marty Arrouge (husband of Norma Shearer and a champion skier) asked Jeanne how she was getting along, she answered happily, "I'm not much of a skier, but I have fun. Paul spent the day on Dollar Mountain, but I . . . well, I didn't go up Dollar Mountain, and I didn't go up Half-Dollar Mountain. I spent the day on a course I think of as Two-Bit Hill."

"I have news for you," grinned Marty. "We call that rise in the landscape Nickel Mound."

Afterward Jeanne confided to Paul, "At least I've learned to admit what I don't know. I don't pretend any more. You've taught me that."

In turn, Paul has picked up a lesson or two from Jeanne. A businessman to the core, Paul likes to figure out ways to save money. His commercial enterprises indicate that his plans are usually effective, but his slips have made family history.

When the Brinkmans decided to level a new site on their seven-acre hillside and build a studio for Jeanne, Paul secured quotations from several bulldozer operators and found that preparing the necessary flat area would cost nearly three hundred dollars.

"I could do it myself some Saturday morning," announced Paul, aghast.

"Better leave it to an expert, dear," suggested Jeanne, a great believer in actors acting, engineers engineering, and bulldozers bulldozing.

"Simple job. Anybody could do it," said Paul airily.

He rolled out at four one morning, having made arrangements to borrow a tractor with bulldozer attachment, and laboriously brought the incubus back through city streets and up the winding roads to the lot. There, before the worshipful gaze of his three sons, Paul set to work.

Jeanne watched for a time, but finally had to return to the house to check on the welfare of Jeanine. A few moments later Paul appeared at the door, quivering, his face ashen, his hair matted with soil.

The tractor had fouled one thread in an old tree stump and had rolled over twice, lodging—as fate would have it—against a scrub oak tree. Except for this barrier, the tractor would have crashed to the bottom of the canyon, probably killing Paul.

As it was, it cost nearly a thousand dollars to hire a giant crane to rescue the tractor and bulldozer.

Jeanne and Paul spent their honeymoon at Furnace Creek Inn, one of the fabulous resorts in California's far-flung Mojave Desert. As they lounged around the pool one afternoon, Jeanne said to her new husband, "I don't think I could endure any more happiness. My heart is filled to the brim with love for you. There's no room for anything else."

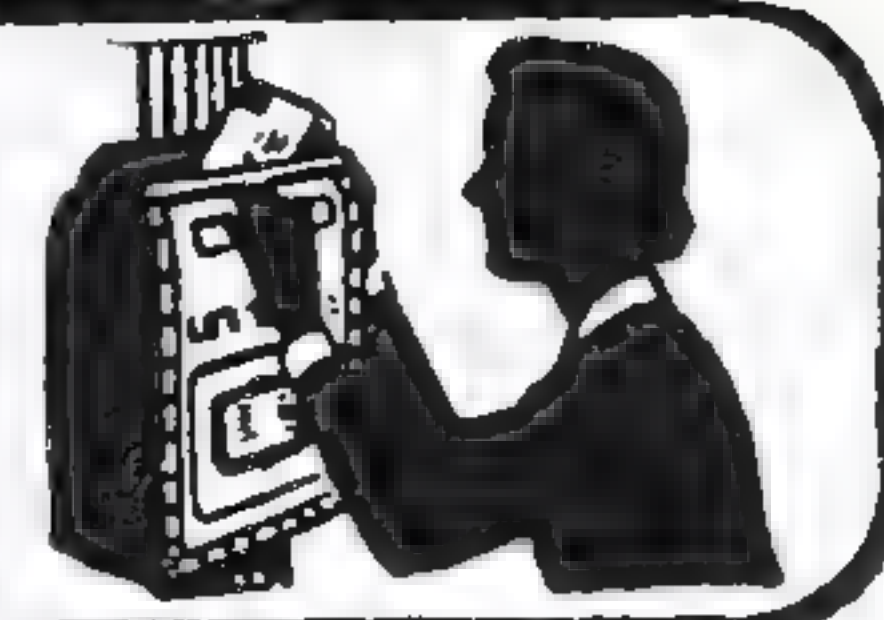
Time passed and on Easter Day, April 6, 1947, Paul, Jr. was born. During the months that followed, Jeanne dutifully read all the books about babies and some works on child psychology, and tried to apply the sensible suggestions. When friends asked Jeanne how she differentiated between Paul, her husband, and Paul, her son, when speaking to them, she said, "It's easy. My books insist that a mother shouldn't talk baby talk to a child and I imagine it's a sound theory. So I call my husband 'Mommy's 'tittle sweetums' or some such foolish term, and I call our boy 'Paul.'"

To celebrate the birth of Paul, Jr., Paul, Sr. gave Jeanne an orchid plant which

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was placed in an advantageous position among the seven acres of Brinkman property. The plant thrived. Currently Jeanne gets a kick out of acknowledging compliments when she wears orchids on state occasions, by saying, "Thank you, I'm proud of them. They come from our own backyard, you know."

Paul, Jr. is now five, and a highly responsible human being. Always an alert child, he has a knack for applying the things he has been taught. When he was at the grabby stage, Jeanne used to caution him, "You mustn't touch that, Paul. It's fragile. That means it will break."

Not long ago Jeanne overheard him coaching his younger brother, Timmy, about proper treatment of baby sister, Jeanine. "You mustn't touch her, Timmy. She's fragile. That means she will break."

Paul can and does correct the situation when he finds Jeanine in a sodden condition in her bed or playpen, and he is trying to teach her to talk. She responds to him with the usual infant goos, which he translates as highly dramatic narrative.

Paul is allowed to participate in his parents' discussion of family plans because he seems, Jeanne says, "like a college student to us. People who have teen-age children think of our Paul as a baby, but, to us, he's almost adult. That's because he is the oldest of the four children, of course."

Paul, Jr., is, in appearance and personality, the image of his dad, even to his hair problem. He has an extremely thick mop and, as a *very* small boy, wore it in a Dutch bob. However, once he had passed the age of four, he decided that the style was unbecoming to a man, so he rebelled. "It has to be cut like Daddy's," was his ultimatum. Like Daddy's it was cut, and like Daddy's it revealed a cowlick.

Jeanne brushed, combed, and made a stocking sleeping cap for her son, but the results were negligible. Finally she said to Paul, "You've been through this. You should give me some hints, or at least some encouragement. How long was it before your hair learned to behave?"

Paul considered. "I think it was in pretty good condition by the time I was thirty."

Young Paul has one additional problem: he is torn between deciding upon one of two careers—whether to become a bandit or a milkman.

One afternoon, Paul and his next oldest brother, Michael, were playing alternate games of shoot-'em-up and deliver-the-milk while Jeanne was entertaining a caller. Thinking that the friend would be amused by a report of the boy's apprenticeship, Jeanne called Michael and asked him to tell the guest what he was going to be when he grew up.

Michael favored the caller with a straightforward smile and piped, "I am going to be a elephant."

This story points up the great difference between Paul, Jr. and Michael. Whereas Paul is practical in his approach to life, Michael—born January 21, 1949—is fanciful. He is inclined to stand before a window, one foot crossed over the other, and regard the view for long periods of time. Gentle in play, he simply walks away from Paul when that young gentleman grows too robust.

Michael likes to assume the names of

various animals and insists that his identity be respected by his mother. He told Jeanne one day, "I'm a big black horse," and refused to come to luncheon when she called him by name.

"Michael isn't here. There is only a big black horse."

"In that case, will the big black horse kindly come to luncheon?" inquired his flexible parent.

This routine became so commonplace that when Michael finally came to the table one evening with the announcement that he was a boy named Michael, Paul, the parent, paraphrased one of the best lines from Mary Chase's play "Harvey" by saying to the family group, "Well, what do you know! No one having dinner with us except people."

The Number Three son in the Brinkman family is Timothy, born August 2, 1950. Timmy's vocabulary was doubled by the birth of his little sister. Until she came along, his most used term was something best spelled "gunk-gunk" which was used to designate milk, water, soup, puréed vegetables and a dip in the swimming pool.

The first time he set eyes on Jeanine, he gasped, "Doll-doll" and that has been his name for her ever since. Naturally, when the baby takes her bottle, Timmy explains the situation as "Doll-doll gunk-gunk."

Jeanine, the fourth sprout, is the image of her mother and gives every promise of carrying on the Crain family tradition of great beauty. Her birth was preceded by an incident which hints at the miraculous.

To mark their fifth anniversary, Paul gave Jeanne a gold religious medal honoring Our Lady of Guadalupe. Set in the medal (which Jeanne wears on a gold necklace chain) were five diamonds to mark five years of marriage, and three rubies to celebrate the birth of three sons.

When Jeanne and Paul were in New York in the autumn of 1951, they were guests of Cardinal Spellman at luncheon. Jeanne asked the Cardinal if he would bless the medal, which he agreed readily to do, adding, "Next year Paul will have to add an emerald to commemorate the birth of a daughter."

Even so, when Jeanne was assembling a layette for Baby Brinkman Number Four, she didn't buy one pink garment. She felt certain that she was to have another son, and her doctor agreed with her. When Miss Brinkman arrived on March 5, 1952, she was supplied with a pink Riding-hood outfit by Gail Patrick. This was the little girl's first feminine possession.

The Brinkmans have recorded their family history on sixteen-millimeter film. Not long ago they were running some of the ten thousand feet of movies which have been taken during the past seven years. As the lights were turned on, Jeanne said wonderingly, "Remember—when we were first married? I said my heart was so filled with love for you, Paul, that there wasn't room for anyone else? I was wrong. Every time a new child has come along, I've found plenty of room. I must have an expanding heart."

This is probably the best possible summary of the first seven years of the Jeanne Crain-Paul Brinkman marriage. **THE END** [Jeanne Crain is now appearing in "Twentieth's "O. Henry's Full House."]

YOU'VE HEARD RUMORS . . .

Now Photoplay gives you the facts about three of Hollywood's most talked-about marriages! In the January issue
on sale December 10

(Continued from page 43)

for \$5,195,888. Mario, at the time, had "no comment," despite the fact that, conceivably, every cent that he earned after this—from records, concerts, opera engagements or whatever—could be attached pending resolution of the legal impasse.

6. Mario sent word that he was "just relaxing" when reporters tried to get in touch with him to get his side of the story. He went right on "relaxing" when his broadcast series was canceled.

7. Reportedly, Mario quarreled with Betty, his fighting Irish wife, who has always supported him valiantly. He allegedly stayed away from his home in order to avoid reporters. Thus, Betty was left to cope with the press and the lawyers and the just-plain-curious as best she could.

8. He dropped out of sight for days, while reporters speculated about his whereabouts. One widely circulated guess had him on the way to New York for a conference with the Big Boss of M-G-M, Nick Schenck. Actually, he had gone into semi-retirement at the San Fernando Valley ranch of his old and good friend John Carroll.

9. Shortly before Metro's announcement of the suit, Mario turned up at the studio with Carroll, whom he introduced as his "personal manager," to make conciliatory overtures. At that time, the studio announced that it had taken under advisement his offer to resume work on "The Student Prince."

10. Then Mario quarreled with John Carroll, and at last report, had moved into his parents' home.

That this list of inconsistencies can be recited and half of Hollywood still hold its fire is indicative of the wave of sympathy which has surged up for Mario.

The feeling of the people who suffer for him—rather than feel any ill will toward him—was summed up in one short sentence by Ann Blyth when she was advised by phone that "The Student Prince"—in which, incidentally, she was to have had the best break of her career—was canceled. "Oh, that poor, poor boy!" she said. And she cried.

Again and again, pleasant stories—stories of Mario at his most engaging and charming—are being told. One that people are remembering fondly is the story of his appealing behavior at last year's Photoplay Gold Medal Awards dinner. Mario, one of the award winners, said shyly that night that he would prefer not to sit up on the dais with the other winners, but would rather, if there were no objections, sit in the background with his parents, who, he felt, would be more at ease among people they didn't know, if he were with them.

Actually, Mario being Mario, every one of his talk-provoking forays during those six turbulent weeks of crisis can be reversed even before this story is in print. There is hopeful speculation, as we go to press, that the selection of his latest picture, "Because You're Mine," by the British Motion Picture Association for a London Royal Command performance may furnish the emotional fillip necessary to turn the trick. Traditionally, the leading players in the film selected appear before the Royal Family—and Mario speedily indicated his willingness to go to London.

With the exception of "That Midnight Kiss," his first film, every Mario Lanza picture has been shut down and threatened with cancellation at least once before the cyclonic tenor smoked a pipe of peace and got down to work. It is possible that "The Student Prince" will still

be made, and with Lanza. It is even probable, if Mario will back down from his hold-out demand for "complete artistic supervision."

M-G-M is not giving "complete artistic supervision" to any actor, and certainly not to one so young, and, despite his meteoric success, so inexperienced as Mario. The history of Hollywood is too crowded with examples of stars who fought for, and got, "complete artistic supervision" and promptly fell on their well-preserved faces.

Metro will hold out as long as Mario, and Metro will win—will pick its own directors, producers, writers, players, and musicians—or Metro won't play.

So Mario, if he makes "The Student Prince," will have to back down finally. Chances would be better for this—and it could happen—if Mario and Sam Weiler kissed and made up.

Just before their break-up, Weiler told this reporter: "Mario and I have never had an argument. We have disagreed, usually we have been able to compromise. If we couldn't compromise, then I conceded that Mario must be right. I'm not as great as he is." Weiler will forgive and forget, if Mario will.

And Betty Lanza will forgive, if not forget. Divorce would seem out of the question for the Lanzas. In the first place, their religion forbids it. Also, Mario's parents would be crushed by such an eventuality. And, most importantly, Betty loves Mario. And he loves her and their children.

Beyond these facts, we can only speculate about the obvious and visible contradictions in his personality. We can make note of Lanza's remarkable lack of modesty, remembering that this is a man who, as a buck private in the army, pasted onto a Caruso record a new label of his own making, "Mario Lanza, Tenor, with Koussevitsky and the Berkshires Orchestra," and mailed it to officers scouting talent for an Air Force show.

But then we must remind ourselves that Hollywood is filled with people you wouldn't tag as "shrinking violets."

To Mario Lanza as a child, Caruso was a demigod of a greatness never to be aspired to by mere mortals. But Mario Lanza, as a man, played—and sang—as Caruso. Some critics even said he was as great as Caruso. Possibly Mario, in his hour of triumph, might have dreamed a bit too daringly. Perhaps, to this gifted and lucky young man, it might have appeared in a moment of over-confidence that he was another Caruso.

But, as so often happens when an ego appears to get out of hand, what looked like billowing self-esteem in Mario's case may have been counterpointed—even dominated—by something very close to fear. Secret, unspoken fear.

What if he wasn't good enough? What if he wasn't "ready," what if he should fail? One way not to fail is not to try.

His irresponsibility now could be "temperament." But it could also be motivated by deepset fear—unadmitted, even to himself.

Whatever the wellsprings of Mario's problem, it is to be hoped that somehow, and soon, he can find help, and—through that help—the strength to admit first that he has a problem, and then the strength to face and to solve it.

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You Chose These Stars

(Continued from page 37)

would go wrong—that soon they would be joining her here in America—is stopped by a little girl, a little girl she doesn't know, but who apparently knows her very well.

"Aren't you Miss Thiess?" she asked. Yes, she was Ursula Thiess. "Well, we have chosen you," the girl informed her gravely. "My whole class, back home in Texas—we all voted for you."

As it dawned on Ursula Thiess what the little girl meant, she smiled her gratitude. "You choosed me?" she repeated happily. When more officially informed later, she said, "It is all a wonderful fairy tale come true." These wonderful people, this wonderful America—all of it. How to say—how to express what was in her heart? "Like—like a varm rain. . ."

They're all a little lost for words. The right words. Like Christmas. Like a present. And from Hollywood to Hamburg—and return—like a "varm rain"—

Your stars of tomorrow? Already they're shining up a storm.

Twenty-one-year-old Tab Hunter, of the Marine physique and the soulful face, is slated to star in a big-budget western at Columbia studios. He celebrated immediately by going out and buying himself a horse—"he's a jumper—and he's so wonderful—" he says of the horse he named "Out on Bail." Adding, "Got a lot of ability too—I've seen him clear five feet." Tab himself cleared high ground, after a quiet period of preparation, when he zoomed to stardom in one picture.

All of it still seems a little unreal to Tab, dating from the night he was standing backstage at the Ice Capades talking with a girl friend, a skater with the company, when star-discoverer Henry Willson tapped him on the shoulder and asked, "Would you like to be in pictures?" As Tab puts it, "I just about dropped over!" As he felt like doing that first terrifying day on the test stage when Director Stuart Heisler instructed, "Now take her into your arms and kiss her!" And when they'd broken apart, the beauteous Linda Darnell had looked up and smiled, "That was very nice." She then assured him, "Don't worry. I'm good luck for newcomers." To which Tab says now, "She sure was!"

Lucky too are Universal-International and their lovely Lori-lei, a dreamy natural blonde who first came to Hollywood's attention at sixteen, when the Nelsons' next-door-neighbor took a snapshot of her and sent it to a producer-friend.

Lori Nelson's looks plus her dramatic ability make her a double-threat to her studio where, following ingenue leads such as that in "Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki," she's being carefully groomed for important dramatic roles. She will sing and dance as Donald O'Connor's co-star in "Nothing But the Blues!" The fact that she looks as soft and fluffy as a kitten . . . like her blue and yellow organza bedroom in her Encino home . . . belies her ability to shoot a .22-revolver "with both hands," as she says matter-of-factly, and her dexterity in tossing a man over her shoulder via jiu-jitsu. It seems Lori's father, a camera technician, is also a deputy sheriff on the side—"and he practices his jiu-jitsu training on me while my mother grabs her vases," Lori laughs.

A sure-shot for continued stardom is Arthur Franz, who sniped his way to that stardom as the psychopathic killer in Columbia's "The Sniper." His success comes after years of ushering in theatres, working as a page boy—"I was a page boy at Radio City before Gregory Peck was a page boy at Radio City, and that's my claim to fame." Finally he appeared on

Broadway in such hits as "Command Decision" and then worked in Hollywood as a counter-man at the small Cottage Café. "I made twenty-five dollars a week and tips—and believe me, I had more stage fright doing that than anything I've ever done." Columbia's been taking full advantage of the versatility of this star talent, with the clean-cut features and convictions. He enacts a lead role with Julie Harris in "Member of the Wedding," and that of a G.I. in "Eight Iron Men," and has the romantic lead in "Rainbow Round My Shoulder."

Luscious cover-girl, Elaine Stewart, daughter of a Montclair, New Jersey, policeman, says, "I was always dancing and goofing around in my Mother's clothes." From the age of thirteen, she worked as an usherette in the hometown theatre—just a screen away from her dream—saw every movie every night, and worked on her school books until 2:00 A.M. after she got home. Out of school, she got a job as a Harry Conover model because, as she told him honestly, "I think this is the best way to get into motion pictures." His answer was "You know, that's just where I think you will get." Her lovely face appeared on all big national magazines, she was getting top pay of twenty-five dollars an hour, she was on the cover of Macfadden's "True Story" for twelve consecutive issues, "I think it's the first time a model ever posed for that many successive covers"—when Hal Wallis brought her to Hollywood and put her into Martin and Lewis' "Sailor Beware." Since M-G-M bought her contract, they've cast Elaine in seven films in less than a year—"including a wonderful part in 'The Bad and the Beautiful!' I'm the 'bad' girl who gets Kirk Douglas away from Lana Turner—and that's good. Bad girls hold an audience's interest—and remember you when you're sweet later on." Now she's starring with James Whitmore, Ralph Meeker, Robert Horton and Sally Forrest, in M-G-M's "Code Two."

This year's "Choose Your Stars" was actually an international contest. It numbers winners like Germany's Ursula Thiess, who has the longest eyelashes in Hollywood, and who is so beautiful, a girl friend of hers puts it, "I wouldn't be caught dead walking beside her. I always take extreme care to walk two paces behind." Fittingly enough Ursula, a former German model will be starred in the coveted role in RKO's "Size Twelve," as well as in "Monsoon." Which seems almost as unbelievable to Ursula Thiess—but not quite—as the time the RKO European office first approached her. "I thought it a joke," she explains now. But the third telegram from them took her to Frankfurt, "and they told me they want to make seven-year-contract."

"I could not speak English—I just shake my head, 'Ja!'" But she didn't tell anybody except her mother her good news—"for fear I am big flap—flop," she corrects in her charming rich accent.

But Ursula Thiess is far from a "flap." Likewise, Austria's talented twenty-eight-year-old Oskar Werner, sort of a young man's Peter Lorre. His thatch of taffy-colored hair, he carefully maintains casually like an unbound whisk-broom. He handed a bit of shock to seasoned publicity boys expecting a matinee idol when they met his Hollywood plane, following his hit in "Decision Before Dawn." Although Twentieth Century-Fox holds an option for two more pictures, with "The Man Who Fooled Hitler" shelved, Oskar has returned to Vienna and may not be in Hollywood again soon.

From Ulm, Germany, comes Hilde-

garde Neff, who is now an American citizen, and who commutes back and forth between Hollywood and Europe for films. Following Twentieth Century-Fox's, "Snows of Kilimanjaro," Hildegard has been in France starring in Julien Duvivier's "La Fete d'Henriette," and starring in "Illusionen in Moll," for Eric Pommer in Germany before returning to Hollywood and her next commitment.

From England, come piquant-faced Dawn Addams and Joan Rice. Joan, who first came to the attention of British producers when she was working as a waitress and won a beauty contest among employees of the restaurant chain, skyrocketed to stardom as the fiery and gay-spirited *Maid Marian* in Walt Disney's "The Story of Robin Hood." She's co-starring with Burt Lancaster—portraying a half-caste native girl in Warner Brothers' "His Majesty O'Keefe."

Dawn Addams, daughter of a distinguished RAF flier, James Addams, had a girlish crush on Van Johnson, when she was attending The Westlake School for Girls here during the war years. Today she finds herself romantically paired with Van as *Priscilla* to his *John Alden* in M-G-M's "Plymouth Adventure." Although she was signed by Metro in America, Dawn's first big role required that she return to her native England and co-star with Peter Lawford in her studio's "The Hour of 13."

Hungary's fabulous candidate, Zsa Zsa Gabor, with her champagne-colored hair and personality, her paprika-ed phrases, her personal bejewelled philosophy to the effect that twenty-six carat diamonds surrounded protectively by mink are a "vorking girl's best friend" and that "every voman should have a mink to keep her varm"—has Hollywood thoroughly ga-gaed. Zsa Zsa burst into motion pictures with her dazzling impact when she agreed to do a guest-shot on CBS' televised "Bachelors' Haven." She was an overnight sensation, with various studios bidding for her. She will next be seen in M-G-M's "Mademoiselle" and "Lili," and in Director John Huston's "Moulin Rouge."

Brooklyn-born Johnny Stewart, seventeen-year-old son of a meter reader, is a fine actor who left a string of credits in Broadway hits including "The King and I"—to come to Hollywood for the part of the young jockey who twisted your heart as Bill Holden's pal in "Boots Malone." He followed that as an Indian boy in Columbia's "The Sabre and the Arrow" and was given his studio release recently when no forthcoming productions had roles for him. Back to the theatre again, his role in "Bernadine," which is in the try-out stage as we go to press, may give Johnny a return ticket to Hollywood.

On the other hand, twenty-eight-year-

old Bob Horton, M-G-M's magnetic red-headed brown-eyed charmer, was born in Los Angeles, had to over-ride the objections of his wealthy parents to act, and Bob went East to do his prepping for Hollywood. He studied with the Theatre Wing, and worked nights in a New York restaurant (ironically called "The Californian") as fry cook and cashier, finally got bit roles in television. His fine performance in the lead in a TV "Suspense" show inspired Warners to cast him without a test in "The Tanks Are Coming."

Now under contract to M-G-M, Bob Horton is really on his way, having just starred as Gilbert Roland's Indian son in "Apache," and currently starring as the only white member of a cast which co-stars Dorothy Dandridge in M-G-M's picture-plea for better racial relations, "See How They Run." His parents have long since forgiven him. "They even save my clippings," he grins.

Such problems work both ways. Burbank-born Barbara Ruick, M-G-M's silver-blonde and brown-eyed singer-actress, who co-stars with Bob Horton in "Apache," began her career in New York too. "Because of Mommy," she says of her famous mother, actress Lurene Tuttle. "I didn't want to just be known as 'the daughter of'—I wanted to make my own name . . . and on my own." Finally, down to her last five dollars in travelers' checks, Barbara saw a sign saying, "Open Audition—ABC Theatre—Must Sing and Dance." She really couldn't dance, but figuring that by then she had nothing to lose, she turned in. Out of eight hundred applicants, she wound up one of the ten girls given a job in the chorus of the Chico Marx TV show. "But I felt the other girls hated me, that I held them back."

When Barbara visited her mother in California a year ago and guested on some television shows, an agent took her out to M-G-M, where she was signed to a seven-year-contract that goes up to \$2,500 a week, if all options are exercised.

Certainly nobody knows better than does vivacious, red-headed Helene Stanley, last seen in a fine performance as Gregory Peck's first girl friend in "Snows of Kilimanjaro," that growing up on a movie sound stage and living next door to the screen are no insurance for stardom. As versatile and talented as any young actress in Hollywood, twenty-one-year-old Helene first portrayed "the good girl" in "Our Gang" comedies; she played the piano in "The Starmakers," with Bing Crosby; at Walt Disney's "I did the choreography and animation for the body of 'Cinderella.'" She's been under contract at U-I and M-G-M, and recently left Twentieth after two and one half years there. But never the right part. The part with her name on it. But by the time you read

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this, Helene Stanley will be starring in the TV series, "Career for Cathy"—which, after fifteen years in movies, may return her a star "over-night."

Which is what Paramount's handsome newcomer from television and musical comedy, Gene Barry, next to be seen starring in "War of the Worlds," and slated to star in the big remake of "Spawn of the North" means—with his years of struggle behind him—when he affirms that whoever defined success as "ten per cent talent and ninety per cent guts" had the percentage dead right. "It's the guts—the drive—that's important," says Gene now.

"Talent can develop as you go along. In three years in television you can do seventy-three plays—I did—and break down seventy-three different characterizations. But if you don't have the guts to stick it out all the way—nothing else would matter. You're not going any place anyway." He believes he was under a slight advantage, in being born in Manhattan—"this was during the depression years, and it was still rough. I got twenty-five cents a day from my mother for fare to look for the jobs," says Gene. He added the happier information that Paramount just picked up his option.

North Hollywood's seventeen-year-old Rusty Tamblyn, signed by M-G-M after Dore Schary ran a print of "Retreat, Hell" and wanted Rusty for "The Making of a Marine," has a man's share of both talent and intestinal fortitude. He danced, acted, and tumbled his way into the spotlight... and he ranks sixth in tumbling in the whole nation. A fact he brushes off with, "It just takes nerve. I was always taking dares as a kid—you know, like jumping off the roof. I practiced tumbling... diving into the ground. I nearly drove my mother nuts." Also, he used to sing—"but not since the night my voice changed right in the middle of 'You Belong To My Heart.'"

While waiting for his big picture, Rusty's a very busy senior at North Hollywood High, what with belonging to three clubs too. "I'm the mascot of the girls' club. 'The Chanteclairs.' I'll never live that down. My dad is always asking me when I'm going to take up knitting. He just doesn't seem to understand."

Keith Andes is a dynamic blond baritone, who, following his hit in "Clash By Night" with Marilyn Monroe, is starred with Linda Darnell in RKO's adventurous "Blackbeard and the Pirates." Keith's happiness in being chosen a winner was dimmed by the fact that he has learned that, due to a mix-up, he didn't receive a great deal of his fan mail—and it went unanswered, other than by standard postcards that studios send out. Keith is genuinely distressed. "These people, they're your friends. Without them—where would I be? Nowhere. Please tell them that if those who weren't answered will only write to me again—I'll take extra special care of them."

Keith, who came to RKO from such musical hits as "Kiss Me Kate," is the son of a well-to-do Philadelphia attorney. "But my old man had the right idea about working. I carried newspapers when I was eight years old. I yelled so loud selling them that my mother was always saying, 'Don't scream so much, Son. You might need to use your voice some day.' And sure enough—I did."

They travel all roads to Hollywood, with preparedness ever the pattern. From the Pasadena Playhouse came Paramount's auburn-haired, snappy, brown-eyed, and whistle-waisted Joan Taylor, next to be seen co-starring with Sterling Hayden in "The Savage." Also from there—twenty-six-year-old, clean-cut Michael Moore, the son of a Yale French professor, who is

next slated for Paramount's "Adobe Walls"—and who, coincidentally, emoted opposite Joan at the Playhouse.

But theirs were different "roads" up to that point. Joan Taylor planned her Hollywood campaign from the eighth grade, "back in Lake Forrest, Illinois, when I got hold of a Theatre Arts magazine, thumbed through the ads, and decided I was going to the Pasadena Playhouse," she says. She learned dancing from her mother, Rose Mary Emma, who has a dance school in Chicago and who once headlined vaudeville as part of a sister act. And with shining dark eyes, Joan listened to her father—who'd worked as an actor and prop man back in silent days—reminisce about when he "used to eat spaghetti with Rudolph Valentino."

On the other hand, Hollywood was almost an adventurous after-thought to Michael Moore, when he was working one summer at the Hotel Jerome in Aspen, Colorado. "I was just a ski-bum," says Mike. "I worked at the hotel washing dishes from three until eleven—which gave me most of the day to ski." In an impulsive mood, he looked in on Hollywood. He decided to go to Pasadena Playhouse under the G. I. Bill, from whence he was subsequently signed by Paramount. He's portrayed handsome heavies in "Silver City" and "The Pony Express"—a fact which surprises him almost as much as it does his step-son Bruce, eleven, who keeps saying amusedly, "Is that really you?"

After years of important experience on Broadway in such hits as "All My Sons" and "Mr. Roberts," John Forsythe was discovered on a "Suspense" TV show by Producer Robert Wise and Director Mark Robson. They signed him immediately without a test for the lead in Aspen Productions' "Captive City." However, Forsythe continues to be one of television's brightest stars, and commutes between that medium and motion pictures. A native New Yorker, he will next star in Aspen Productions' "Until They Sail," which will be filmed in New Zealand early next year.

John Forsythe, like all the others, would be quick to tell you there's no one way to the "glory road." That experience is the surest escalator. And, as with one voice, all twenty-two reaffirm that "it takes years to be a star over-night." It takes a tough heart, and a smile that can't wear off. And it means struggling—even after you hit the jackpot—as it did for Beverly Michaels, who, although she continued picking up a paycheck, didn't work for a year after she really hit in "Pickup."

But Beverly Michaels is sailing on silver-lined cloud seven today. She's just signed a long-term contract at Universal-International, where so many of our former "Stars of Tomorrow" are stars—and big stars—today. The daughter of a New York bus driver, this tall, striking blonde with brown eyes, began as a hat check girl at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. But so many of the owners of the hats said, "You ought to be in the show," that soon she was. She studied dramatics at Carnegie Hall, and did some modeling for Harry Conover. "I was skin and bones then—I've been eating better since," she laughs. Her goal was the legitimate theatre, but when it seemed she'd never make it, she didn't let her five-feet-nine discourage her from tackling motion pictures. And her height turned out to be her ally in getting her first job. She read for a featured role in "East Side, West Side" at M-G-M and says, "My height helped me get it. As it turned out, they wanted a girl big enough to murder Ava Gardner—and I was."

Success today, too, means being resourceful and well aware when oppor-

tunity knocks—and keeping the door for—ever ajar. As witness M-G-M's good-looking black-haired boy with the laughing blue eyes, Dean Miller, who, in a year's time has been featured in "Because You're Mine," with Mario Lanza, in "Everything I Have is Yours," with Marge and Gower Champion and Monica Lewis—"I loved that one—I got to sing—" in "Small Town Girl," with Jane Powell and Farley Granger, and he's now working in "Dream Wife" with Cary Grant. . . . all of which began with his being in the right place at the right time.

Dean Miller, already successful in radio and television back East, was en route to California for a vacation when he met his future in the lounge of a streamliner. It began when he asked two strangers sitting near him for the time. His watch had stopped, he explained, and he came from Cincinnati and also he hadn't set it back. "Cincinnati? I booked acts there years ago," said one of them interestedly. And the other, "Cincinnati? I was an act booked there years ago." "You two fellows in show business?" Dean asked, adding companionably that he worked in television himself.

During a very vital discussion, Dean dissected today's motion pictures, said he'd seen none of those they casually mentioned. And when one wanted to know if it wouldn't be wise to know what his competition to television was doing, he answered in essence, "What competition?" Hollywood needed new talent, fresh faces, etc. etc. etc. Then somebody mentioned "Battleground," which happily he had seen and liked. Whereupon one of the fellows said, "I'd like you to meet Dore Schary, the producer of that picture." And the other smiled, "I'd like you to meet Louis K. Sidney, Vice-President of M-G-M." Which left nothing for him to say but, "Well . . . I'd like you both to meet Dean Miller." Two days after he arrived in Hollywood, Dean Miller's fresh new face was signed, sealed and delivered to M-G-M.

The same resourcefulness, intelligence and realistic reasoning of today's young veterans is reflected in their personal lives as in their professional futures. Eleven are single, eight are married, and all to professionals, with the exception of Keith Andes, who's married to lovely Jean Cotton, ex-Army nurse, with whom he fell in love at first sight when she nursed him during the war. Three are divorced. And then there's Zsa Zsa Gabor. But don't be misled by that which you read—for Zsa Zsa, romance is real George!

Predominantly, their philosophy concerning marriage-versus-careers in Hollywood is summed up by Arthur Franz, who's happily wed to actress Adele Longmire. "She's tall—I call her 'Stretch'—she's very attractive, also she's a very

good actress," he says proudly of Adele, who has the "third feminine part" in Humphrey Bogart's "Battle Circus" at M-G-M. "I don't object to 'Stretch' having a Hollywood career. Oh, I suppose I'll probably have the same wounded male pride as the others—if she becomes a big success and I don't," he grins. "But I think when a man marries a professional woman he's got to accept her independence."

Romance versus career could be a problem, too, for young lovely eligibles like Lori Nelson, who wears the pearled Kappa Sigma pin of equally eligible David Frame, Jr., twenty-two-year-old son of the vice-president of the Humble Oil and Refining Company in Houston, Texas. David, who fell for her when he saw Lori in "Bend of the River," flew out to California and arranged for their mutual friends, Claudette Thornton and Dick Clayton, to introduce them; he "pinned" her on her nineteenth birthday. But he understands that, as Lori puts it, this wouldn't mean they were "really engaged." He's her best beau, "but I'm too young for one man," she says now. "Then there's my career. It means a lot to me. I'm not going to be married for a long time."

Nor is seventeen-year-old Rusty Tamblin immune from problems of the heart. At this stage, Rusty could use advice from Zsa Zsa Gabor. "I've liked girls since the age of nine," he explains. "And I like to listen to them talk. But I'm so busy listening to them tell their troubles, I don't have time to think about my own. I need the kind of a girl who'll listen to mine. I'm not going steady now—I'm dating the field. I'm not sure this can continue—I'm just trying it out."

Dean Miller dates—and steadily—Vera-Ellen. And marriage bells will be ringing for them before long. Barbara Ruick goes with Carleton Carpenter, Dawn Addams with Claude Dauphin (when that's geographically possible), Ursula Thiess, who can cook a mean cabbage roll, "and I love hunting and fishing, and in a man—I like kindness—" finds this—and more—in Bob Taylor.

They're eager-to-contribute, active young citizens, as is Barbara Ruick, who traveled 22,000 miles in seventeen days last Christmas, singing for G.I.'s in far-flung outposts.

And like Elaine Stewart, they have great faith in God.

Theirs is a strong faith too, in "tomorrow"—which to each of them has a meaning all its own. For Beverly Michaels, it means a whole new faith in her future.

And cute Joan Taylor's dark eyes shine with hope.

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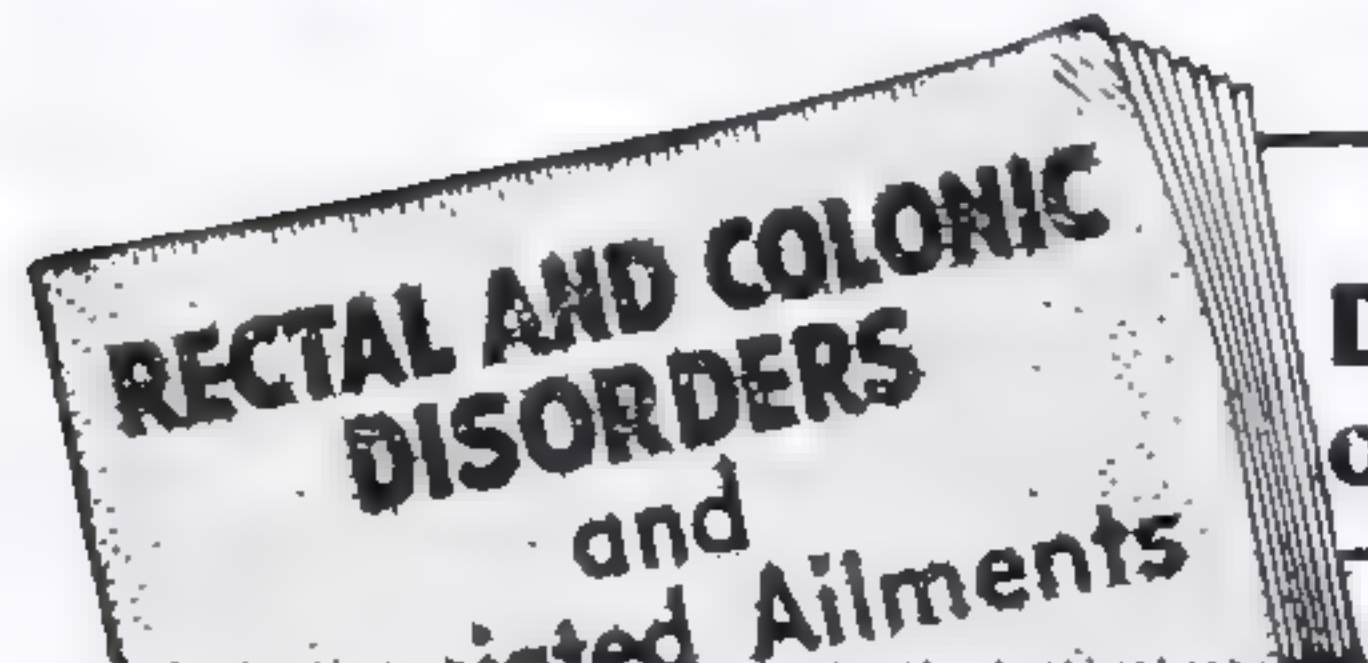
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The Dangerous Years

(Continued from page 45)

her again at two-fifteen. At four, the heavy labor started. Waiting, the prospective father ignored his own advice and paced the floor muttering, "How can anybody keep calm at a time like this?"

At five-fourteen, Jeff became the father of a son, weighing six pounds, six ounces. Christopher Merrell, by name. And on the following Tuesday, Jeff proudly brought Barbara and Christopher home from the hospital. But Friday, September 5th, came too soon. He was unhappy about the three long months that stretched ahead—the long absence from Barbara, and all he would miss in the development of little Christopher from a newborn babe to one of three months. However, both Barbara and Jeff recognized the great opportunity for Jeff. And so he left.

With the arrival of Christopher, Jeff's and Barbara's happiness seemed complete. What more can a young couple want than a good marriage, a family and a future together that promises to last forever?

The definition of "forever" is hard to pin down in the Hollywood marital dictionary. It can mean a week, a month, possibly a year or two. Too often, marriages are built on whirlwind courtships and wishful thinking. There are problems to be faced, and many times star temperaments are not equal to coping with them. There are financial worries that plague movie newcomers who try to live up to their newly-found fame, even though it wrecks their incomes. There is the one-family-two-careers jinx when the husband complains, "My wife wants a career. That's first in her life. She doesn't seem to have time for me."

And when there are two careers, there are separations caused by two sets of location trips and personal appearances. These are but a few Hollywood problems. However, these are problems that couples like Jeffrey and Barbara Hunter have faced and are facing. And these are the problems that bring the dangerous years into filmdom marriages.

Now that they have passed the first, and supposedly the hardest, year of marriage with flying colors, Jeffrey and Barbara have no fears about their future. Their feet are firmly planted on good solid ground and they've sensibly kept their heads out of the clouds. "Separations?" says Jeff when the question is put to him. "Ha! That's the story of our courtship, honeymoon and marriage!"

"Enforced separations, that is," Barbara adds.

Their courtship was hectic—but necessarily so. They met when Barbara, one of the members of Paramount's Golden Circle group, had been assigned to make a test with Jeff. Unexpectedly, she had to leave on a location trip. The introduction had been brief, but Jeff couldn't quite forget her.

Although he signed a Fox contract and went into "Fourteen Hours" (still another location trip), "Call Me Mister" and "Take Care of My Little Girl" in quick order . . . although Barbara, too, was busy, they managed to get together. They dated whenever they could, and soon they began talking in a vague sort of way about weddings.

First, Barbara was to go to Sedona, Arizona, to make "The Flaming Feather." When she returned, they would set a definite date. Before she left, Jeff broke some news. "I've got a good part coming up," he said. "Found out today."

"That's wonderful. But you could look a little happier," Barbara said.

"We're going to make the picture on

location," he told her. "In the Virgin Islands. I'll be leaving about the time you get back."

So Barbara went to Arizona. And the Hollywood-to-Sedona phone bills began to resemble the national debt. It was then that they made up their minds. Jeff went to Boulder City, Nevada, where he looked up an Episcopalian minister he had known back east. He was ready, license in hand, when Barbara joined him.

Returning from Boulder City after the wedding, they had two hectic weeks together before Jeff took off for the Virgin Islands. There was a lot to do . . . in those two weeks . . . consolidating their belongings, finding a house.

Their first home was a furnished house in the Valley. But there were finances to consider, and the house was too expensive. Being sensible people, they took a furnished apartment in Hollywood, but after a while they began to yearn to have their own things around them. Eventually, they found a charming apartment in Westwood, and happily went shopping for the Early American furniture they had decided would suit the ranch-type house they plan to buy or build someday.

However, for now the apartment will do nicely. When Jeff and Barbara first moved in they were delighted with the fact that their new home boasted an extra room. Jeff, a camera enthusiast, does his own developing and printing and is particularly proud of his camera portraits. He promptly moved a ton of equipment into the room and set up shop. Then Barbara came home from the doctor's with news for her husband. "The darkroom has to go, I'm afraid," she told him.

"Nonsense," said Jeff with a straight face. "The baby can sleep in the tank where I wash the prints. Plenty of room."

You wouldn't know the darkroom today. It is now filled with handsome baby furniture. The particular delight of the mechanical-minded Jeff is a bathinette with a foot pedal which raises the cover.

Before terribly long, Barbara may be going back to work. And, despite the two-career bugaboo, Jeff is more than willing. There is a contract at M-G-M in the offing, but nothing has been definitely settled. "However," says Jeff, "there will be plenty of opportunities, when she is ready."

Jeff has definite ideas on his wife's career. "I want her to do what she wants to do," he says. "I don't think a husband should ever say, 'You mustn't do this or you can't do that.' That isn't my idea of marriage! A couple is made up of two individuals and I think that each should always respect the other's individuality."

Jeff is out to refute the idea that marriage and career are incompatible. "Right now," he grins, "she thinks and talks nothing but 'baby' and I have a hunch it will be like that for quite some time."

The Hunters work together. They have a tape recorder which they use to help them rehearse their roles. And they share other interests, among them, swimming and skiing, Jeff's favorite sports. They share household tasks, friends and families. And they share their problems, too. They both find time to attend church with regularity. "We like to go to church," Jeff explains, "because we always get so much out of it. Any trouble seems lighter, if you take it to church."

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Hunter seem to have something. Something that will endure whether they're at home together or separated by time, miles and ocean. Now what could Hollywood problems ever do to a marriage like this? **THE END**

How Hollywood Has Changed Them

(Continued from page 41)

story was taken into the front office, and the bosses decided to take a chance on Tony and star him in "The Prince Who Was a Thief." After that, he was on his way.

Lately he's changed his tune. He demanded and got a stiff increase in salary as well as better billing on his pictures from the same studio. Tony had the brass over a barrel; they knew his drawing power at the box office.

In the old days, Tony was so anxious to please that he practically lived at the studio. Being somewhat naive, he was the butt of many practical jokes. He, in his turn, got a big kick out of phoning people and mimicking Cary Grant. He even fooled me once.

In the early days, I invited him and Janet Leigh to a party at my house. Tony was wearing his first tailor-made suit. He kept saying, "Feel the material, Hedda. Look at the hand stitching." I told him the suit was lovely, but he was wearing the wrong kind of tie. "Oh, gee whiz," he said. "What kind should I have?" I glanced about the room, went over to Clifton Webb, took off his tie, and put it around Tony's neck. You would have thought he'd won the Santa Anita Handicap and I had decorated him with a horse-shoe of orchids from the way he beamed.

But every time I've seen him lately, he's looked like a picture on a magazine cover. Maybe Janet has had something to do with the change. She's a level-headed, hard-working girl. I think Tony really fell in love with her after their marriage. During their courtship days, he had a take-it-or-leave-it attitude toward Janet. As her husband, he followed her all the way to Colorado and stayed with her while she was making a picture. The two kids started their married life simply, living in a small flat and doing most of their own housework. Now they've moved into an ultra-sophisticated apartment decorated by that master, Mitch Leisen. Professionally, they're hot kids and know it.

Ava Gardner has changed outwardly more than any star I've known. When she came here fresh from North Carolina and was put under contract at Metro, a studio representative showed her around the lot and introduced her to Mickey Rooney, then a kingpin with Leo the Lion. As they left the soundstage, the studio man said, "Now that you've met Mickey Rooney I hope you're satisfied." Ava was so mortified she burst into tears.

She never seriously wanted to become an actress; and recently she said to me, "Acting is not the be-all and end-all of my life." More than anything, Ava's wanted a happy home and children. But fate seems to have other plans. With each picture she improves; and in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," she's terrific.

When she married Mickey Rooney, Ava was still a naive young girl. But she was beautiful, and the Mick enjoyed showing her off. Ava got a thorough initiation into Hollywood with that human dynamo. She acquired poise and dropped her southern accent. But she was still known chiefly as Mrs. Mickey Rooney—and was content with the title. But eventually she tired of the hectic life, divorced Mickey and married Artie Shaw.

With Artie, she began to acquire a veneer of culture. He knew books and good music. He was also, the world knows, a free soul; and I think he indoctrinated her with something of the same spirit. The quiet little southern girl turned into a sophisticated woman, restless, reckless, and

heedless of public opinion. Her torrid romance with Frank Sinatra made international headlines. In fact, when the bull-fighter Mario Cabre moved in on the scene, the press of two continents practically turned the affair into a comic opera. It was hard to believe that the girl making all those headlines was once a farm girl who picked bugs off tobacco plants.

Ava is firmly established now as an actress; but if she had to make a choice between home and career, she wouldn't hesitate to pick just "Mrs." without the trimmings. But Hollywood has taught her one invaluable lesson. She won't allow anyone to push her around. I know, because when I criticize her, as I often do, she doesn't burst into tears as she did when the Metro man made the snide remark about meeting Mickey Rooney. She stands up and fights.

I had a tip that Ava would play opposite Gregory Peck in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"—but nobody would confirm it. I heard later that Twentieth had kept the casting a deep, dark secret until Susan Hayward had finished her part of the film and left the lot. There were fears that she'd blow a gasket when she learned Ava had the plum acting role in the picture. Susan is a fine actress; and she's fully conscious of it. So she's not without temperament. After "David and Bathsheba" with Gregory Peck cleaned up at the box office, she went to RKO to do "The Lusty Men" with Bob Mitchum. I asked Bob how he got along with Susan. He said, "I had to be a gentleman because I was afraid if I got out of line, she'd go back and tell Gregory Peck."

Years ago, a friend of mine lived in the same apartment house with Susan. On Christmas day they met in a hallway. Both were unknown and far away from home. So the guy introduced himself and suggested they celebrate the day together, since they were both alone. They did. But no romance blossomed. Susan married Jess Barker, and worked her way slowly to stardom. Jess gave her a set of lovely twin boys; but he just didn't seem to click as an actor. Our producers were interested in her, not him. I've often wondered if that hasn't been a thorn in Susan's flesh. I've also wondered if Susan remembers a lonely young girl who shared a Christmas with a lonely young man years ago in a town noted for its heartbreaks.

Hollywood is certainly not without its fabulous successes. One day Al Levy, a smart agent, said to me, "I think the screen is ready for a new feminine singer; and I've found her." I asked who she was. "A kid named Doris Day. She's with Les Brown's orchestra at the Palladium. I'd like to bring her around to meet you." I told him to go ahead. When Doris walked into my office, I thought Al was nertz. She was a cute, wholesome-looking girl; but there was nothing about her to suggest to me that she'd become Miss Movie Box Office.

At that time, Doris was living in a trailer without a quarter to her name. But Warners soon had her under contract. Since there were no feminine singers on the studio lot, Doris was put into one musical after another, and through the help of Al Levy and the guidance of Director Mike Curtiz, she learned to act and became a star. There was a bit of unpleasantness when Al Levy and his partner, Marty Melcher, dissolved their agency. Doris stuck with Marty and later married him.

Though obviously pleased with her success, she's been too busy working to go Hollywood. She's one of the exceptions who remained normal. Sometimes she even

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astounds Marty with her practicality. When they went to Burbank to get their marriage license, the clerk was out to lunch; so Doris asked Marty to drive her back home so she could get a bite, too. "Imagine anybody being hungry at a time like that!" Marty exclaims. But he did as requested. That's how matter-of-fact the girl has remained.

The Melchers have a house with a swimming pool and barbecue pit, and they avoid the bright lights as much as possible. "I married a girl, not a movie star," says Marty. She, being somewhat vague, leans heavily on him for advice. When I see her off the sound stages, it's still hard for me to believe she's a star. She got used to wearing skirts and blouses in her lean days, still prefers them to fancier garb.

Doris and Gordon MacRae came up together, often playing in the same pictures on the Warners lot. Success hasn't changed Gordon either—except that when you try to locate him he's usually on the golf course. He has a happy disposition. For a while his agent's office was next to mine; and Gordon was forever popping his head in to say "Hello." Usually he was singing, and dressed in some outlandish get-up. One day he came in yelling that his wife had a new baby. You'd have thought it was the only child ever born. Gordon's a devoted family man. Except on the golf links, he's rarely seen without Sheila. Their best friends are the Jeff Chandlers, whom they met when all four were trying to get a foothold in show business. When Jeff and Marjorie separated, it was the MacRaes who got them back together. They'd invite the two to dinner without letting one know the other was coming.

There are a few others who remain untouched. John Wayne, Number One box-office star, doesn't make many new friends, but he's utterly loyal to the old ones. Director John Ford gave Wayne his first screen break; and the actor vowed he'd do a picture for Ford any time he was asked. He's kept that promise.

Years ago I found a young actor in a radio studio playing opposite Bette Davis. I wrote a nice piece about him in my column. Today he needs publicity like he needs a hole in the head, but he never forgets to thank me when I say something nice about him. His name is Alan Ladd.

Hollywood was the making of John Payne. In the old days I couldn't stand him, because he seemed soured on the world. Not long ago he explained that he was having domestic trouble and was being overworked. "I couldn't figure out where I was headed or why," he said. Today, with three children and a successful career, John is as pleasing as they come.

Perhaps the man Hollywood has changed most is Errol Flynn. He came here a dashing, charming adventurer, with not a care in the world. He made lurid headlines, but even during a trial for supposedly being overly affectionate with a teen-age girl, women stood at the courthouse door, asking for his autograph. At the height of his fame, I sat talking with him in his beautiful hilltop home. Below, the million lights of Hollywood blinked. I said, "Errol, it looks as though you've got everything a man could desire—looks, wealth, fame, women at your beck and call. What has the set-up cost you?" He replied, "Plenty. It's taken from me my zest for living."

Before he left for England last summer, he called on me. The old charm was there; but the devil-may-care attitude was gone. "Hollywood was made for fun," he said, "but you can't have fun here any more. Even the tourists complain about the place being dull."

Victor Mature, on the other hand, has been mellowed by Hollywood. Before the war, he was the town's greatest prankster and doted on publicity. The stunts he

pulled for the press caused some of his bosses to scowl. "You know, and I know I can't act," Mature explained. "Until I do, I'll have to keep my name in the limelight in my own way." But he did learn to act. After his discharge from the Coast Guard, however, he was never the old Vic again. "I feel that I'm four years behind in life," he explained to me. "When I started the night-club circuit again, I found the spots were inhabited by a whole new crowd. So I decided to stay at home." The dashing Vic then got married and acquired a stepson. Until a couple of months ago he still lived in the same small house he occupied in his bachelor days; and he's only slightly interested in seeing his name in print. He works steadily in pictures, investing his money in television and electrical appliance shops, and spends most of his spare time on the golf course.

He's even developed a sense of humor toward a profession that once meant his whole life. When the Los Angeles Country Club refused him admission because he was an actor, he said, "I'll show the members all my pictures and critical notices, which should offer ample proof that I'm not."

Elizabeth Taylor's mother, ambitious for her daughter to have a screen career, brought her to my house for advice when she was very small. Liz was far more interested in a chipmunk she'd brought with her than she was in either me or becoming a star. She's always been crazy about animals; so she was a natural for "National Velvet." I had regarded her as a child until I was dining in the Metro commissary one day. Liz entered and suddenly I noticed every male eye in the place following her. With a shock, I realized that Liz was growing into womanhood.

However, I wasn't prepared for the romances that followed, culminating in the fairy-tale marriage to Nicky Hilton. After their split-up, I went to see Liz; and if I ever saw a perfect picture of what Hollywood could do to a girl, it was then. There she sat, barefooted and wearing a beautiful lace negligee, with a look of stunned bewilderment on her face.

"All my life," she said, "I've been riding on a pink cloud. Because I was a movie star everybody told me I was great when I wasn't. I was the little princess for whom everything was done; now I don't know how to assume responsibility." I advised her to take things easy. "I can't," she said. "I've got to keep working. I need the money. You have no idea how much I've spent on hospitals, doctors, and nurses." I reminded her of a block of stock Nicky had given her when love

was in bloom. She appeared surprised and said, "I don't know whether I've got that stock. I'll have to ask somebody."

That's an item that the average person wouldn't forget; but Liz had been going her carefree way, thinking the pink-cloud ride would last forever. At that time her constant male escort was Stanley Donen. I believe that, in her confusion and desperation, she would eventually have married him, if Metro hadn't sent her to England to make "Ivanhoe." There she grew to know sophisticated Michael Wilding; and it was inevitable that she would fall for his worldly charm.

After their marriage, the change in Liz was again surprising. Like a rubber ball she bounced out of her gloom, recaptured her gaiety and talked with the amused maturity of a contented woman who knew the ways of the world. If this marriage should hit the rocks, Liz won't be alone, because she's expecting a baby. But I still wonder if she's learned to handle all the responsibility heaped upon her.

Kirk Douglas brought to Hollywood that all too rare quality among actors—humility. He was married, had two children, and lived modestly. His first film role was "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," and I think he did his best acting job in it. Kirk later told me that the picture nearly killed him off professionally by establishing him as "a weak-willed, sexless character." When his name was brought up for strong roles, he explained, producers would say, "Not that guy. We want somebody with sex and punch."

He might have remained a character actor or faded completely if, against the advice of friends, he hadn't taken a chance on doing "Champion." Overnight he became a star with fabulous contracts being offered him all over town. He got enormous publicity; and I never saw a man change so fast. The erstwhile modest Kirk now radiated self-confidence that bordered on cockiness. Though he declared to me that his sudden rise to fame had nothing to do with it, he and his wife divorced. She took the kids east. Kirk began living the life of a successful bachelor to the hilt, making the rounds with all the glamour girls.

When I brought up the subject of these changes, he laughed and said, "I don't think I've changed a bit. It's the other people who have. When I first came here, I attended an Atwater Kent party. During the whole evening, I couldn't get anyone to talk to me, though I tried hard. That's the loneliest time I spent in this town. People talk to me at parties now."

On almost every picture, Shelley Winters is accused of going temperamental, and perhaps she does. But she's always been that way. "I came up fighting," she says, "and never learned to do things the easy way—that is, diplomatically." She wanted a screen career; so she went after it tooth and nail. She wanted Vittorio Gassman, and got him. She's highly criticized for not dressing and acting like a star; but that's part of her nature. It always has been.

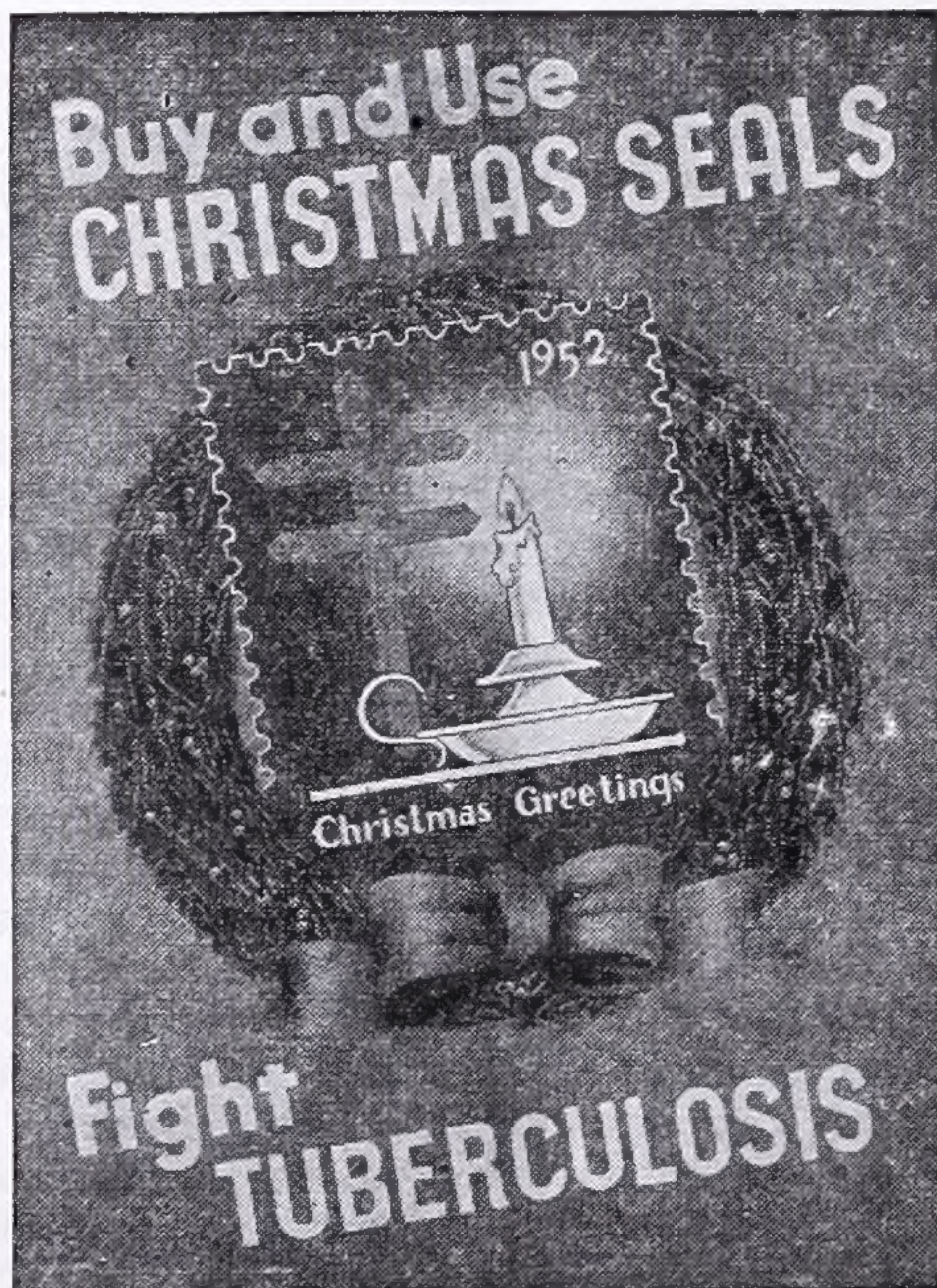
But one never knows when the heady fumes of fame and wealth will get the upper hand with a star. Just before Rock Hudson left for England to make "Toilers of the Sea," he told me he was perfectly contented with his contract and salary. "Want to bet that your attitude will change within a year?" I asked.

"I'll take that bet," he said.

So I put five dollars on the barrelhead that says Rock will change.

It's sad sometimes, watching nice youngsters go the way of all flesh. Some of them grow through their mistakes. Others will never learn.

THE END



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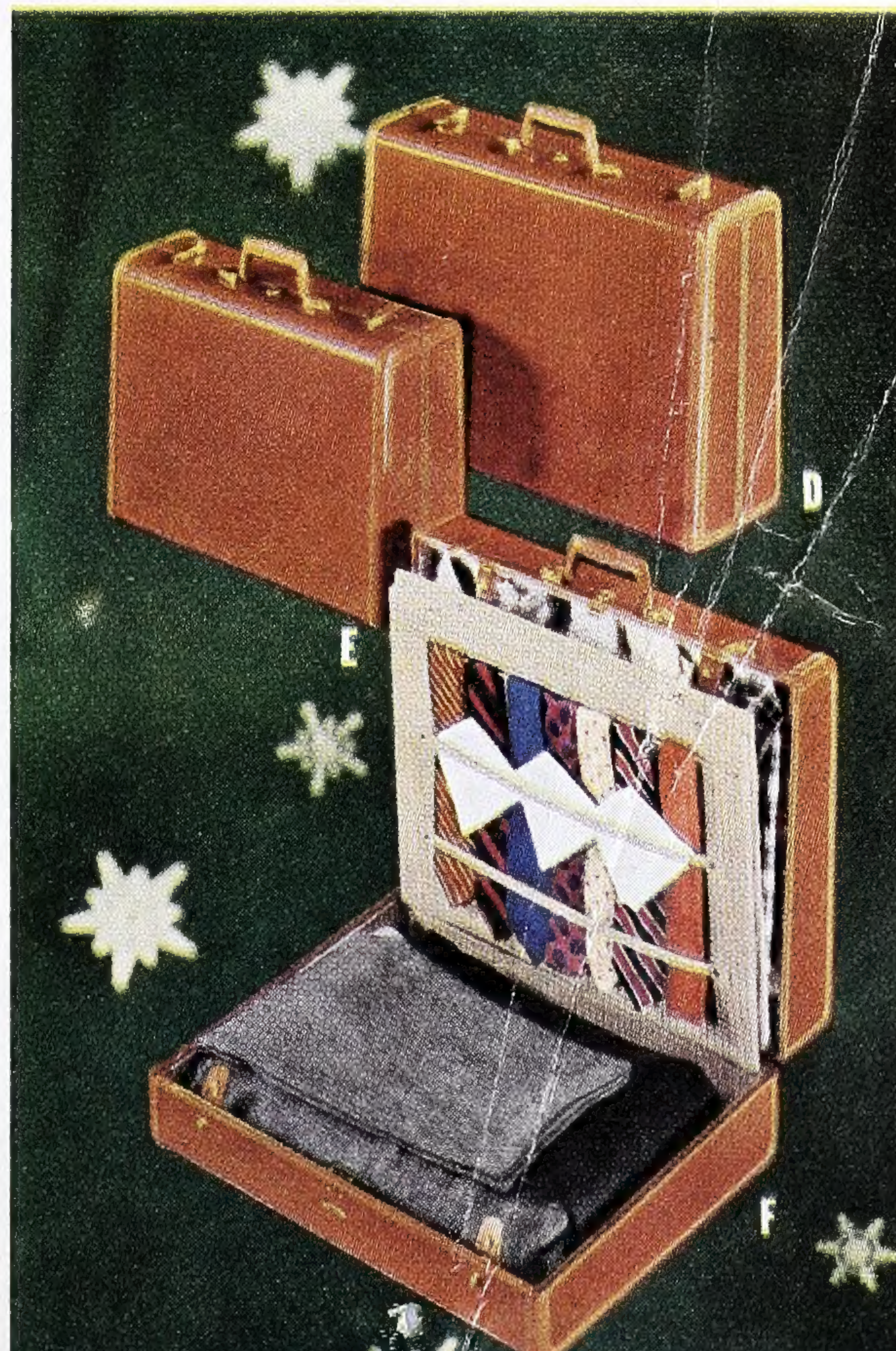
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